

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg, March, 1928

Ten Cents a Copy



JOHANN LIND

BY

Laura Goodman Salverson

★ AN OUTSTANDING SERIAL COMMENCING IN THIS ISSUE ★

An Impressive Entrance *to a* Well Furnished Home



LET your Entrance-Hall Floor bespeak the character of the entire home. Give it beauty, colour, brightness, with that added touch of distinction Dominion Linoleum always imparts.

The masterpieces of leading floor covering designers are yours to choose from for every room—living room, dining room, bed-

room, kitchen—worked out in colours reflecting beauty and brightness.

Dominion Linoleum is low in price and comes in widths sufficient to cover any ordinary room from wall to wall without seam or crack. Easy to keep spotlessly clean—with a damp mop. No scrubbing or scouring. And how it wears!



Made in Canada by
the makers of the
famous Dominion
Battleship Linoleum

Other Beautiful Dominion Floors

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum gives wonderful decorative scope—and a lifetime of wear, because its colours go right through to the back. Moderately priced, too, as are Dominion Linoleum Rugs in designs and colours for every room. Wonderfully long-wearing, they will not tear, crack or curl at the edges. They lie flat without fastening of any kind.

At House Furnishing and Departmental Stores, Everywhere

Dominion Linoleum

FOR ALL YOUR FLOORS

DIFFERENT—WHERE DIFFERENCE COUNTS

Dodge Brothers Victory Six is a new kind of a car—different from any other vehicle in the world New in the way it is built and designed New in the things it will *do* New in the features that mean speed—and in those that mean safety A new kind of body—a new kind of beauty A new kind of thrill for a thrill-wise world A lower center of gravity—with sensational results An amazing simplification in parts and pounds An epochal new Six within the price-reach of millions.

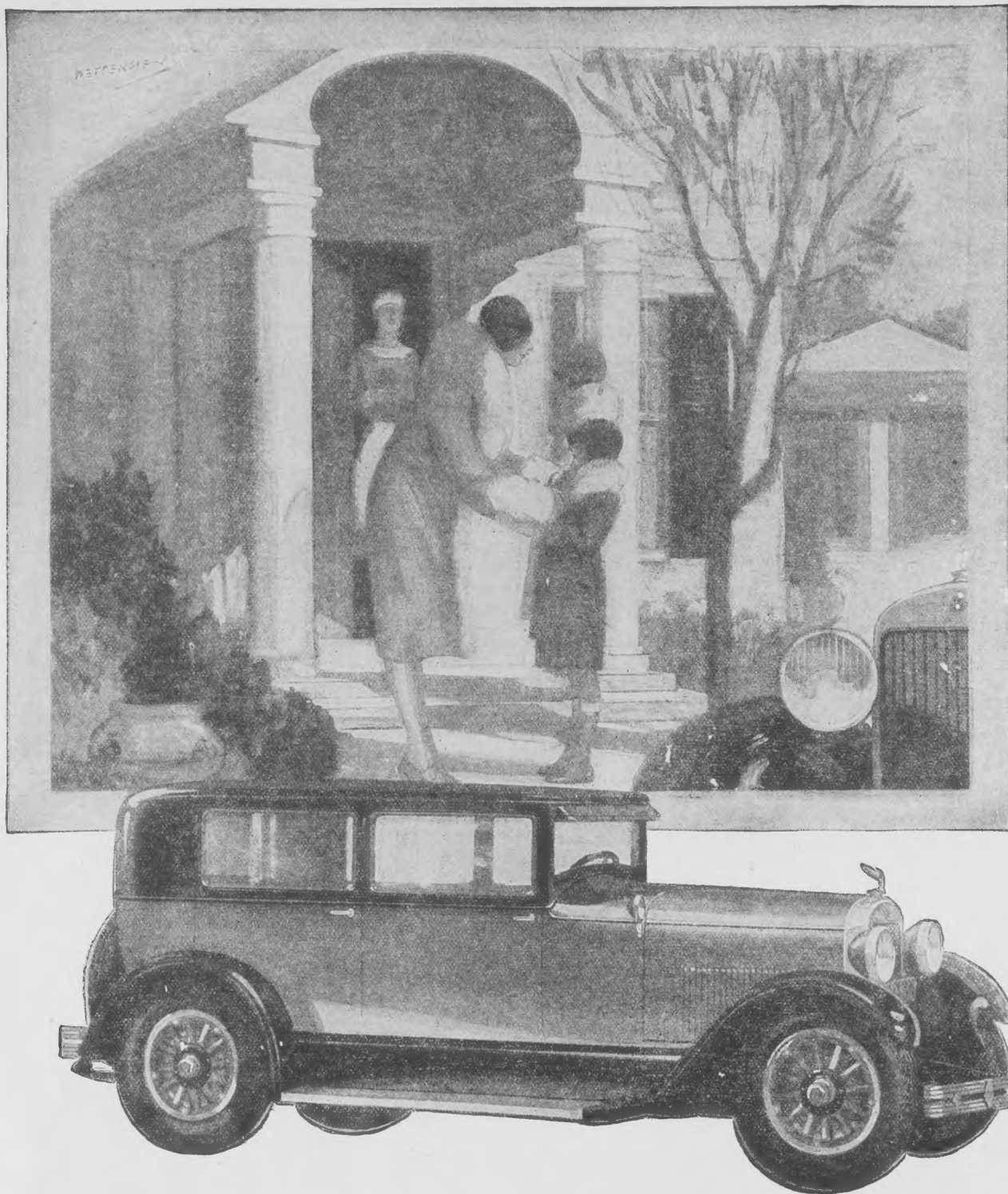
\$1455

SEDAN, F. O. B. TORONTO
Taxes to be added. Spare Tire Included



The VICTORY SIX
BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR



Essex Values Accumulate

ESSEX 4-Door SEDAN

\$960

Coupe \$900
(Rumble Seat \$35 extra)

Coach \$885

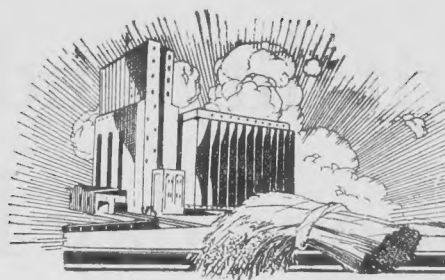
f. o. b. Windsor,
taxes extra

In the New Essex Super-Six you get the finest performance, comfort, beauty and reliability Essex ever offered — far excelling its predecessor which outsold any "Six" at or near the price by an overwhelming margin.

But, currently with the development of this finer car, have been built important supporting values in the great and permanent organization which distributes and services your Essex car.

Back of this Essex you buy, stands one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflect its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride it is to make Essex service as outstanding as the value of the car itself.

ESSEX SUPER SIX



EDITORIAL



The Anglo-Saxon Ideal

IN THE most interesting and informing article contributed by Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) there is described a condition in the United States which in one respect at least is paralleled in Canada. It is pointed out that owing to the influx of Europeans of all nationalities, the population can no longer be described as Anglo-Saxon though the ideals of the people are decidedly Anglo-Saxon. There is, for instance, deep love of home, a passion for freedom, a loyalty to truth. In Canada the population is quite as mixed in origin. During the last twenty years the percentage of non-English-speaking people to be assimilated has been many times greater than was the case in the United States when it had the same population. There is, however, the counter-condition: that Canada is constitutionally and in full loyalty a part of the British Empire, and this very fact has made it easy for Government and people to assert and follow the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Then, if it is true that party feeling is very strong in the United States, so strong as to make it impossible for the citizens of the country to express their real opinions on world problems, we have in Canada something corresponding, though the alignment is on different lines. Fortunately such cleavages as are observable—with wealth, nationality, education and religion as a basis—will gradually disappear with enlightenment and necessary cooperation. It is sad, however, that in both nations attention to lesser issues stand in the way of understanding of greater problems. The greater problems today are undoubtedly international. The first duty of every country is to find its place in the world. The most hopeful thing in Canadian life is that this fact is appreciated by all thinking men in and out of parliament.

Field Marshal Earl Haig

THERE was something peculiarly fitting in the tribute paid by the Empire to the memory of its great field-marshal, Earl Haig. The funeral ceremonies throughout were characterized by impressive simplicity, so that to every observer the one thing noticeable was the deep honest sorrow of a loving people. There was not the slightest attempt made at any time to glorify British valor nor to parade British sacrifice. There was instead a real and earnest desire to do but one thing, and that was to pay respect to the memory of one who is honored in every British heart as a great man and a great military commander. The floral decorations—banks of poppies—preached one sermon to soldiers and civilians alike: "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend." That was the dominating principle in the life of Earl Haig himself. He believed it to be true as applied to his soldiers, and he illustrated it in every way in his constant attitude and behavior. It was fitting then, that his pillow should be of those flowers that symbolize the great sacrifice. He has gone to sleep with his own.

Then he was not only a great soldier and a wonderful leader, but the idol of those who were with him day by day at his own home. It was quite in keeping with his wishes and his character that the last respects should be paid to his body by the workers on his estate. Not as a great public benefactor was he laid to rest, but as a kind, generous Christian nobleman whose highest thought of opportunity was ministering to the comfort of others. May the Empire never lack leaders of this graciously heroic type.

What more significant of British character than that this illustrious soldier—this quiet, unobtrusive Scot, the leader of Britain's millions in the world's struggle, should direct that his mortal remains should rest in the soil of his native land—and in the quiet solitude of his beloved Bemersyde, far from the pomp and din of war.

The day spent, the victory won, he comes home:

*"Like a bairnie tae its mither,
A wee birdie tae its nest."*

The St. Lawrence Project

ONE scarcely knows what to make of the St. Lawrence project, since there are so many factors to be considered in arriving at a judgment.

The cost is somewhat of a guess, but on any reckoning it will mean a great outlay of public money. In some respects it is a more serious problem than financing a new transcontinental railway.

It is an international undertaking for part of the way and here there are difficulties unless great care is taken. One of these is the problem in the Upper Lakes, which, owing to the Chicago diversion are becoming shallower each year. It is not pleasant to think that if canals are made they may be useless for the purposes intended because of a lack of water. Clearly a settlement of the Chicago question must precede any actual attempt at waterway construction.

If the route when opened is such as to induce ocean vessels to come westward to the head of navigation—and this is as yet an uncertainty—the question arises as to the saving in transportation that will be effected. Clearly there will be a great saving in the carrying of grain, but it must be remembered that two competing routes are now or immediately offering themselves—the route via Vancouver, and the new route by Hudson Bay. Indeed it is hard to say what volume of trade would go over the St. Lawrence waterway, either inwards or outwards.

Then if the route were all that its warmest advocates hope for, it would mean the lessening of the trade for the transcontinental railways. The Canadian water route might by its success make the land route, i.e., the Canadian National Railway—a national encumbrance.

Of course, it is pointed out that the power developed on the river when the route is opened will be sufficient to support a population of seven millions engaged in manufacture and related industries. The nature of the industries to be opened up and the probable success of their operation have not yet been made clear.

Finally it has been urged that the interest on capital and the maintenance charges for operating the route would be more than any possible saving on shipment of grain that would go from the West.

These things are not said to belittle a scheme which will bring the West closer to the East, but to suggest that the whole problem deserves very full consideration before action is finally taken. It was many years before the Dominion agreed to build and equip the Hudson Bay Railway. The governments had to be persuaded that the venture was at last a reasonable one, and there are many in some parts of Canada who are not yet satisfied on this point. It is natural that there should be hesitation in facing another financial undertaking. The report of those who investigated the question did not touch all the issues involved. And there are always self-seekers who are ready to turn schemes to their own advantage.

Nation Building

IF A country is to attain greatness each individual must reach a maximum of efficiency and all must work together in friendly fashion. Individual attainment, unless balanced by a feeling of social obligation, is a dangerous acquisition. The more intelligent a man is the more dangerous he may be, if he is sordidly selfish; the more industrious and capable he is as a worker the more harm he may do if his only thought is personal gain. If the controlling principle of a man's life is not that he must live for others, it must at least be that he shall live peaceably with others.

Now the agencies that promote good feeling in a community are not always those we prize most because of what they do for the individual. The family is a great institution but often the children are brought up as if they had no responsibility to any larger group; the church is an institution that has for its object the development of the best in man, but unfortunately there are divisions in the church that often cause social discord. Similarly

politics separates people into groups that are out of accord with each other; capital and labor are often arrayed one against the other. There is only one institution that ignores destruction of class, race, creed and wealth, that treats children impartially as children, and that—both consciously and unconsciously—creates and fosters a feeling of brotherhood. That institution is the Public School.

There is a reason, then, why the state should support the school. It is not merely because it ministers to the welfare of individuals but because it works for that solidarity which is essential to national well-being.

There is danger in Western Canada, with its mingled nationalities, each with its own ideals of life and greatness, that there will be a discord which will make true progress impossible. When there is added the rancor of religious strife, and the bitterness of industrial dissatisfaction, it is almost impossible for a nation to attain greatness. Therefore should the West be all the more anxious to encourage every movement which tends to promote understanding and good feeling. The school has been mentioned, but it is not alone. The press can stand for unity if it will, the celebration of public days in fitting fashion will have a helpful influence; festivals, bonspiels, fairs, meetings of women's organizations, interdenominational efforts in philanthropy and general education—all these are essential to nation-building.

So it is well, in a maternal age, when men are inclined to think in terms of roads and bridges, mines and dollars, to remember that the greatest development of all in a nation is the development in the minds of all classes, a willingness and power to co-operate unselfishly.

Public Control

THE desire for self-government and self-control in all matters is strikingly illustrated in recent developments in Canada. Manitoba may be taken as a case in point. For years she has been deprived of the right to control her public resources. After long persistent pressure she seems to be likely to have her wish granted. For years she has seen her capital in forests, waterpower, mines, disposed of for a song to private interests. Now she has determined to own or control at least a part of what remains. And why not? The great power on the English and Winnipeg rivers, and on the rivers leading into Hudson's Bay should not be for any private corporation, but for the people—not only the people of Winnipeg, but of the whole province. Similarly the mining district should be reserved as a public treasure-chest. Unfortunately there is little forest wealth remaining.

In the other Prairie Provinces the same desire for public control and the same opposition to exploitation by private interests is in evidence. The people know they have inexhaustible wealth and it should be for those who have settled here and borne the hardships peculiar to a new country. It is not too late yet to control the coal and oil deposits, the remaining water supply suitable for irrigation, and the forest wealth of the North Western regions.

When the province has control there will be conservation. The word is unknown to private interests. Let anyone consider the methods used in the lumber industry—when only about forty-one per cent. of each log is converted into square timber, the rest being thrown away or burned. This says nothing of the careless destructive habits in the woods. It is the same with pulpwood. After the cutters have been over the ground it is often impossible for new forests to grow up and replace the old. Private ownership and control has meant not only loss to the people of today, but actual starvation for people of tomorrow. Not only so, but the depletion of forest wealth means the drying up of rivers and the minimizing of the rain supply.

Quite as strong a case could be made out for provincial control of other resources. The people have awakened to the situation and they are never going to sleep again.

His vitality and endurance always amazed me until one day I overheard a conversation

.. then I learned his
"Thrice-a-day" Secret



HE seemed able to keep his alert keenness all through the day. No pressure of work seemed too great, no responsibility ever evaded.

His perfect health was the secret. He kept so physically fit. And his method was simplicity itself.

Just the daily eating of a corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

Energy comes with perfect health

In every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast there are millions upon millions of tiny living plants. Gently but surely these little plants stimulate the digestive processes and aid in purifying the intestinal tract, thus helping to keep the whole system clean and regular.

Thousands of healthy Canadians eat Fleischmann's Yeast as a daily health food. Their clear skin, bright eyes, vigor and energy are graphic testimony to the benefits of a properly functioning digestive system.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO ME will always be an essential food the year round. About a year ago when I was in the South a friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to me as a blood purifier and body builder. I began taking two cakes a day and soon found that I was entirely a different person. On the baseball field everything began to have a new aspect. The long gruelling contests in the hot sun were not as sapping on my strength as before I began eating yeast, and I have found it easier to keep in condition. Many of my friends have often asked me where I find this "pep" day in and day out and I always tell them to eat yeast when they feel dead and have no "pep."

C. McKENZIE, London, Ont.



FOR SEVERAL YEARS I was troubled with chronic constipation and indigestion and as a consequence was confined to my home and was not able to enjoy the pleasures that a girl of my age should. I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast and began taking it three times a day. I find that it has cured me of constipation and I am now able to eat regularly without any discomfort.

I also find Fleischmann's Yeast a good tonic for a general run-down condition.

AUORE BLANCHARD, Montreal, Can.

soon break down. Your own body needs even greater care. Proper attention to keeping the system clean and active is an essential part of keeping fit. The daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you the right corrective food.

The new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

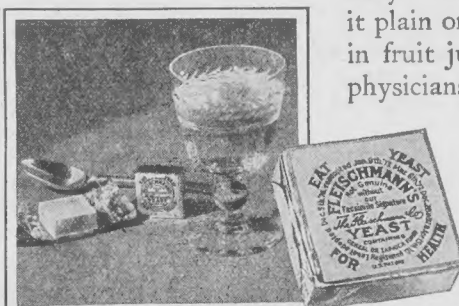
"Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada"

This famous health food will aid you, too. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department 3-C The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Canada.

What would happen to your automobile?

If you neglected your automobile it would



THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST CAKES were first recommended to me by my physician when I had poison in the main valve of my heart. I took one a day for five months and began to eat better, also my face was cleared of pimples. Today I cannot praise Fleischmann's Yeast too much and would recommend it to everyone as a good tonic and builder.

MARGARET MAGEE, Toronto, Ont.



"Now listen to me, you Madonna-faced sinner, there'll be no talk—you understand? Not a word, not even a whisper. Is that clear?"

JOHANN LIND

BY

Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

OLD HERMAN was keeping his annual vigil by the stormy waters of the Devil's Palm. A strange, silent man, this Herman, steeped in the rugged mold of dwellers in the lonely places. Strange too, this habit of holding tryst each tenth of June at the terrible Palm. More than strange, said those who knew of it, wagging their heads in the wise way of gossipers the world over. The man had something on his mind, of that there could be no doubt—why else had he taken to the hills and the lonely life of a recluse? And this habit! Now what but a bad conscience could drive a man to that evil place?

To none of this Herman gave a moment's thought; his ways were his own, and the world might go on as it cared without him. As to this habit—well, others kept their Easter, their Midsummer's Eve, their Yuletide, why not he his Tenth of June? That was all the explanation to be wrung from him—that and a provoking smile.

So now once more old Herman kept his watch, perched like a solitary cormorant on the highest headland overlooking the Devil's Palm. All around, the gray countryside resembled the ruins of a long-dead civilization. Honeycombed by wind and storm, the crumbling hills stood in their weird formations like empty shells of some once-mighty city; here a ruined keep, shadowy and dim, there a proud rampart high uplifted, and near the sea a temple wall where—so said the fisherfolk—the black elves sang a prophetic dirge whenever a storm was brewing. Nowhere was the least sign of vegetation. To the north rose the flanks of snow-capped mountains, southwest the great fjord and a strip of brown plain, all else was the sea.

Alone, save for the lean hound at his feet, the old man brooded upon the grim scene before him, his face curiously transfigured as if this were a long-sought shrine and he the most pious of pilgrims. And yet, if worship drew him it would seem that Death, not Life, was his God, for on all that wild coastland no reef could vie with the Palm in

treachery. None took a heavier toll of the daring crafts of men. Still, such was its awful grandeur, that even the simple fisher folk, fearing it and cursing it though they did, called it Hela's Paradise. Majestic it certainly was with the awful majesty of unconquerable places. Bold promontories and precipitous cliffs shot up from the boiling waters on every side—a cradle of death if ever there was one—so grim a spectacle that nothing could explain it but a battle of the giants. Yet here, in the midst of unparalleled dangers, like a jade amulet dropped by the gods, lay the Calm Cup—an inaccessible haven, tranquil and beautiful.

To Herman it was a miracle of loveliness reflecting more than the summer sky. A ship's length ahead the dreadful reef reared its ugly pinnacles, stretched forth its hungry talons to taunt and trip the wild green waves. The din they made was never-ending, ever-increasing as the day lengthened. But the Cup remained at peace. That tranquil rock-cradled haven was a Mimir's well to the old hill-man, embracing boundless wisdom and deathless memory. And like the All-Wise Odin he gave of his humble best to get in turn a little of its precious store. Silent and inscrutable he kept his tryst, so still, in fact, that the gulls who had soared at his coming now circled and wheeled above his head in careless abandon. For all the signs of life about him he might have been a figure of stone. Only his dog knew better. Good faithful brute, lifting soft pleading eyes, from time to time, to the face of his deity, seeking, no doubt, the solution to this mystery, but resigned to the whim of his lord.

Thus the hours slipped away one after the other; each a bead in Herman's rosary of bitter-sweet memories. And, with the passing day, the Devil's Palm appeared to sink into the sea; its dreadful iron talons borne down by the mighty sweep of the returning tide. Familiar sight enough though

it was, the old man could not repress a shudder when the last terrible claw disappeared from sight and the mad green waves stamped and thundered in victorious revelry above the submerged reef.

Herman sighed. The last bead was told, the gamut of tender memories run to their finish, and the sun was already far behind the hills. He sighed again as he stretched his cramped limbs, conscious for the first time of an aching weariness. "Ho! Gammur, old fellow," he addressed the now jubilant hound, "your master is on the way to nothingness—something warns me I'm getting old!"

But Gammur thought differently; at sound of the beloved voice he dashed upon his master in such roisterous glee that old Herman was hard pressed to keep his footing. "Nu da, troll that you are; down old fellow! down! or you'll have me in that hell below us ere you know it. To the trail, old fellow, to the trail!"

Never was a command more joyfully received. Provoking a thousand echoes with the wild chorus of his barking, Gammur tore round the perilous ridge, wheeled back once more to fawn upon his master, and bounded down the corkscrew trail boring to the heath where a certain fat old pony dozed patiently, resigned to the ways of men and dogs.

Herman followed the flying animal as fast as might be, a merry twinkle lighting his mild grey eyes. "Nu da," he chuckled. "The old dog smells danger. As I live the rascal knows our little mistress will be in a troll's temper. Ja, poor lamb, and who's to blame her!"

SOME twelve miles back from the shore, over wild and winding paths leading by basalt buttresses and over the shoulders of blackened sandhills, lies the miniature Valley of Shining Eyes. An oasis in a dreary land is this bowl-shaped bit of verdure, so romantically named by Hulda, old Herman's protegee.

Hulda had need to resort to imagination, living alone as she did with an eccentric old man and his eternally bawling sheep. She rarely left the little valley. In its choice isolation she was a prisoner of peace. Each day was like the last, the same dull routine over and over again, the one excitement when a silly lamb strayed from its emerald oasis into the bleak fastnesses beyond. Then, forsooth, Hulda might venture out upon the mountain trails, singing and dancing like a female Pan, rejoicing in the wider freedom of the distant hills. Up and up she would skip, higher and higher until, from a dizzy eminence, she could see far below the patchwork square of a fishing village sleeping by the restless sea.

Thus she might look upon the world who had no part in it—or at best, so very little. Still, it was something that Herman should have taken her once each summer, these five years gone, to the Great Fjord, where the fishing smacks came in from the open sea with the winds of the world at their backs and their sails molten gold in the sun! Something? Nay, it was much!

Joy sang like a harp in her breast at sight of those ships sweeping up from the rim of the Underworld like giant birds unrestrained and unrestrainable; mystery their dominion, freedom their heritage. Oh, she loved them with passionate intensity that stung like a pain! But there were calmer delights also, lesser adventures, that left their pleasant memories. How happy she had been skimming over the blue waters to the Bird Isles, those frowning black buttresses whose brows were crowned with living clouds of happy birds.

How exciting it had seemed to enter that isolated haven where unvarying safety had made the fluffy eider ducks so tame that one had to walk warily lest some lazy fellow be trampled underfoot! And the still more thunderous Dame Troll Cliffs—how awe-inspiring they were, lifted high upon the wild waters to make a resting-place for innumerable birds. So many birds she had not dreamed the whole world harbored! Hundreds and thousands of them, all apparently reconciled to each other's contrary habits! Dignified, solemn Guillemots and the lazy, black-capped Puffins basked no less happily in the yellow sunlight for the noisy screeching of the Tern, the mournful cries of the delicate gulls and the endless commotion of the bold marauding Skuas.

To Hulda it had been delightful beyond description to leap from crag to crag like the wild thing she was, clapping her hands and shouting with glee at the whirling, darting, hissing birds about her. Herman shook his head at such savage abandon—surely the like had never been seen in a Northland maid. But Hulda cared not a fig. Her eyes like stars and her heart stirred as never before she had shouted and sung and danced her delight. "See, Grandfather, now I'm a gull!" and away she had whirled in an ecstasy; and now a tern; a mad skua; a pompous guillemot! It had all seemed so entrancing and joyful—a fairyland where no grief might enter in. And then she had learned of the fowler's snare and the cold Factor at the village who valued a dead guillemot above a live one. Laughter died at the thought, and tears from the depths of that passionate heart of hers put an end to rapture. Thus the dark thread crept into the woof of her dreams and life took on a larger meaning.

Nevertheless, to a girl just budding into rich womanhood, it was dull indeed to live alone in the silent hills with only an old man for company. Not that she was lacking in affection for their isolated farmstead. No, indeed! Each tiny green pasture, singing rivulet and cone-shaped hill, was exceedingly dear. More especially the agate cave in the ridge beyond the cottage, a weird, fascinating place, aglow with myriad eyes—so it seemed to Hulda—when the sunlight filtered in to mirror itself in its curious deposits of chalcedony, zeolite and onyx. Because of this mysterious splendor—these twinkling gems in the hills—she had named her mountain home so fantastically. Imagination went farther still rendering doubly dear the smooth round knolls where the Little Gray Folk must once have lived. That they did not live there now Hulda knew for she had ventured to beat the knolls with sticks—a perilous act as every good hillman knows—but all to no avail. Neither good nor evil came of it. The Little Gray Folk had long

departed. And if they had grown weary of the endless solitudes, what could be expected of mere mortals?

Indeed, no one ever entered the Valley unless by accident. When a traveller lost the trail winding by the Blue Jokull down to the fishing hamlet and struck instead the hairline path to Herman's farm, then only had Hulda occasion to don her bright scarf and silk apron. But even then the pleasure was negligible, for these chance visitors were for the most part dull, bearded fellows, on their way to lodge a complaint with the wily Factor or to seek a berth in the fishing fleets. In either case the talk was all of cod and oil and herring, with now and then a dreary notation of death or other calamities. And yet, for all the apparent dullness of their own uninspired ways, never a one of them but marvelled at Herman's isolation and the primitive fashion of his life.

Herman's explanations were ever the same. People vexed him with their endless curiosity, their fretful fears and silly vanities. Sheep were more to his liking though perhaps as foolish, as easily led and freely stampeded as mankind in general. As foolish they might be, but infinitely better tempered and more tolerant. Yes, on the whole, he much preferred sheep. They offered no objection to his mumbled philosophies, to his disgraceful habit of sunning his feet on a mossy hummock, or to his untrimmed beard. What he said was law! What he thought was his own business! Naturally he preferred such harmonious company to the exacting fellowship of men. That was all he had to say. His guest might take it or leave it.

When his tobacco box had been courteously passed he smoked on in silence, his dotting eyes following Hulda as she set out their simple repast—dried cod, flat-bread and dripping, with cheese and coffee, and perhaps a dish of whortleberries if they were in season. And such was the strange, magnetic personality of Herman that in his company these simple fellows were reconciled, even envious, of his position.

But down in the village, what conjectures there were concerning them! What conjectures there always had been concerning them! Why, the oldest inhabitant could not remember the time when Herman had not lived back there in the wilds! A queer fellow who shunned mankind and only came to the village when necessity drove him. Even the Factor, to whom he sold his wool, fox skins, and the culls of his flock, thought him eccentric and not a little amusing. The good villagers had long supposed him to be a hermit—a man nursing a grudge. It was something of a thunderclap, therefore, to learn how mistaken was their judgment. To be told that instead of living alone, old Herman had living with him a young and very pretty girl—where had he gotten her? Who was she? And why was she hidden away deprived of the benefits of church and the association of her kind? It was monstrous! Something lay back of such behavior! It needed looking into and that shortly! Gossip ran high for a time but Herman went the even tenure of his ways no whit affected. So, for lack of fuel the thing died down again. The harrassed fisherfolk had other things to think of—herring, cod, and the sealing. "He's a queer old man," they confided, one to another sagely, "but after all what can you get from a cat beyond his skin"? Which was their way of admitting that as a man is, so God has made him.

HULDA, by now almost a woman, found the changeless monotony of her days increasingly irksome. Childish play and imaginings no longer satisfied her. More and more she longed to see the world beyond the jealous hills.

Herman grumbled that it was queer she should take so little interest in her books. His beloved sagas, so full of romance, adventure and deathless glory! But Hulda found them dull; she had no taste for epic grandeur. The stark simplicity of the sagas chilled her hot little heart and with sacrilegious frankness she pronounced them cold and cruel. Horrid stories of savages warring to the death! "My dearie, my dearie," Herman rebuked her in these moods, "can't you sense the heartbeat beneath the chill

armor"? Always she shook her little head, an imp of mischief in her eyes. "No, no, Grandfather. All I feel or hear is the clash of battleaxes on hard skulls," she teased him, which never failed to rouse the old gentleman to righteous anger. "Hulda, for shame! For shame, girl! Where, I ask you, have men fought better for the glorious cause of freedom? Their deeds, my child, speak for them better than their words!" But Hulda was never to be convinced. "I don't care! Cruel and cold—that they were and I hate their Berserks, their battle cries and their vows of vengeance! Hate them! Hate them, Grandfather! It's beauty that I love—the butterfly dancing in a mote of sunlight—the thrush in the sky!"

Yet how she loved the cadence of the old epic poetry! Yet there she offended no less for to each poem she fitted a tune, a strange passionate tune, and sang them as she went about her work. Herman liked to hear her sing, but not that wild abandon in her full flowing voice.

Now he was more often troubled than content. Hulda was certainly changing. Not only had she taken to this passionate singing, but to dancing. He had caught her at it. Herre Gud! the girl was a fairy tossed on the wind! But he liked it not—not he! Why, her feet were bare and that all the way to the knee!

Not many days after that disquieting discovery Herman went to the village and on his return gave Hulda a sedate cloth habit, such as all decent hill-women wear. And to his everlasting horror, what did the young rebel do but slash away a foot of durable homespun, thus effectively defeating his good intentions. Instead of a garment designed to fall discreetly to the ankles, here was a clumsy travesty scarcely hiding the dimpled knees!

To make matters worse, Hulda refused to button the close-fitting bodice. It smothered her, she said, so she wore it like a coat, revealing more than modesty allowed of white chemise that lay but loosely over her firm young breast. Now that was too much! All at once old Herman realized with sinking heart that the child of his affections was mysteriously flown—in her place a fair young woman. And if she was so shameless it must of necessity argue that his duty had been ill-done. Poor Herman sighed in perplexity. "Hulda, my dearie," he mumbled, "you must not display your person that way. It's unseemly—vulgar—a good woman is modest and her worth above rubies..."

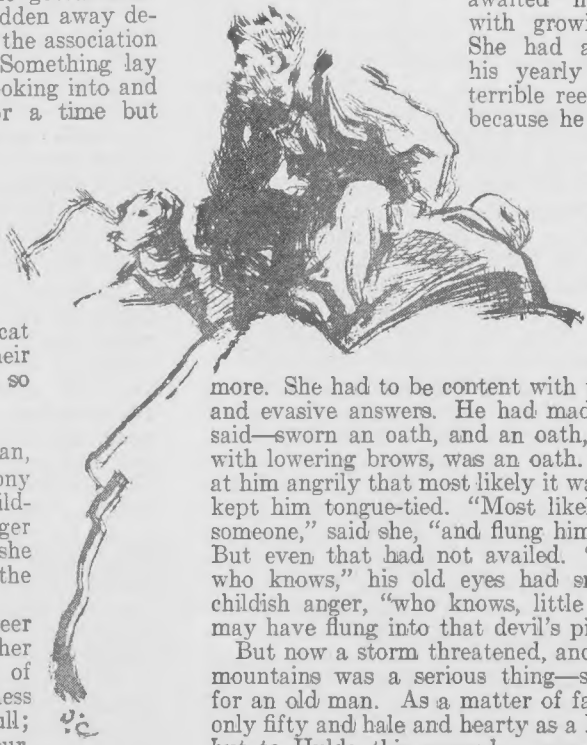
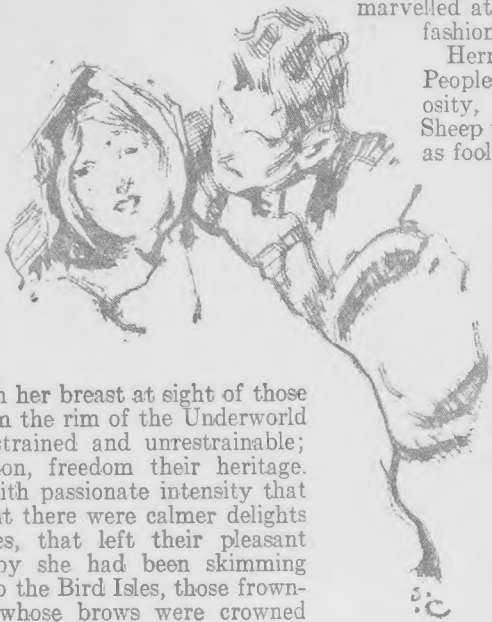
"What," she demanded pettishly, "is wrong with the way God made me? And who's to suffer for my shame, I wonder? Do the sheep complain, perhaps, or Gammur forget to wag his tail? Or is it you, Grandfather, grown so pious and particular"? What could he say to that—an old man little versed in woman's guile? Indeed he said nothing—only shook his head, muttering helplessly.

"Nu da, so it goes—so it goes—Ja, for ever and ever—"

But on this particular June evening, Hulda awaited her grandfather with growing impatience. She had always resented his yearly visits to that terrible reef. The more so because he refused to give any definite reason for his strange habit. No amount of teasing had the least effect, which, not unnaturally, piqued and angered her the more.

She had to be content with the most foolish and evasive answers. He had made a vow, so he said—sworn an oath, and an oath, he assured her with lowering brows, was an oath. Once she cried at him angrily that most likely it was his conscience kept him tongue-tied. "Most likely you've killed someone," said she, "and flung him into the sea"! But even that had not availed. "Nu, perhaps—who knows," his old eyes had smiled upon her childish anger, "who knows, little Hulda, what I may have flung into that devil's pit."

But now a storm threatened, and a storm in the mountains was a serious thing—serious certainly for an old man. As a matter of fact Herman was only fifty and hale and hearty as a Norwegian pine, but to Hulda this seemed a very great age. He will take his death of cold, his rheumatism will get worse and Fleetfoot is sure to stumble, she told herself, with increasing anxiety. "If you must go up that crazy pass, why don't you buy a younger pony"? she had often urged him. It was bad enough that one of them should be old, she argued.



But Herman laughed at her fears. "You see, dear heart," he defended his foible, "Fleetfoot would never understand my turning to another. It were as bad as a change of wives! No, dear heart, Fleetfoot and I will make the pass together." Foolish old man! Fleetfoot indeed! A nag grown heavy about the withers and stiff in the knees! A fat old horse basking in the glory of departed days! Some day she just knew that he would stumble and break both their silly necks!

With many such troubled thoughts flitting through her pretty head, Hulda got out dry socks for her grandfather—there were rivers to be forded on that journey of his, and she half suspected be delighted in wetting his feet—set the kettle on the blazing hearth, cut sausage and cold mutton and heaped a dish with freshly-made doughnuts. These simple preparations at an end, she sat down upon the doorstep to gaze out over the darkening valley; straining her eyes in the dimming light for an object on the trail that might be a rolling bit of horseflesh called "Fleetfoot" and his indulgent master.

It had begun to rain, with a chill biting wind sweeping down from the hills before she caught sight of them. Safe they certainly were and gay enough they seemed. Fleetfoot's little hoofs keeping runic time to his master's song. Herman always sang when he came from the hills. That, too, displeased Hulda. He ought to have been ashamed, keeping her waiting like this! But no! Silly old man, he sang—Just hear him:

"—Serve once more thy wine
of glowing hours;
Let thy teeming light
Put my years to flight,
Crown my life with sunshine
through thy showers."

Hulda stamped her little foot. "Now that," she said to the wind, "is what I have to put up with. But wait. I'll crown him, the silly old man—"

Just then he caught sight of her and waved his hand. "Haw, haw, haw!" he shouted gaily to encourage poor drooping Fleetfoot and bring him home in a brisk canter. But the cheerful sound brought no thrill to Hulda. She was much too cross for that. Even Fleetfoot's gallant effort to forget the fears, stiff joints, and aching muscles in response to his master's beloved voice failed to touch her.

She had been accustomed to pat the faithful pony and slip him a bit of sugar when he thundered home in this proud fashion; but now she called out sharply: "Shame, Grandfather, carrying on so—at your age! Dead, that's what you might be—at the bottom of some gully and me not knowing where to seek you. A fine time, I'll say, to be coming home. What on earth possessed you to tarry this way, and with such clouds a-threatening?"

"Nu, da, so it goes, so it goes," the old man mumbled, as he set about unsaddling Fleetfoot, wiping the water from his flanks with broad and loving hands. "Nu, da, my dearie, the good horse is a bit spent—I must bed him down tonight, poor fellow. But very shortly I'll be with you, eating the tasty dish you've doubtless made for bad old Grandfather. A little while, Hulda—a little while! And yes, dear heart, just you give old Gammur a wee drop of milk—warm milk, my dearie, the poor brute is dripping." But, dripping or not, Gammur turned a deaf ear to Hulda's impatient coaxing. Herman chuckled as the creature bounded after him. "Nu, then, foolish one, you'll get no coddling for that—you're old, Gammur, and lacking judgment!"

A little later when Herman entered the house Hulda was busy setting out his supper. A change of clothing was warming by the fire and, prediction to the contrary, a great bowl of milk and a fillet of fried fish waited Gammur nearby.

The old man sighed, gratitude and affection bringing a mist to his eyes. "Dear heart, what joys you make for an old man! You'll never know,

my child, what a comfort you are." As quickly as possible Herman slipped out of his wet garments, changed his socks, and after somewhat hasty ablutions, settled down to his meal.

Hulda had nothing to say. Righteous anger still ruffled her spirit. Drawing up a stool, she drank her coffee and nibbled a sugary doughnut in wilful silence. She pretended not to see him, to have interest for nothing but the fancy stitching on her little slippers. But she watched, nonetheless, from the corners of her down-drooped eyes. He looked very penitent and humble. And my, how he enjoyed her cooking! Dear old man—smiles crept like the dawn across her passionate face and with a little shriek she flew to his side.

"Kindest, dearest, I'm a pig, a shrew, a wicked wretch! A troll, grandfather—a heartless black troll!" Penitent now, she fell to weeping prettily; shining tears twinkling down her little nose making her the more lovely to Herman, and a little comical. Had he dared he would have laughed—she was such a madcap, this Hulda. But, of course, wisdom forbade. He patted her pretty shoulders instead and—truth will have it—winked at Gammur, who wagged an understanding tail. And then a look of trouble clouded the old man's brow. Sighing heavily, he lifted her tear-stained face in tender hands.

"Nu, ja, you're right, my little one. 'Tis no place for a young girl—this dreary old farm. And I'm no use at all—a lazy old hillman with a madness

"Nu, then, 'twas like this: Just as I was taking the hill road didn't I meet his Reverence coming down from the south—from a christening, I think, or maybe a wedding. Nu, there's a tongue in his head—so there is, and such a chatterer! Rain or wind, what matter to his Reverence? Talk he would and talk he did. And all about you."

"About me?" Hulda was interested but skeptical.

"Ja, no other. And a pretty brew it is! You're in danger of dire sorts, he says, living here alone, without Christian fellowship or benefit of clergy. A terrible to-do—all started by Oli Skram. You mind him staying in the storm last spring? Well, it seems you shocked him dreadfully, my little heathen!"

"What! Don't I say my prayers? Don't I cross myself against the Evil One? Don't I know twenty Passion Hymns and all the Creed? Pouff! That crosseyed fellow, what knows he more than I?"

"Nu, da, just the same his Reverence is right. I see it now—'twas needed others should open my eyes. You seemed so wee—a winsome chit, a mere baby—until this spring. But now, mind you, it seems you're a woman—a grown woman, Hulda, and not confirmed! Aye, I'm very much afeared the minister is right—you've got to learn the catechism and make peace with the Church."

Hulda stood aghast. "Why, Grandfather! you're gone thick in the head! You're fevered, maybe, and raving. Oh, oh, but it's funny no less. You to carry on so—you who never set foot in church. It's bewitched you are—tell me, was he young, perhaps, and blue-eyed, the minister?"

"What's that, you minx? For shame—is it a question? And who do you suppose cares what a man of God looks like so long as he saves folk from sin and damnation."

Hulda shrieked with laughter. "Damnation, damnation! Oh, ho! that's funny. And where is it, do you suppose—and who to be saved from it?" Laughing like the imp she was she circled round him, singing gaily—"Beware, beware, the Elfin Bells calling thee at sunset—the awful, mystic Elfin Bells calling thee at sunset!"

"Tish, now, with your elf-song, little heathen," Herman admonished her, dodging her teasing arms as best he could. Then he burst into hearty laughter; laughing at her, at himself and that nonsense of the preacher. "Nu, then, so it is, my dearie. Women are a torment and affliction. Why, before this womanhood of yours stared us in the face who ever thought of damnation—out here in the hills?" But that recalled a real grievance.

"Oh, true enough, Grandfather—we're so dead here in the hills that thoughts flee us. Dead, dead—so we are, and terribly dull. But why can't we both go to the village? Yes, why not? What's to hinder? I'm strong—I can work at the cod—"

He shook his head sadly. "No, Hulda, I belong to the hills. The bustle of the village would harry me to death. But you shall go. The Reverend Hans has promised to arrange

a place for you. It is even probable that Fru Lind may be needing a maid. Now that would be fine. Think, little one, how grand it would be to live in the Factor's splendid house! And Fru Lind, now there's a lady for you, capable in management—respected like a queen. Such music, too, 'tis said she makes with that wonderful instrument of hers—a queer box-like thing with shining keys—brought all the way from Copenhagen."

"Grandfather! Grandfather! it can't be true. It must be a dream—oh, but how splendid! And will there be concerts . . . and dancing and other young folk? Oh, say that there will—say there'll be dancing, at least! Yes, yes, I shall watch Fru Lind—I shall watch her so carefully. Think,

Continued on page 46



She sat down upon the doorstep to gaze out over the darkening valley; straining her eyes in the dimming light for an object on the trail that might be a rolling bit of horseflesh called "Fleetfoot" and his indulgent master

for the sea. A foolish old fellow, fit companion for sheep. But now 'twill all be different . . . Yes, my child, there'll be an end of it—"

"What!" she shrieked, "are you then so tired of me? I'm not such a comfort after all! It's my cooking, maybe, that's amiss—and isn't it all in that Danish book? Isn't it? Cheese, bread, doughnuts and all. Or perhaps the wool goes dirty to market? Don't I do as well as the girls in the valley? And don't I love you, you foolish old man?"

"Quite so, quite so! But mark my words, hasty temper never solved a problem. Tish! Now listen. You've gone on a tangent and never even asked what kept me so late." Hulda dabbed at her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Much good 'twould do me when you've been to the sea. Why you do it I'll never—"



She remembered seeing Sinclair clinging to the rope with the grim faced police sergeant beside him; then away they went into the fury of the night

Dawn Island

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

DUSK had settled when Vera Wentworth boarded the *Tarantella* at Singapore, where she had broken her journey with friends, en route for Melbourne, and when on her way to her stateroom she saw Frank Sinclair, she recognized him the instant their eyes met. He was leaning with his back to the rail on the second-class deck, his face away from the many lights of the harbor, and as Vera paused with an exclamation of surprise, it was evident that the recognition was mutual.

Yet Sinclair made no immediate response, and his strangely negligée attitude caught Vera off her guard, for she had known him so well in the Old Country—Frank Sinclair, her brother's closest friend in their schoolboy days. His handsome, clean-cut face was unchanged, save for the seven years which had intervened, and when at length he spoke, his voice came to her like a ghost of the past.

"I remember you, Miss Wentworth," he said, without changing his indifferent pose, "but perhaps—some other time—"

At this, the stout, red-faced man who was standing close beside Sinclair staring out at the tug boats, turned about and roughly thrust himself between the girl and the subject of her recognition. His intentions could not be misread, and at the same moment Vera saw to her horror the glint of metal between them. Yes, they were handcuffed together!—Frank Sinclair and this burly outsider, whose broad shoulders and the very set of his clothing stamped him with officialdom. In a moment they were walking down the deck away from her, each still with his hands in his jacket pockets, so that at a casual glance the order of things would have escaped attention.

Vera sought her stateroom, a victim to strange emotions. She had made a dreadful *faux pas*, but she had known Frank Sinclair so well that surely her recognition was pardonable. The police officer, if such he were, had snubbed her, all of which was set at naught by the sense of tragedy which had descended upon her like a black cloud.

Frank Sinclair—one of the straightest, brightest boys she had ever known, now in the clutches of

the law for some horrid crime, she knew not what. Evidently he had got away with it, and the police had caught him and were marching him back—where? Melbourne?—Christchurch? Vera had not read a newspaper with any degree of thoroughness for several weeks, but evidently the tentacles of the law had groped far for him.

She had not long to wait for information, however, for there came a knock at the door, and a stewardess entered.

"A gentleman wishes to see you in the Captain's stateroom, Madam, if it is not too late to trouble you," she announced.

Vera dazedly followed the stewardess. In the stateroom a middle-aged man was standing to meet her—keen-featured, straight-haired, immaculately clad. He bowed stiffly. "Madam," he said, "Sinclair has asked me to explain matters, and in your own interests I feel it due to you. Evidently you know this man, have known him some years, but I take it that you are not aware of the present circumstances?"

He paused, and Vera answered: "I am not. I haven't seen a newspaper since I left England."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer with a courteous smile. "Well, in my official capacity, I am not supposed to discuss the situation, but I may at least show you this—since it is public property." He took from the divan a folded newspaper and handed it to her, indicating a certain paragraph. It was headed: "The Melbourne Bank Murder," and under that was the sub-title: "Sinclair Arrested at Singapore."

Vera read no more. She turned, feeling sick and faint, for the chair the man had placed for her. "I have known him since he was a little boy," she exclaimed. "It cannot be he—!"

"Everything has yet to be proved, Madam," the detective interposed with a peremptory wave. "I have already exceeded my privileges, but under the

circumstances it was only just to you. I need not ask you to treat this interview as confidential, and upon my soul I am sorry that such embarrassing circumstances have come about." He was moving towards the door, but Vera was thirsting for more knowledge.

"He was not with you when I spoke to him," she said. "It was another man—"

"Yes, Madam, there are two of us. The other man is Sergeant Nicholson."

"Will they be handcuffed together all the voyage?" she asked.

The keen face of the officer relaxed. "Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed. "Sinclair will not be out of our sight, but no one need know that he is under arrest, save those who chanced to notice the handcuffs when we came aboard. Naturally, you will not recognize him."

It was almost an order, but Vera did not answer. "It was a dreadful murder," she said. "The passengers were discussing it. A lonely bank raided by a masked man with a motorcycle, and the cashier shot dead."

The detective nodded gravely, and Vera went her way to her cabin with visions of the grim-faced sergeant, and the boy she had known, handcuffed inexorably to him.

TWO days later the *Tarantella* struck the worst typhoon the Pacific had known for several years—rather, the typhoon struck her, and by some unaccountable error it caught her with the awnings up. Over she went, pouring her wretched steerage cargo into the sea—over at a giddy angle, to hang there shivering for what seemed like hours. When at length she righted herself, her main cargo had shifted, and she lay with a permanent list to starboard. Built for the Mediterranean, she carried an immense super-structure and the tons of pig iron they had placed along her keel for the high seas were insufficient for such a storm as this. A man-of-war could not have stood against it, and trailing her sea-anchor nose-on to the storm, the *Tarantella* ran for sixty hours away from the trade routes, and completely out of hand. Her funnels were gone, her wireless was shattered, her towering

superstructure was torn and creaking. Steam shrieked above and below, while all her groaning, suffering humanity was herded together about her gangways and lower cabins. Of the steerage passengers, many had gone overboard; some were drowned in their berths, some crushed and mutilated when first the storm had smote her.

At the end of sixty hours, breakers were seen ahead and to port. They had run into an archipelago, and at any moment she might strike and founder among the reefs. At all events, she was sinking, so there was nothing for it but the lifeboats.

To the passengers this came almost as a relief. Few of them were now able to reason out that in such a sea there was little chance for the boats. All they wanted was to be out of that stricken ship, and the thought of land near at hand comforted them.

There were only four women aboard, so naturally Vera found herself a candidate for the first boat. As she went on deck, held down by two stalwart seamen against the fury of spray and wind, she obtained her first glimpse of what it was like out there. Sparks flew and billows of smoke mingled with the lashing spray, while the gale—a palpable, devilish force,—veritably tore the clothing from their bodies. Well now she realized the irony of it—women and children first!—and then for the second time she saw Frank Sinclair. He was clinging to the rail with frenzied hands, while both the detective and the police sergeant were trying to tear him free. Water streamed from their sodden clothing, and their faces glistened in the fantastic light. She heard him cry out: "No—to hell! get whose lives are worth something—!"

Later Vera recalled it, as though in a dream. There was no reality about that remembrance. She recalled finding herself in a boat, she remembered that no sooner was she there than it began to tower skywards through a turmoil of ink—up, up, till she found herself looking down upon the wallowing hulk of the Tarantella, hiding her face from the streaks of smoke and fire which poured from amidships. She remembered seeing Sinclair being pinned forcibly to a thwart opposite her, beside him the grim-faced police sergeant, who seemed very fully occupied; then away they went into the fury of the night, into the maw of the hurricane, and silence seemed to close after the bedlam of the stricken vessel.

There were ten of them in the boat when they started, but with the first dawn light there were only five. Vera Wentworth was the sole surviving woman. Sinclair and the police sergeant were still there, and Vera noticed that the latter had

made use of his hand-cuffs by anchoring himself to a rollock. The others had been swept overboard, or had gone mad from fear and simply dropped out of record. Of the five, one, a Kanaka seaman, lay in the bottom of the boat, slowly drowning, for his thigh was broken. Another seaman struggled gamely with an oar, though his left arm dangled hideously from the shoulder, and he too went overboard in the darkness of the morning. Four now, and the young officer in charge of the boat leant forward and said to Vera Wentworth: "That's land. Will you take this? You may need it." He handed her his revolver, and she saw his significant glance toward Sinclair. She shook her head. "Keep it," she said. "It would be of no use to me."

Next the young officer turned to the police sergeant and recommended him to free himself from the rollock. "When she goes to bits she'll take you with her," he added, nodding significantly.

At this Vera understood. The fury of the wind had abated, though the sea still ran high. It was not to be a case of landing. They were merely to be piled up on the coral reefs to take their chances in the shark-infested surf.

Vera remembered seeing the dark island with its cocoa palms looming up; she remembered the crash and the glisten of the waters, then oblivion came to her. When next she opened her eyes she lay in a shady place, and someone was holding a coconut shell half full of fresh water to her lips. It was the grim-faced police sergeant upon whose massive shoulder her head was pillowed, while beside her, ragged and stooping, stood Frank Sinclair.

"Better now, Miss Wentworth"? he asked cheerily.

She nodded. "Where are we"? she enquired.

Sinclair flung out his hands, an old boyish gesture. "We do not know," he said. "Somewhere in the South Seas. This is a long strip of land, probably an island, but we have not explored it yet. Anyway, there is water and bird life and food."

Her next question was a natural one: "How many of us"?

It was the police sergeant who answered: "Only us three. Me and my man and you. Now just rest again, Missie. I'll look after you." He held her compellingly in his big arms, and a sense of repulsion dawned upon her at the familiarity of his touch. Whatever the circumstances—who was he to take such a liberty? And she tore herself free, stating that she preferred to rest elsewhere. As she did so, she noticed a sudden savage glint in Sinclair's eyes, but he at once busied himself gathering grass and moss to make a bed for her on the other side of the outcrop.

"There," said Sinclair a minute or two later. "If you will rest a few hours the sergeant and I will have some kind of shelter ready for you before nightfall."

Vera thanked him, but exhausted though she was, she could not sleep, for the thoughts of her own predicament. Here was she, cast up by the long arm of coincidence on an unknown island in the wastes of the Pacific, where they might live for months with precious little hope of being picked up—for company a man condemned for brutal murder, and one who, her instincts told her, was even worse! How far had Sinclair degenerated since the old days—how far could she trust him now? Seven years was not long, yet in the East the sidelights and footlights shift quickly. She reasoned with herself that it was for her to take the part of the representative of the law, for it was already evident to her that a rift in the social fabric was imminent. Indeed, even as she meditated thus she heard the men's voices borne faintly by the breeze over the knoll, and she crept nearer to listen.

"Yes, my friend," Sinclair was saying. "You've been riding the high horse hitherto, but you want to remember that is changed. So long as we are on this island we are out of reach of your accursed juggernauts, and we stand man to man! For two pins I'd have let you drown!"

There followed a guttural oath, then the sound of blows falling, and Vera drew back in horror. What could she do? Truly she was in the grip of

Continued on page 58

Vera shrank back in terror for there in the brilliant moonlight two men fought for supremacy, and even as she watched, one gripped the other by the throat, thrusting him back with cruel force, and ghastly sounds came to her ears.





TIMGAD

By Francis Dickie

THERE is nothing new in the world—nearly two thousand years ago a Roman "Carnegie" flourished in North Africa, and founded a library with lavish hand. And those readers of today who delight in mystery stories will enjoy this unique tale of how twelve hundred years later the history of the library was revealed by piecing together recently monstrous slabs of stone, broken long ago and scattered, a work which was completed only by the most lucky chance happenings.

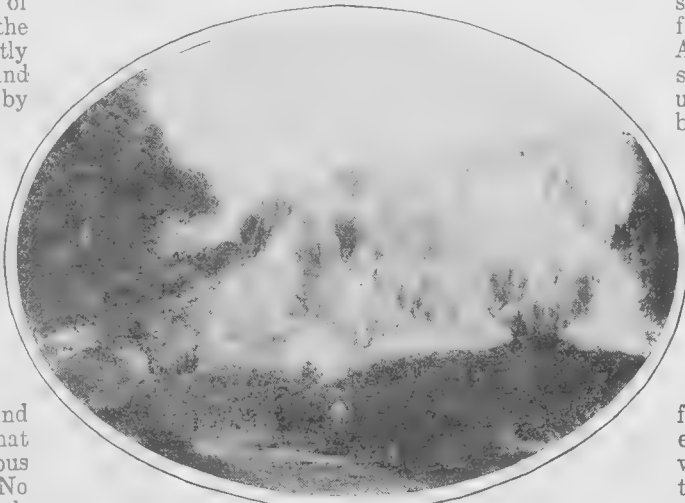
The remains of this magnificent library lie in the heart of the remarkable ruins of the city of Timgad on the edge of a region of vast corn lands in Algeria, some 300 kilometres inland from the city of Algiers.

You journey eastward by motor from the commonplace modern French-Algerian town of Batna, leaving the railway to speed along perfect roads, through a cultivated rolling plain, devoted to corn as in the days of Roman occupation two thousand years ago. But as you draw near the array of brown stone columns and the mournful grandeur of the Arch of Trajan that cover a whole hillside where was once the vigorous city of Timgad, the country becomes dreary. No trace of agriculture, no forests, no vineyards brighten the landscape. It is as though Nature had planned this aridness to give added impressiveness to these slabs and pillars and walls that stand mute bones of that tremendous past when Rome spread her sway with slow but compelling hand across the immensity of Northern Africa.

In those far-away days in the year A.D. 100 when Trajan by his initiative caused Timgad's Forum, huge residences, library, bathing establishments, markets, soldiers' quarters, public conveniences and the rest of the fine buildings of stone to arise, much of the land around the city was covered by a forest of cedar. But such was the demand for wood to feed the fires of the many Roman baths that in the following three hundred years the surrounding hillsides were denuded, and a desolation of aridity laid its hand upon the land. Twelve centuries after the last coal was cold in the boiler rooms of these Roman baths, workmen found charred ends of cedar, the last of the logs from the ruthlessly looted forests.

That the very existence of such a place as Timgad is so little dealt with in ancient historical sources is surprising. But such is the case, and were it

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In North Africa's once amazing city is revealed a fascinating story of an ancient Roman's gift recently discovered through modern methods, oddly like working out a cross-word puzzle. This is the third of this series of articles.



The Hot Springs of "Hammam Meskoutine"



The official measures established by the Romans for cereals of which the City was a great clearing house

not for its ruins, the name of Timgad would be unfamiliar to scholars today. As for the great general public, the name means nothing. Yet here in recent times a wonderful research work, fascinating as a mystery story, was carried to a successful conclusion. Yet, for all Timgad's lack of fame, it lasted six hundred years, and only for the Arab's savage pleasure in useless and wanton destruction, the city would have remained intact until eternity, for it was a marvel of construction both in beauty and solidity. And even today the outlines of the place as an example in town planning are well worthy of examination by modern city experts. The remains of the public conveniences are a revelation in sanitation, just as the furnaces and pipes and flues still intact in the largest bathing establishment would excite the admiration of modern plumbers.

TIMGAD was built after the plan of a typical Roman encampment, a rectangle divided into four parts, separated by two main streets running east and west and north and south, all of which were solidly paved and which show clearly today the wearing marks of the Roman chariots and the cars which transported the loads of corn. At the junction of these four streets stand the remains of the principal buildings, the Forum, the theatre, the public library and the Arch of Trajan. On the stone of the Forum is a motto, a recipe, as it were, for happiness, which we have not improved upon in our modern hectic civilization:

Venari,	Lavari
Ludere	Ridere
Oceat	Vivere

"Hunting, bathing, play and laughter—such is life."

And this was life to the Roman conquerors. But gazing upon these words, and the remains of residences once so grand, a modern visitor remembers a little grimly that the carrying out of these words depended upon the labor of thousands of slaves. And as the visitor examines the pitifully small stoking rooms of the bath houses, and the tiny ventilating holes, conviction comes that the lot of the firemen was a hard one, and that their lives must have been greatly shortened by their labors here. The streets of today have in the original pavement the manholes into which slaves descended to see the

sewers were kept in order. In the Forum are the gambling tables upon which the soldiers, idling in times of peace, risked their wages.

Timgad and the neighboring city of Lambese, an hour's motor ride distant, came into existence because of the cultivation of the vast plain enclosed by the Aures mountains. As a corn-producing region, Rome came to depend more and more upon it as the fertility of the Italian soil decreased. An elaborate system of water-rights resulted in this region where Rome dug many wells, built many aqueducts and canals. Upon a monument found near Timgad is set forth in still clear letters the number of olive and fruit trees which each farmer in the neighborhood possessed, and the number of hours of running water were his share. Curiously enough, this system of reckoning a water-right by a time system is still followed today throughout all the oases of North Africa, the time determined by how long a wide-bottomed vase, pierced by a small hole, takes to fill and sink to the bottom of a pail of water. In many ways man changes little through the ages. This is further shown by the fact that Timgad in plan and structure very much resembled Pompeii. Yet Pompeii was a Greek town and destroyed before Timgad was erected.

Timgad stood on the route of six great Roman trunk roads. Through it passed the immense caravans of grain, just as today on the prairies of North America long trains of wagons loaded with wheat come to the elevator towns. So it was the home of the rich corn dealers, the government officials and the army of occupation. But it was more than a mere commercial place, and though historical records state that it was constructed by the labor of the soldiers of the Third Legion, their work undoubtedly was confined to the heavier tasks upon the triumphal arches, baths and public buildings. But the wonderfully fluted spiral columns of the library, the carvings on the almost kingly stone seats in the public latrines, the ornamentation in the pit of the theatre and the mosaics from the theatre (now in the local museum) were done by men of the highest artistic accomplishments.

One of the finest homes was that of Faustus, wearer of senatorial robes. Here in one section of the sunken floor of the lower rooms is an aquarium where vari-colored fish once disappeared. Beyond the remains of the arched walls of the house was another great pool, still well preserved, though empty. Beside it in the shade of the arcade the Romans on hot days could lie on wide divans and slip in and out of the water as their fancy dictated. Everywhere in the city were magnificent bathing establishments. No less than fifteen of these have been uncovered. It is only

when one examines these, and compares the ancient records, that full realization comes of the refinements of these Roman voluptuaries. Not only were there steam rooms, and hot rooms, but rooms where the relaxed bather passed into gradually lowering temperatures. Here on wide divans people lolled and engaged in conversation.

It is when one gazes upon such evidences of luxury that the marvel grows that all this completely vanished, was lost to the world for 1,700 years. For the monarchy of Europe and the nobility, even as late as the 18th century, had achieved to no such comforts. It is both puzzling and amazing.

BETWEEN the first and third centuries Timgad flourished. Toward the end of the third century came the great spread of Christianity, and Timgad became a religious centre, and the stronghold of the Donatist agitation. There is neither space nor need to dwell here upon that great schism. For those interested in the varying phases of Christianity under the Roman era it can be looked up. But its strength was greatly helped by Genseric, king of the Vandals, who with his horde swept across Africa in A.D. 429. He was converted to the Donatist standard, and this helped make Timgad a more important place. When Rome fell, the Byzantians took over the city, and threw a circle of fortifications around it. There arose a great monastery and basilica. The latter was 200 feet long by 70 wide, and to erect it some of the marvellous Roman temples, raised some 400 years previously, were demolished. Then in 629 came the destroying Arab conquerors. Timgad in ruins was left deserted in the heart of a once fruitful land turned to desert by the deforestation

tion of the Romans. The winds of centuries blew the sand from the plains and the barren hillsides until naught remained in sight of Timgad, save the top of one lonely arch protruding through like a hoary stump of some prehistoric forest.

Then in the 20th century there came the great wave of interest in archaeology and the donating of vast sums by wealthy patrons in all countries of the world to the investigation of ancient ruins.

Timgad began yielding itself to the vigorous spades of the French restoration.

And by this digging was revealed the story of that ancient Roman "Carnegie," a story brought to light in the most curious way, worked out in



An Arab Said. These men have strikingly arresting features

"Le Pretorium"—One of the wonderfully preserved ruins near Timgad

stone, in fact, very much after the manner of a modern cross-word puzzle. Recently, while clearing near the Forum workmen found a broken slab of stone with a finely-carved inscription which read as follows:

VINTIANA FLAVI RO
MENTO SUO REIPUBLICAE
SIUM PATRIAE SUAE LE
EX IS CCCC MIL NUM
CTUM EST

Monsieur Ballu, the scientist in charge, translated this. The incomplete fragment merely set forth that the sum of 400,000 sesterces (about \$20,000) had been subscribed by a man named V. F. RO— The name, as will be noted by comparing the top line, was broken off at "O." But why had he subscribed the money? To what purpose had the building been put? The remains of the building were of such a peculiar nature that the director was curious to find this out. But for four years the work of excavating in Timgad proceeded, and still the mystery of the building remained unsolved. Then one day a workman dug up another block of stone containing an inscription which fitted exactly the first one on the left hand side. Its inscription read as follows:

TE M IVLI Q
AM TESTA
UGADEN
OTHECAE
A PERFE

This addition only heightened the interest in the unsolved riddle of this public building donated so long ago by a benefactor whose name began with "RO." For, even with the two blocks pieced

Continued on page 62



The Arab "Sand Diviner" telling fortunes by writing in the sand. They do tell some remarkably accurate things according to various white men who have consulted them

Ultra Modern and Intensely Vital Love Story with Pleasing Climax

PETER GANNETT'S office was on the nineteenth floor, just one stage higher than the roof of the low eighteen-story building across the narrow crevasse which yawned between and was called, at the bottom, a street. His desk was close to the window, it had to be close to the window, because if it hadn't been it wouldn't have been his office at all, but out in the large room where an army of girls jabbed typewriters, answered telephones and sealed envelopes all day long. From his window Peter could look down upon the roof across the crevasse.

It was a curious little world he saw there. In the first place, the roof had a four-foot wall, (really the top of the great cornice), all around it, so that it was shut in like a garden. It was perfectly level, with a gravel flooring—for a roofing is a flooring after all, when you consider it from above. About in the middle was a big water tank on iron stilts and a shed over the elevator shaft machinery. Those were ugly. But the rest of the roof wasn't ugly. At one corner stood a little brick house, a storey and a half high, just as if it were a neat cottage on a village street. There were white curtains in the windows and two boxes of red geraniums before the door, and a real woman used to emerge and hang clothes on a line that was stretched from the corner of the house to the elevator-shaft shed.

There was always a fine wind up there, and the linen flapped merrily. At another part of the roof was a hammock seat swung under an awning, and at still another part, where the sunlight fell longest, was a real garden—row after row of boxes full of growing things. The woman who hung the clothes used to go out every day in summer, just as Peter was getting ready to close his office, and pull some radishes or a head of lettuce for supper. A little white dog invariably followed her. All day long it played on the roof, gambolling like an animated ball of wool, and Peter, too, often neglected his tasks to watch its antics.

The janitor and his wife had no children, apparently. Peter wished that they had. It was such a quaint little world they lived in, up there above the turmoil of Manhattan, with their lettuce and their geraniums, their little brick cottage and white curtains, even with the washtubs of a Monday on a bench outside the door, that Peter felt there should have been children, if only to play with the dog. He wondered if there were not, perhaps, children living on the roof of his building in a little house like the one across the canyon. He had never seen any in the elevators, to be sure. Once he tried to find the way there, but nobody seemed able to direct him.

Then, one day, a strange thing happened. Peter, glancing out of the window aimlessly and only half listening to a caller who had overstayed the natural bounds of his errand, saw a girl emerge



Suddenly the girl stopped, picked up the note and concealed it in her dress

A Roof-Top Romance

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Author of

"The Idyll of Twin Fires,"
"The Bird House Man" etc.

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

rows of boxes. It was a pretty sight. Peter's caller began to realize he was not being listened to and rose to go. When Peter had got rid of him and had returned to the window, the girl was skipping toward the door of the cottage, on which she knocked. The little white dog was barking at her heels, and she stooped to stroke him. The janitor's wife came to the door and the girl spoke to her. They smiled at one another and chatted. Then the girl disappeared behind the shed and the janitor's wife brought out three or four chairs. "She must be coming back," thought Peter.

She did come back, five minutes later, with three or four other girls. They were not quite like her, though. No; Peter detected a subtle difference! She was the leader. She had more class. She had discovered the roof in the first place, and was the kind to share her pleasures. Peter liked her. All the girls had lunch boxes, and they sat on the roof and ate their lunches. The janitor's wife brought them tea, and they paid her for it. Peter could see the whole transaction. It was a fine thing for them and for the janitor's wife too, no doubt. Of course it was a scheme evolved by the first girl, he thought. The little dog played about their feet and begged for food, sitting up on his hind legs. Peter forgot that it was drawing near his own lunch time. He put his window up and tried to hear what they were saying, but though he could see their faces, he could hear only a snatch of laughter now and then over the dull roar of the city which ascended from the streets below.

However, one of them saw him watching and nudged her neighbor, who also stared at Peter and giggled. He turned away from the window, feeling rather cheap. But before he went to his own lunch he glanced out again, and saw that the pioneer had organized a game. It was a sort of game children play with a bean-bag, only they were using an old tennis-ball. All but the leader were rather clumsy at it, but they were screaming and getting their lungs full of comparatively fresh air. Peter knew that was what the leader intended.

"A good sort she is," he said to himself.

The next day she appeared again, and again before the rest. Evidently, either from choice or accident, her lunch hour began a little before the others. Again she skipped to the garden and stooped above the plants; she petted the dog, she put out her arms at full length, stretched luxuriously, and inhaled several deep breaths. Peter could not but admire how gracefully she

did it. In fact, he stared so persistently that presently she became aware of him, looked him full in the face for a second with frank curiosity, quite as devoid of anger as of coquetry—and walked around behind the elevator shed.

"Thunder"! thought Peter. "I must be more careful."

Again the other girls came to the roof and ate

from behind the shaft shed. "There must be a stairway behind there," he reflected. "That's how the janitor gets down."

This girl was young and decidedly attractive. She looked about her first in surprise; evidently it was her first visit to the roof. Then she spied the vegetable garden, clapped her hands together like a child, and literally skipped over the gravel to the

their lunches, bought their tea, and romped for half an hour or strolled lazily in the sun. Peter, however, did not give them a chance to see him watching. It seemed a shame to spoil their pretty unconsciousness.

A third day and a fourth brought the same girl to the roof ten or fifteen minutes before the others. Peter was looking for her now. On the fourth day he knew that she knew he was looking for her. She did not skip to the garden boxes any more. She walked. And she raised her eyes to Peter's window, not exactly in recognition—certainly not in greeting—with a sort of impersonal curiosity to see if he were there.

THAT evening, when the closing hour came, he posted himself at the door of her office building and waited half an hour to see her come out. He had no intention of speaking to her, but he wanted to observe her at closer range. She was so evidently not of the gum-chewing variety of office girl; he was curious about her. But he did not see her. The building was eighteen storeys high. No doubt there were a thousand or even two thousand employees in it—a population which would make a little town all by itself. Rather disgruntled at himself for being a bit of a fool, Peter went home.

The next day she was there on the roof again. He tried as hard as he could to convey with his eyes a message to her. "I'm not a Johnny," he tried to say. "I admire you tremendously!" She looked at him a trifle longer than before, he thought, but with no personal message in her glance. She had a book this day, and, sitting down in the hammock swing with her back to him, she began to read.

That afternoon Peter cut across to a toyshop on the avenue and purchased the most powerful pop-gun he could find. The projectile was a cork. He took the gun home with him and tried it down the corridor of the bachelor-apartment building where he lived. The cork was too light, so he fastened a penny on the end with sealing wax. Then, by means of a pin, he fastened a bit of paper folded like a dart to the other end, the end inserted in the barrel. Thus equipped with weight and stabilizer, the cork flew easily the whole length of the corridor. "It will get across the street, I guess," he thought.

Peter took the gun, carefully wrapped up, to his office the next day. There, on office stationery, he prepared carefully a little note, making three or four attempts before he got it to suit him, and keeping three or four business callers waiting in the reception room. But, as Peter was an Editor, that didn't matter. The callers were used to it.

His note finally read as follows: "Why do you come before the others? I should like to ask you that personally, but there's too much noise in the street below to call across, and how can I find you out among the crowds your revolving doors deliver forth at night?"

He pinned this note, folded like a dart, to his weighted cork, and put the gun back in his desk. When ten minutes of twelve came and the girl appeared on the roof he shut his office door and phoned to the switchboard that he was not to be disturbed for half an hour. Then he waited until the girl had come over and seated herself in the hammock after their now usual exchange of glances, held the gun barrel firmly on the window ledge with his left hand, aimed it at a considerable elevation, and shoved in the plunger with all his strength.

The cork, with its white, fluttering paper tail, flew out straight toward the mark, was caught a little by the wind, curved, and descended four or five feet to the girl's right, and neatly in front of her. Peter saw her start. He saw her glance at the fallen missile and then half turn as if to look at him and then turn her back again quickly. How he wished he could see her face! She did not rise, however, to pick up the paper. She resumed her reading. Peter waited. One of the other girls would pick it up! He was getting vexed and angry. But suddenly the girl rose, walked over, still keeping her back to him, till she stood above the note, and then she stooped, picked it up, and concealed it in her dress. At the same moment he saw the other

girls coming around the corner of the shed. She did not glance at his window, however, and presently Peter went to lunch himself.

The next morning in his mail was a plain envelope addressed in a woman's hand. Inside was a perfectly plain sheet of paper, and on it was written:

"I. Because. II. You can't."

There was nothing else; no date, no signature.

Peter smiled. At least she had answered and she had a sense of humor! He wrote another note and pinned it to another cork, also weighted with a penny.

"At least you might tell me the name of the dog," he said.

That noon the girl did not even look at him, but she sat down in the hammock.

He shot over his second note, and a second time she let it lie till she heard the other girls coming and then tucked it unread in her dress. Peter was peculiarly eager for his mail the following morning.

This time again the letter was on plain paper and unsigned.

"Bobo—isn't it silly"? was all she said.

Peter had by this time secured a supply of corks. He prepared one and attached his answer.

"How much do you pay for tea"? he wrote.

When the girl arrived on the roof she lingered a long while over the garden boxes and strolled leisurely to the swing. As she advanced, however, she shot the briefest possible glances up at Peter's window. He felt a thrill go down his spine. It was a personal glance. There was recognition in it. When she was seated he sent over his new missive.

The next day the answer was in his mail.

"Five cents," she wrote. "It's not very good tea, but the girls ought to have something hot, and it's better to have it in the air than in a smelly, noisy lunch room. We have our own bed of radishes planted now."

Alas, it was raining hard and nobody appeared on the roof that day. Peter was morose, and stared when noon came at the wet form of Bobo, who

turned from the window and did not look out again.

The next morning he found the usual reply.

"It was," said she. "The seeds are all up. I'm saving the pennies to buy a wheel hoe."

There followed two days of rain and then a Sunday, and then a whole week when the girl did not appear. The other girls came. They ate their lunches as usual, though out of the corner of his eye Peter noted that they did not play with the ball nor do any of the deep-breathing exercises. He was quite angry about it. He prepared a long communication, written in the finest hand he could command, for the cork would not carry a heavy note. On Monday the girl was back. As she came out on the roof she glanced at Peter's window—and he thought she smiled, not exactly at him, but softly to herself. She went at once to the beds, pulled a radish from one of the boxes, and as she walked toward the swing held it in such a way in front of her that she unmistakably intended Peter to see. He hastily added a postscript to his note and sent the cork flying over the intervening chasm.

"Where have you been"? the note read. "I have missed you greatly. Honestly, I have. So has Bobo. I feel it my duty to tell you that your girls haven't done their breathing exercises while you were away either, nor played ball. It is very hard to make people do what is good for them, isn't it? You see, you mustn't go away again!"

"P.S.—That radish looks very good."

This note was so heavy that it barely got over the cornice, and the girl had, perforce, to face Peter as she picked it up. She glanced at him again, and just the hint of a smile of acknowledgment crossed her lips.

The next day, for the first time, there was no answer in Peter's mail, and he was sore and hurt. But when she came on the roof she smiled to him again, or so he fancied, and she certainly pulled two radishes, dropping one of them into her lunch box. When the girls came she lined them up like a row of soldiers, and Peter, peeping from the dimness of a far corner of his office, saw her make them go through an elaborate set of breathing exercises—and he laughed aloud.

The next morning his mail contained a small pasteboard box, and in it, reposing on cotton, was a very red radish.

Peter took the radish out and looked at it with silly pleasure. Then he smelled of it. It was very pungent. But he did not eat it. He put it carefully in a drawer of his desk and wrote a note of thanks.

"Every morn I send thee radishes"—wouldn't that sound funny in a song"? he asked. "Yet your gift is curiously dear to me, little unknown lady on the roof-top, who goeth away for a week, leaving Manhattan desolate. You haven't told me why you went. You weren't sick? Please don't be sick. And, please, I don't like this sundering canyon called Twenty-ninth Street. Why don't you let me meet you? You can't be lonely in New York, as I am, or you would!"

He wrote on the thinnest paper, but even so, the cork just barely got across. It hit, indeed, on top of the parapet, and only the fortunate direction of the wind carried

it to the roof instead of back into the street. The girl did not hear it hit. Her back was turned, and she did not see it. Peter waited in tingling suspense till she sprang up and looked quickly on the ground about her. She spied the missile and snatched it up just as the other girls came around the corner.

There was time for just a glance, a quick, friendly meeting of the eyes which said: "Wasn't that a narrow escape"? But it made Peter's whole afternoon much more satisfactory.

There was no note on his desk the next morning. There was no girl on the roof that noon. That evening he stood again for half an hour at the foot of the elevators in her building, but if she came forth he did not see her.

Continued on page 66



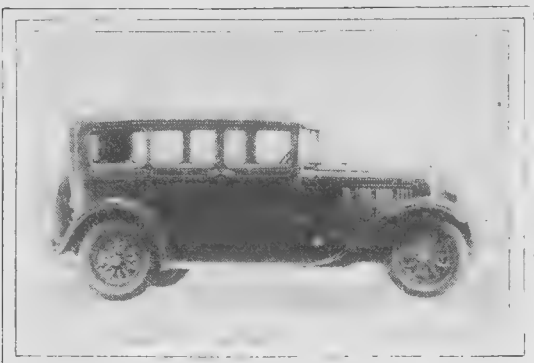
Presently she came, and their eyes met, close for the first time. He was a little pale she was a little flushed

was sporting with undampened ardor. Peter felt as if he had been cheated of something. But the following day was clear again. He sent over another note.

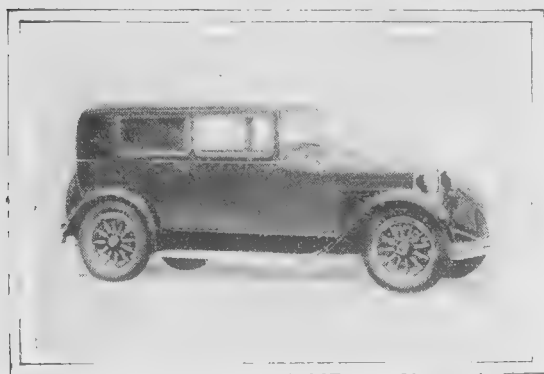
"The rain must have been good for the crops," he wrote. "What are you going to do with the pennies?"

As always, she let the note lie almost until the other girls appeared, and then concealed it unread in her dress. As soon as they came now, Peter

Dodge "Victory"
6" 5-passenger
Sedan



Essex Super-Six
4-door Sedan



The Activities of the

In Five Years Western Canadian Car Per Cent. Surely a Recognition to Car Efforts to Produce a Vehicle and Economical. And

years old in Canada. Many of the present generation can remember the annoying "chug, chug" of the first machines, with a noise greater than a farm threshing machine; and the ridicule which these conveyances always called forth from the passerby when they appeared on city streets. But the nucleus was there, and from crude beginnings aided by engineering research great things have been accomplished, and today one takes pride in driving or in riding in one of the present-day models, no matter what the make, where twenty years ago an invitation would be accepted only on the condition that the principle streets of the city or the town be avoided.

The reason is clear to the humblest minds. The automobile industry is making an article which is in itself productive. Hence in a period, such as the present, in which the public is making large investments in motor vehicles, these expenditures are not dissipated, but continue to exist in the form of time-saving efficiency creating products. In short the people of this country spend their money but continue to have an equivalent of value in

having the appearance of the finest silverware, frequently in period designs. Numerous instrument panels also suggest the deft genius of the silversmith.

Great advance has been made in the effective use of upholstery fabrics for interior embellishments. Materials, patterns and tones have been selected to produce a maximum eye appeal. Turning to the exterior it will be found that the radiators are generally higher and deeper; that fenders are fully crowned and sweep gracefully into the running boards, the front fenders are also curving harmoniously into the frame members.

Lamps have been redesigned and so placed that their curves blend well with the lines of the forward part of the car. On a number of models aprons have been added at the rear to cover springends and gasoline tank, with the result that the rear presents a much more finished appearance. At each of the large automobile shows in the United States and in Eastern Canada for several years, it has been truthfully said that colors are brighter and more effective, and the same statement may be made this year in reviewing the models which have come to Western Canada, but with greater emphasis. Colors and their effect on body lines have received the most intensive study during the past year, and for that matter body lines have also been given much careful thought.

The fundamental aim is to produce automobiles that possess fully harmonious lines; that is, each line and plane must blend with its neighbors insofar as possible.

Turning to the question of mechanical features, since the principles on which the modern automobile is built could not be improved, effort has been directed towards intensive refinement. On the whole the 1928 models are really much easier riding than their predecessors because of the use of more flexible springs and the general adoption of shock absorbers. Four-wheel brakes will be found on all models with perhaps one exception.

THERE are two significant things everyone must bear in mind when considering the automobile industry. The first thing is, its activities influence all other lines of trade in a complementary rather than in a competitive manner. The second is the horizon of this industry is world-wide, not national only.

It is only a few years ago that quite a number of economists viewed with alarm any promise of vast activity in the automobile field, fearing this would be at the expense of other forms of commerce.

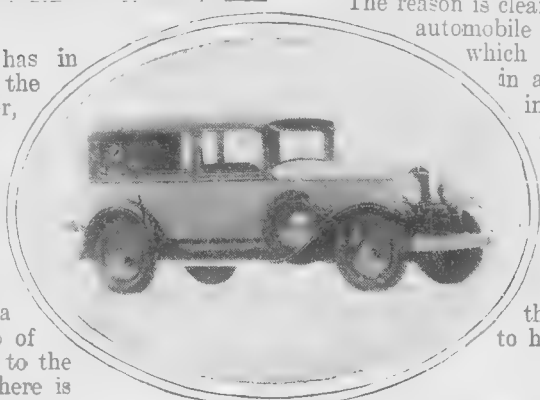
As the technique of studying the causes and effects of business conditions has improved—and great strides have been made in the science in the past 10 years—it has become evident that when

WHAT 1928 has in store for the manufacturer, the distributor and the driving public in the automotive world is a mystery which has the brightest minds in the business guessing as to the outcome. That it will be a busy period, with makers of autos working their staffs to the full time and overtime, there is no doubt.

The orders placed ahead for cars this year will keep the factories and the distributors of all makes going full speed ahead, but all the brains of the industry must be on the alert. Competition was never so keen, workmanship in the construction and the fitting of cars was never so good, almost reaching perfection; but the year must ever be one that is looking to the future, for cars must be sold next year and the year after as well as this year, and how to hold the trade developed with such ingenuity this year, will be the goal of all the thinkers and the designers of the manufacturing and the distributing end of the business.

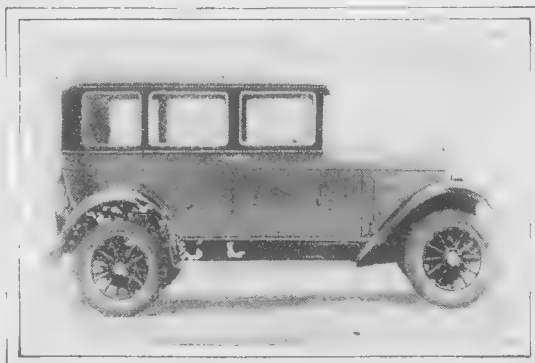
Tumbling over each other, announcements of new and improved lines of motor cars for the 1928 season have been coming in week by week since the opening of the new year. These announcements have been delayed in some instances owing to the desire of all designers to keep secret as long as possible their models until the annual automobile shows have displayed their beautiful and marvelous products to the world. Mystery as to designs and prices have kept the purchasing public at the keenest pitch. Scattered here and there throughout the list of formal presentations at these shows were a number of price reductions wide enough in range to attract more than the average attention.

Automobiles have been making history faster than any other organization in the commerce of the country although the industry is not more than 25 years old in the United States and not more than 18



Hupmobile Model
A-6 5-passenger
Sedan

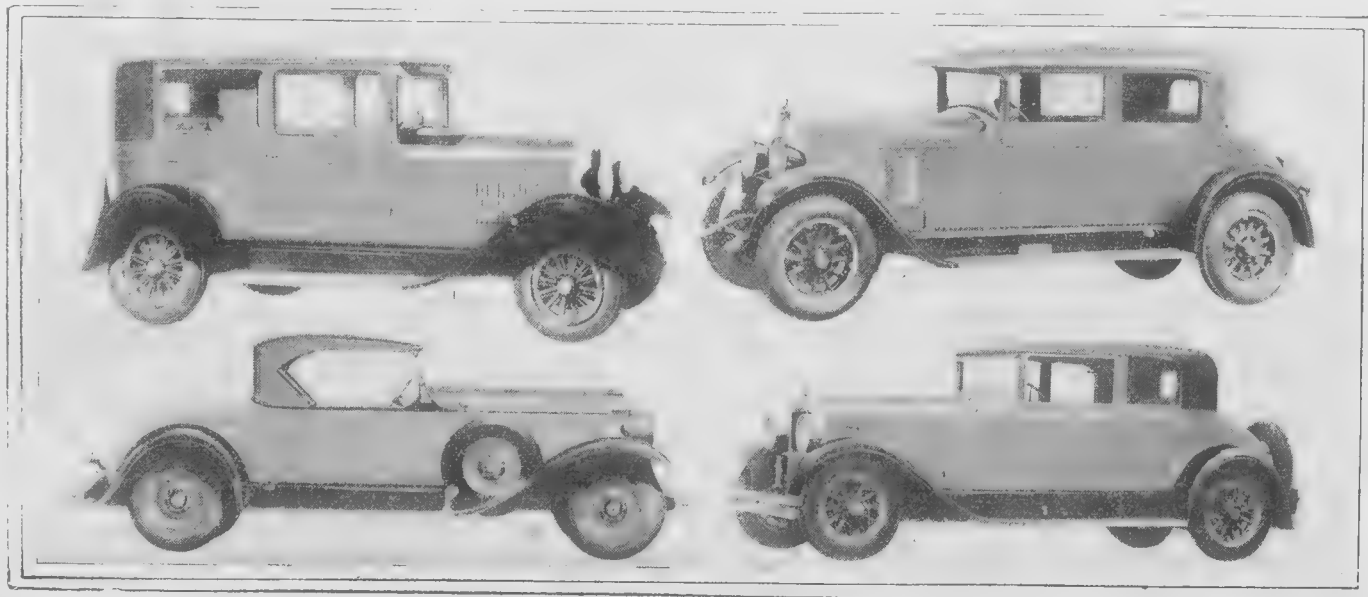
Overland "Whip-
pet" 5-passenger



their possession. Furthermore, the very activity of motor plants creates employment and furnishes markets for raw material which helps greatly to keep the entire industrial structure in motion.

A casual glance at the interiors of the new 1928 models will not begin to reveal why they are so much more beautiful than heretofore, whereas a more careful study will show that their excellence is due to a more harmonious perfection of detail. Hardwood is wonderfully designed and executed,

1. New Star "4" 2-door Sedan.
2. Willys-Knight "Great Six" five passenger Coupé.
3. Hupmobile "Century 8" 2-passenger with rumble seat.
4. Hudson "127" Custom four passenger Victoria.



Automotive World

Registrations Have Increased Eighty-four
Manufacturers in Their Untiring
More Beautiful, Comfortable
the End is Not Yet.

the automobile industry achieves any high levels, other lines of manufacturing and trade also feel the stimulating effect.

So that today 1928 has opened with the greatest promise ever held for the automobile business in the United States and Canada, and also for world-wide prosperity in the industry, which ranks first in the United States and third in Canada.

The trend of thought as directed by the automobile age is growing more and more towards "an automobile for each member of the family" when he or she reaches the period of maturity. This is not only an evident fact in the United States, but with the reduced prices announced this season by all the manufacturers of cars, it has firmly taken hold of the Canadian family. The old idea of one car for the entire family is passing. The low prices announced this winter by distributors of modern automobiles has made it possible to have a large car for general family use, with one or more small automobiles for the different members of the family. In fact, this is now becoming a necessity. So many users of automobiles adopt their cars for business purposes, that a passenger car is a part of today's household effects, so that when the women members of the family desire to visit or to shop, a car is at their disposal unhampered by a prior claim from any male member of the family.

Because of the extension of the motorbus service into suburban districts a vast number of homes are located in regions which have only the automobile as the means of communication, and social as well as business activities to a large degree are arranged on the basis that the motor car is becoming indispensable for each adult.

The revolution brought about by the motor car manufacturers is, probably, most notable and most marked in Western Canada. In each of the four Western Provinces the per capita ownership is higher than elsewhere, with the exception of Ontario. In this new territory increasing car possession, following the vigorous prosecution of a programme of good road building, has rapidly bridged the stage between pioneer conditions and a modern and efficient agricultural territory.

The place of the motor vehicle in Canadian life is somewhat peculiar and difficult of conception to the people of Europe or Great Britain as entering into every phase of activity. Outstandingly the general use of the car has effected a decided change for the better in bringing the farm closer to the railroad, in speeding up farm operations with attendant economies, and affording the farmer and his family further recreational facilities. And so far the automobile in Canada has not yet reached the fullness of its service, as is indicated by steadily rising figures of ownership.

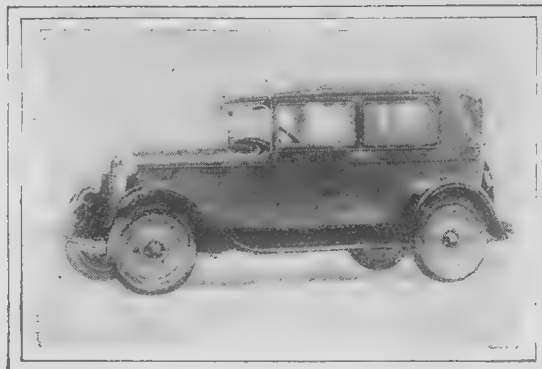
The manufacture of automobiles in Canada has

risen in importance until eleven establishments, representing a total investment of \$74,678,000, produced an output value of \$110,835,380.

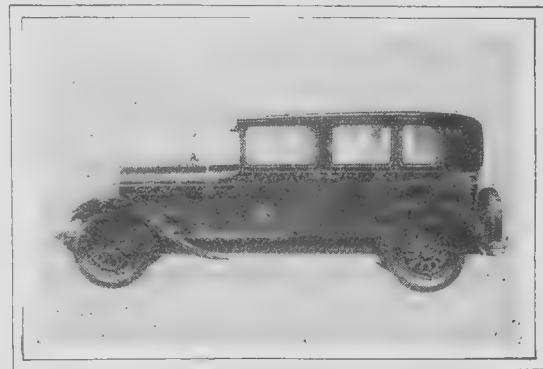
The 1927 Canadian output included 32,699 open passenger cars, 84,545 closed cars, 18,882 trucks, and 14,180 chassis. The industry is now sixth in magnitude in the Dominion. Canada, with only one car to every 11 inhabitants, ranks second only the United States, which has one to five.

Of the total production, 105,398 cars valued at \$77,807,539, were intended for sale in Canada, and the balance, 41,922, worth \$18,949,516, were made for export.

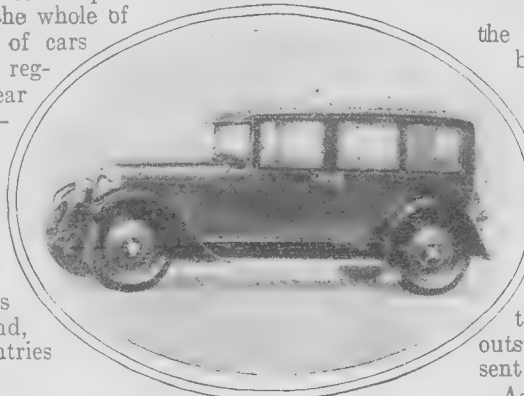
The consumption of cars in Canada is very large and steadily increasing. For the first eight months of the year 1927 the consumption of cars in Canada was 138,271. In the whole of 1926 the total consumption of cars in Canada was 143,241. The registration increase in that year was 112,956, and the replacements 30,285. To meet domestic requirements Canada has a very large import of automobiles in addition to the output of her manufacturing industry, while she has developed an enormous market for her cars abroad, notably with the other countries



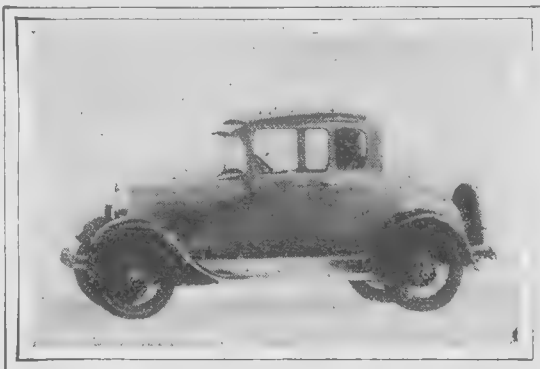
Chevrolet, The
Imperial Landau
Model



The new Chrysler
"72" Crown Sedan



The Nash "Stan-
dard Six" 5-pas-
senger Sedan



The New Ford
Coupe with rumble
seat

the Dutch East Indies are the best customers. Cars of a higher price than these go to Great Britain, Dutch East Indies, Germany, Finland and Colombia. Looking over the display of cars at the recent Winnipeg Auto Show, it is apparent that a better arrangement of the controls is one of the outstanding features of the present year's models in motor cars.

As compared with the cars of preceding years the owner will find that the gears are easier to shift, the instruments on the dash are easier to see and read, and consequently the entire responsibility of driving the car is less tiring on a long ride.

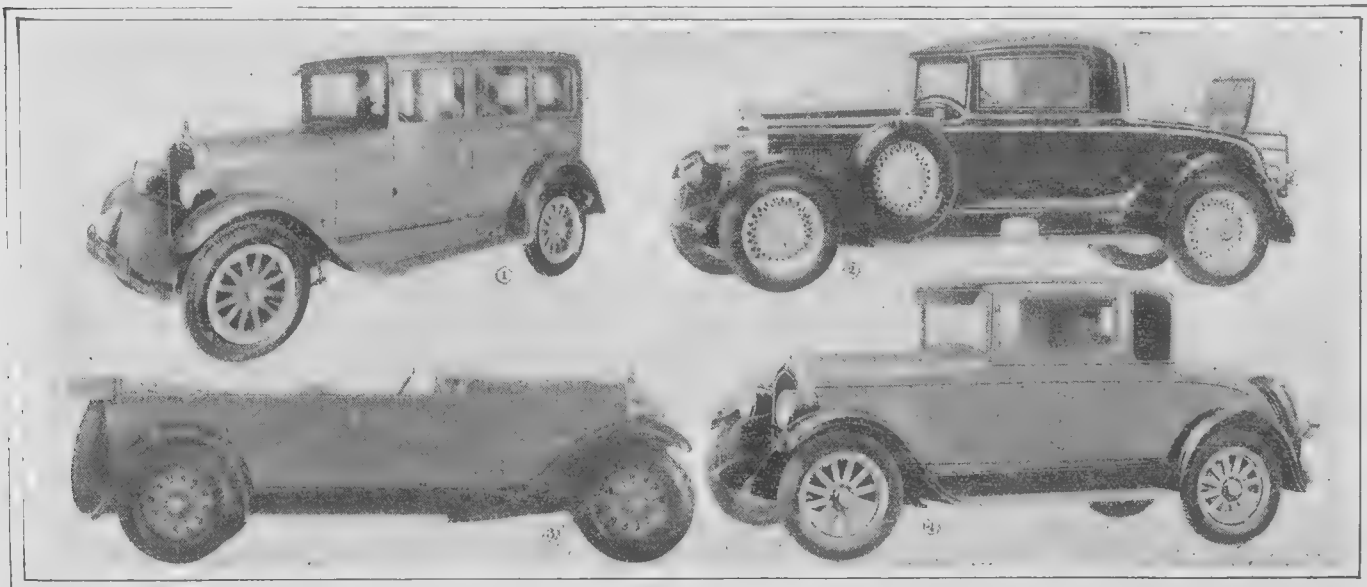
Many of the makers have rearranged the controls and instruments to better advantage. The maker of one high priced eight has joined the ranks of those who put the light control on the steering wheel. With automatic spark advance there is seldom any need to touch the spark.

In fact, if the anti-knock fuels are used, one need never touch the spark, because the fuels of this type take away the spark knock in climbing a hill just as readily as they take away carbon knock. If the spark lever is left off the steering wheel, as is the case now with several cars, the top of the wheel is cleared sufficiently for the mounting of the lever which controls the lamps.

Speaking to the financial heads of a number of the leading makes of cars, price cutting in the automobile field in Western Canada seems remote this year. The greater number of the manufac-

turers of motor cars at present in business are well established, and have tried to give the public this year the best value for the money they are demanding. In the old days when there were eighty to one hundred companies making automobiles, price wars were to be expected, but with the stabilization of the industry, manufacturers are more concerned over quality production than they were in the past.

(Continued on page 95)



1. Dodge "4"

2. Nash Model 360, Ad-
vanced Six 4-passenger
Coupe.

3. Buick five passenger de
luxe touring car.

4. The new Chrysler "52"
Coupe.

of the British Empire. In the first eight months of last year the Dominion imported 29,872 cars valued at \$25,579,029, and exported 44,197 cars with a valuation of \$20,479,934.

For commercial cars British India is the principal customer, followed by Colombia, Australia, the Straits Settlements and Roumania, all good buyers of cars valued at less than \$500. From \$500 to \$1,000 Great Britain, British India and

America and World Peace

By Rev. Major C. W. Gordon
D.D., L.L.D.

THE Americans are in their hearts Idealists. Mark, I do not say the American Nation. The distinction suggests a pregnant utterance of President Woodrow Wilson to me in the early days of 1917 in a memorable interview. I had spoken of America as an Anglo-Saxon Nation.

"Ah, there you make a mistake, Major," he said. "We are not an Anglo-Saxon Nation. We are not a nation at all. We are a conglomerate body of peoples."

"Yet your Ideals are Anglo-Saxon Ideals."

"Yes, most willingly I grant you that."

I am profoundly convinced that that great American rightly appraised his people. The Americans, the truest Americans, not the blatant one hundred-per-centers, are the children of the Revolution, Dutch, English, Scottish in race, Puritan and Cavalier in breeding, and their most dominant ideals are those which have found their most typical and most permanent expression in the Anglo-Saxon races. And so I feel myself justified in my statement that the Americans are in their hearts Idealists. And they are dominated by two great passions: a passion for Liberty and a passion for Righteousness. Unhappily there are, among their one hundred and twenty millions, Americans of a different sort, with different Ideals, often more vocal, often more in evidence among the headlines. But in spite of these and in spite of their noise and their obviousness, the Americans who do America's thinking and who will finally determine America's attitude on great moral questions are the American Idealists, the true Americans.

It is because I hold the conviction and hold it strongly that the present attitude of America toward world peace and toward the efforts of almost all the important nations in the world to secure World Peace is a temporary attitude and is due to a most tragic accident or series of accidents, for which America as a whole can hardly be held responsible.

The present attitude of America toward the League of Nations and the World Court is to the rest of the world a mystery and a tragedy. When the Great War broke upon the world America held aloof. There is no mystery in that. It was a European war, just another European War. The Tradition of America segregated her from European politics. Her policy was to stand on side-lines and observe. For two years and eight months she maintained that attitude. That was her business and her responsibility. And while we in Canada, her nearest neighbors, were perplexed, disappointed, we offered no criticism. The restraint of criticism, indeed, on the part of the Canadian, as of the British Press, was quite remarkable and altogether admirable. Then, after thirty-two months of such fighting as the world had never seen, America declared for the cause of the Allies and after another year of elaborate preparation moved out upon the arena of war and moved in splendid and impressive force. Her appearance upon the field of conflict determined the issue of the War. In November, 1918, the Armistice was signed. The war was over. There remained the task of securing to the world the ends for which the War was raised, the end for which America entered upon the War.

These ends were clearly understood. America had defined these ends. President Wilson had set them forth in words clean cut and unmistakable. America knew, and the world knew why, after years of careful deliberation she had finally arrived at her momentous decision to join the Allies in their fight. It was a decision based upon pure Idealism. It was not to wipe out insult to American honor, not to avenge the wholesale murder of American citizens, these America bore with protest; much less it was for American aggrandizement. No! For none of these things. It was for the protection of small nations against the ruthless tyranny of the strong; for World Justice; for World Liberty. It was in President Wilson's immortal phrase: "To make the World safe for Democracy."

And now in the solemn hushed silence following the Armistice America and the Allies moved into conference to determine how once and for all these ends were to become the permanent possession of mankind.



Ralph Connor

At this point it was that President Wilson made his tragic error. The defects of great men are the defects of their supreme qualities. President Wilson possessed great intellectual ability and great firmness of character. His defects were an egoism that made counsel or advice from any source seem superfluous to him, and a will of such rigidity as made persuasion idle. Convinced that his presence was necessary to the Versailles Peace Conference, he sailed for Paris, and though he must have known that he would be dealing with the most subtle brains and the most technically skilled diplomats in Europe, confident in the complete adequacy of his own judgment he invited no Americans of first rank to accompany him as coadjutors in the Peace negotiations. He reasoned that if they were unnecessary their presence would be a mere embarrassment. Nor did it ever seem to have occurred to him that there were two political parties in America and that it might be expedient politically to associate with him in this momentous Conference representatives of the Republican party. It was a fatal, a tragic blunder, from the results of which the world is suffering today, and will suffer only God knows how long or how much.

THE amazing thing about that Peace Conference, however, is not that the American President achieved so little, but that he achieved so much. Ignorant of the characteristics of those continental experts in diplomacy, unskilled in the finesse of the game, hampered by his unfamiliarity with any language but his own, embarrassed by his preconceived ideas as to objectives and methods of procedure, President Wilson against overwhelming odds brought back with him to his country two really marvellous things: the Tri-Partite Treaty between America, Britain and France guaranteeing the security of France, and the League of Nations as a constituent part of the Peace Treaty. That the American Senate would accept the Tri-Partite Treaty was perhaps too much to expect, but it is interesting to speculate what would have been the effect upon the nations of Europe and upon World Peace had France been guaranteed the security of her Eastern Frontier by that Treaty. But it was surely not an unreasonably optimistic expectation

that the League of Nations would be accepted by the country whose President had suggested the idea and had forced it through the Conference almost single-handed. America will perhaps never understand the shock to the Allied world, the stunning effect especially upon the British Empire, of her cool rejection of the League of Nations and her calm, deliberate withdrawal from further association with her former allies in their desperate striving for World Peace. At that moment America stepped down from her proud place as the moral leader of the world. The World War was her war, as much hers as that of the Allies; the ideals of the Allies were her ideals; the sacred cause of World Peace was her cause. At the critical moment of final achievement of the end of war she stepped back; stepped down.

Although perfectly aware that the power of ratification lay with the American Senate it never occurred to those negotiating at that Council Board at Versailles that when the President of the American Republic crossed the sea with the consent and approval of the American Congress, that when he was conferring with the representatives of practically all the nations of the world, that when he was forcing them to accept his own special and personal plan for the securing of World Peace, there was a possibility that America would repudiate her President and would reject that plan for Peace which was at once his own creation and the achievement of his resolute and determined efforts.

The rejection of the League of Nations by America destroyed all hope of immediate World Peace, plunged Europe into a dismayed confusion from which not for a generation will it recover and postponed indefinitely the securing of the very ideals for the sake of which America confessedly entered the war. What is the explanation of this tragic phenomenon? Article Ten? No one will seriously contend that the objectionable phrases in Article Ten could not have been modified with a little earnest patience on the part of peoples determined to have World Peace. What, then, was the cause of the Great Rejection?

I remember well the day when the Press announced the physical collapse of President Wilson in the midst of his tour of the West on behalf of the League of Nations. I was being entertained at luncheon in an American city of the Middle West. In response to my expressed surprise at the violence of the opposition to the League of Nations which had so suddenly sprung up in America, a gentleman, a Republican who had the right to speak for the Republican party made answer with a smile: "Oh, don't be unduly distressed about this opposition. America is all for the League. They're just playing a little politics now. We'll get the League all right." Every man of the twenty-five or thirty at that table was heartily in favor of the League of Nations, but not a man seemed to realize the tragic madness of "playing politics" with the world's most sacred interests.

President Wilson in his conduct of the Peace negotiations had flouted, ignored and insulted certain party leaders; now they were having their revenge. Well, they had their revenge. The humiliating rejection by his country of his great and splendid achievement broke the President; broke his body; broke his mind; broke his heart. He had made his fatal error; they had exacted their fateful revenge. Europe has staggered on through ten years of misery carrying as best she can her unhealed war wounds, her crushing financial burden of war debts, her heart-wracking anxieties. It would be untrue to say that the opposition in America to the League of Nations was all due to partisan politics. There were many sincere and earnest American leaders opposed to this method of peace just as there had been many sincere and earnest Americans opposed to America entering the war. But I am assured by Americans everywhere that the opposition would not have assumed its effective importance but for the leadership and stimulation of those who were moved by partisan interest and partisan desire for revenge.

CANADIANS, and to a greater degree, British people are unable to appraise the intensity of the hostile feeling which President Wilson aroused

Continued on page 64

A Prime Minister Tells Tales of Royalty

Premier Gardiner of Saskatchewan Speaks of Free Will, of Destiny, and
of Wheat Kings!

By C. B. Robertson



Seager Wheeler, Wheat King

Stooking Wheat in Saskatchewan

J. C. Mitchell, Dahinda, Sask.

FREE WILL, or Destiny? Which governs us, I wonder?" mused the Premier of Saskatchewan. "We throw out our chests and 'say our little piece' about being 'Masters of our Fate,' and 'Captains of our Souls,' yet many a time, Destiny decrees that some definite purpose to which we have pledged ourselves will be frustrated, through Fate's turning of a trick absolutely beyond our control!"

I had gone to the Parliament Buildings, Regina, to talk to the Prime Minister about the Wheat Kings of Saskatchewan, as he well knew, and I thought that the gentleman was lamentably wandering from the subject to be discussed. However, I replied: "But is there any situation in the world absolutely beyond our control? We are taught that, by virtue of faith, and prayer, and stubborn determination——"

Mr. Gardiner interrupted me with a chuckle. "I have in mind a man whose great ambition, as a boy, was to be a sailor; a man who might (if his destiny in the world had been ruled by the power and potency of his deep faith and stubborn determination), have well been a British Admiral today; but Fate stepped in, denied that chap the right to work out his life in the way of his young and passionate desire.

"No doubt it seemed to him, as he stood before the naval examiners and was turned down cold, that the end of the world had come, yet——" the Premier paused and added thoughtfully: "Don't you think that many a trial or sorrow is sent to a potentially big and fine human, not to thwart him, but to test him? Yes, that boy who wanted to be a sailor, having stood the test of bitter disappointment and risen above it without bitterness, having built upon the ashes of discouragement yet another purpose in life, found, in that alternative vocation, in his manhood, an opportunity to achieve that which has made him one of the true builders of Canada and the Empire in this day."

"What was the new ambition?"

"To be a Canadian pioneer farmer!"

"But, if he were such a fine chap, with a big, creative force within his heart, why didn't the naval examiners recognize something unusual in the

boy, and accept him? Why in the world did they turn him down?"

"It was Fate—not the human—or inhuman—examiners!" declared the Prime Minister. "Destiny decreed that young Seager Wheeler should be just one inch too short in height to meet the requirements of the British Navy. Not faith, nor prayer, nor stubborn determination could add that inch to his stature!"

"My word!"

"Quite," agreed the Premier.

"Tell me more about Seager Wheeler, Mr. Gardiner."

"Well, it's a romantic story, to my way of thinking. He was born on the Isle of Wight in 1869. His first great adventure was the discovery of the rolling sea at his family's front door. It fascinated him, called to him, and, all through his childhood, familiarity with the sea bred, not contempt, but only contempt for and defiance of its dangers!

"He must have been possessed of a hardy soul; that little lad of fifty years ago, for although he saw tragic wrecks at his very door, the spell of the sea 'got' him, and he declared that he would be a sailor! Young Seager Wheeler was evidently a lad of sensitive imagination and studious temperament. To hear him tell it, the sea, in the great symphony of its rolling waters, sang to him songs

of British heroes, and of Pirates bold! He knew his history of the British Navy and, as a little chap, he, many a time, dug out of the sand interesting relics of the good old days of Merrie England when the Armada sailed to Britain's shores, and when pirates flew their grisly flag within sight of the Isle of Wight.

"I'm trying to show you that sailing meant something more to this lad than a job on a ship. It meant the carrying on of heroic British traditions; it meant the facing of danger with a truly British 'heart of oak,' beating, unafraid, beneath a small blue uniform. 'Britannia rules the waves'! Well, this youngster had decided, with a passionate fervor, that 'Britons never would be slaves,' if he had anything to say about it!"

"Those brutes of naval examiners! They were cruel, Mr. Gardiner!"

"Merely puppets of Fate, and Destiny pulled the strings! The lad was not thwarted of his destiny of usefulness to the Empire, remember!"

"Then, what happened?"

The Prime Minister told the tale with gusto: "Seager Wheeler had an uncle who had sailed the broad Atlantic to faraway Canada—a rare adventure in those days. Can you imagine what a hero that uncle was to that lad; how thrilled he was when his uncle wrote him, telling



Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Premier of Saskatchewan

Continued on page 38



One night they were awakened suddenly out of a deep sleep by hearing couple of shots fired at close range, in the house somewhere

The Forehanded Finches

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by P. Surrey

A Story of an Economy Which Was Carried to Excess

IF THE facts in the following human-interest narrative seem to you a trifle far-fetched and its situations somewhat strained for the purpose of effect we must ask you to bear in mind the familiar axiom that truth is even stranger than fiction. We haven't the least doubt but that others could tell, if they would, even more startling tales of what can happen people who allow themselves to be ridden by an obsession of this nature.

"We regret to report that Mrs. Bill Whiffle, one of our social leaders here in Mud Centre, tripped over a rug while chasing the cat yesterday, landing heavily on her nose and badly damaging that organ."

The foregoing item from the Mud Centre Jottings in the Yellowgrass Yell was of such an arresting character as to cause the Old Timer to neglect the rest of the column and permit the paper to drop unheeded to his knees. Village reporters are often stuck for news, he knew, but in the end generally contrived to fill their quarter-column and anything was fish that came to the Old Timer's net, especially when the item featured the name of someone he knew. This one set him to musing and as he chewed the cud of reflection he also turned over his chaw of terbaccy, now and then expectorating over the station platform.

"Well, well! I s'pose it's that same organ they bought at 'Bijah Finch's auction'!" he observed as a wave of reminiscence enveloped him. "I mind very well, 'cause me and Sary was there bidding on the dern thing too. Bill Whiffle's real handy with carpentry tools, though, so even if it is damaged I guess he'll soon patch her up agin. That organ has seen a lot o' wear an' tear in its day, what with revival meetin's an' Mrs. Finch usin' it to keep her preserves in. Yep; sure has."

He gazed out across the yellow-brown prairie to where in the limitless distances a soft autumn haze crept tremulously along the August landscape. The sight seemed to induce a mood of retrospection. He sat under a bench under the blackboard and the latter bore a single chalked line announcing that the train to Winnipeg was forty minutes late. Not long enough time to make it worth while for the travellers to go over to the hotel, yet a little too long to spend in standing or in walking up and down the platform, so the Old Timers' audience seated themselves on their suitcases in a semi-circle about him and paid him the homage of an attentive silence, hoping he'd tell a story. Which he accordingly did.

"THE Finches had the biggest auction sale ever seen or known in this neck o' the woods," he continued, "an' it was the only one that poor 'Bijah ever missed—him bein' dead an'

so unable to be among those present. 'Bijah had th' auction sale craze. It kep' comin' back on him at intervals, like malaria or the harvest itch, till if he couldn't find a sale in the district round where he lived derned if he wouldn't hitch up an' go an' hunt fer one all over th' country! An' the junk that man would fetch home—stuff that nobody else had any use fer at all or ever would!"

This peculiarity of Mr. Finch's was, it appeared, all of a piece with his natural-born, ingrained forehandedness. He and Mrs. Finch were models of thrift and foresight. They had a reputation for these admirable virtues and far and wide were spoken of as examples to the saving youth of our land, "the savingest couple in the country." Their ideas of economy they practiced unceasingly. In

the spring they began to get ready for winter, and in winter they started odd jobs that really belonged to the following fall. Nothing animate or inanimate ever got ahead of them, neither moth nor rust nor gopher nor hail nor any

thieves whatsoever. They lived always about nine months in advance of the almanac and their barns and storehouses were invariably full to bursting, while every available nook and receptacle in and about the house was crowded with canned fruit and vegetables.

Mrs. Finch had a mania for preserving and pickling. It just seemed as though she couldn't bear to see a berry unless it were in a glass jar, and the grocer at Mud Centre used to order several extra cases of sealers each season just on her account. During the war she was in her element and "did down" everything from sand-cherries and saskatoons to catsup and cauliflower. There were some who declared that she'd have caught 'Bijah and preserved him too if he hadn't been so spry on his feet.

'Bijah went to a sale in town at a marble-cutter's one day and bid on two blank gravestones and brought them home in the back of the old democrat.

"Never can tell when they'll come in handy," he said cheerfully, as he sought to justify his extravagance. "Keep a thing seven years, y' know—"

Mrs. Finch, though momentarily shocked and distressed, couldn't dispute the soundness of this philosophy. Even if the stones did seem to bring the judgment-day nearer than she quite liked there was no gainsaying that she and 'Bijah were booked for the Heavenly Land and had to die some day like everyone else and it was well to be ready. Of course buying the tombstones wasn't all that had to be done in preparation for this eventuality, but it was a starter. They spent the long evenings of the ensuing winter thinking up suitable inscriptions and carving these on the stones. Mrs. Finch did most of the thinking, it is true, but 'Bijah executed the practical end of the work with his chisel and hammer from the tool-house. There were their names and birth-dates with a verse of scripture or poetry and everything else they could get in, except of course the dates of their respective passing. These would have to wait, of necessity. 'Bijah and his wife were pretty shrewd people but they weren't clairvoyants. The mottoes insinuated that he and his wife were resting in peace in heaven and so on, which made some of the neighbors (who dropped in to see how the work was getting along) sniff and remark that this was a pretty cocksure kind of forehandedness, or foresightedness. Then, oddly enough, shortly after the purchase

Continued on page 85



The pall bearers retired to the kitchen to get a snack to eat

The Extra Helpers Club meets to do your wash



MEETING TIME—any washday. *Meeting place*—your washtub. *Those present*—busy, bustling extra helpers, eager to do your wash.

Golden soap and plenty of Naptha! Two active cleaners working together! These are the extra helpers. And they're blended together in Fels-Naptha by our exclusive process.

You know there is plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it in every bar. And everybody knows naptha is the

safe, gentle cleaner "dry cleaners" use. When you wash with Fels-Naptha, the naptha loosens the grease and dirt you would otherwise have to rub out—and the good, soapy suds wash them away.

Fels-Naptha washes everything that's

washable, dainty things or heavy, and does it more easily. It works in tub or machine; in cool, lukewarm or hot water, or when you boil your clothes.

Nor should you forget that it is equally helpful for washing windows and for other cleaning jobs around the house.

An order for Fels-Naptha means that the Extra Helpers Club will be on hand to do your next wash. Call your grocer and make sure of it today!

FELS & CO., Philadelphia



© 1928, Fels & Co.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Peter Pan Grows Up

BY

Constance Travers Sweatman

IN THE gay Christmas season of 1926-27 Peter Pond, aged 19, had fallen, deeply, gloriously, painfully in love. He hadn't enjoyed being in love. His theories were against what he savagely termed "mush." He battled against the divine fever. Fiercely he arraigned his throbbing pulses for their splendid throbbing.

"Cut it out!" he growled one night (when he had known Lucille one month only) to the rugged-faced vis-a-vis in his mirror, the while he tied his first dress tie for the twentieth time. Girls! Mush! Mush!"

His black reflected eyes glaring back at him looked a little scared. Perhaps cutting it out wasn't so simple! Cut it out, nothing to it! If a fellow doesn't want to be in love, he needn't be in love. Don't be an old mush. Keep away from girls. Don't see 'em, and you'll mighty soon forget 'em! Just tonight; he had to see her tonight, because he'd promised to take her to the dance. What did a popular girl like Lucille really care about him. He was crazy.

He'd watched other boobs in love. The girls didn't fall in love — no sir! They just kidded you along and let you do things for them—one of you—two of you—three of you! He'd seen a whole bunch of lovesick boobs dancing around one girl like tame bears. He'd seen 'em! He'd watched 'em! He'd laughed at 'em. Sure he had! He scowled at his reflection, and jerked his bow-tie into limp strings again. And now, goldarn it — he'd joined 'em!

Eleven months later; and Peter had not cut it out. Lucille! Lucille! Lucille. He woke to the anticipation of her; he fell asleep

to the most unsatisfying memories of her. She was all mixed up with his small office job; with his breakfast and his dinner. He was tired thinking of her; yet he grudged the time for sleep when he was not dreaming of her.

With the despairing persistence of only very young men in love, he struggled along. He worried. Did she like dark men like him; or fair men? She never would express her preference. So far as he could judge, she liked 'em all—fair, dark, middling, or even red! Was he making a darn nuisance of himself? Perhaps he'd better fall off a bit; perhaps she was too sure of him.

Lucille! Lucille! Oh, curse the luck—Lucille!

His family found him trying. He was often so irritable it was not safe to ask him the time.

His thirteen-year-old sister revelled in his misery. She made home life a hideous thing for him.

"Guess who I saw having ice-cream with a sheik, in Currie's tea-room today! Lucille! and guess who she was with!"

"I don't believe she had a sheik at all!"

"Oh, no, of course not! You're the only boy a popular girl like Lucille could get to take her any place. You certainly think you're Heaven's gift to women!"

At one time, when feeling slightly sentimental about him, Lucille nicknamed Peter, because of his shyness.

To a group of girls at tea she said: "Peter's name should have been 'Peter Pan.' He's just a boy who refuses to grow up." And she left them to wonder what she meant by that.

The name stuck and inevitably drifted to Peter's ears. He was terribly hurt. He felt sure there was a sting in it, but he was too proud to go to Lucille and verify his conviction.

In spite of his eagerly accepted nickname, Peter

had earned a certain respect among them; he was the only boy in the group who had a definite business position promising a definite goal. He had been justifiably proud of his "job" until the repetition of his hated nickname robbed him of his pride. *Not grown up?* What did they mean by "grown up"?

Nineteen twenty-eight arrived. The social possibilities of Leap Year intrigued the minds of the girls in Peter's set of "not-outs." A Leap Year dance was planned for January the fourth.

The girls had charge of the arrangements. Rumor crept around. It was said that the boys who had been consistently ungallant at parties hitherto were now to learn by experience the meaning of the verb "to suffer" as a wall-flower. Had they self-

ishly gone off into male-infested corners to smoke, or gossip, or mildly gamble—let them beware of just retribution on January the fourth.

"Old pigs that they are, let them find out what it's like!" advised a dumpy little matter-of-fact brunette who craved swift vengeance, if ever an over-earnest woman did!

Peter heard the rumor; he was in a panic. Was he to be made ridiculous in the eyes of Lucille? Many girls had he neglected, in his time! What might not the avengers do to him on January the fourth!

Peter was terrified of girls; they overwhelmed him with their rapid fire of rattling repartee, their undercurrent of good-natured in-

nuendo and personal jokes.

"I'm a washout," he gloomed, counting the days on the calendar till January the fourth.

During Christmas week he was so nervous that his attitude toward all girls except Lucille, became fantastic. He was paralyzed with nervousness as January the fourth loomed. His nickname tortured him. What did they mean by "grown up"?

He tried to be bold, like Clary Cowan. He caught the dumpy earnest brunette under the mistletoe and kissed her ear.

Her response cured him. The other boys and girls were all looking on and laughing. She flung both arms around his neck in a passion of gratitude that would have moved Sir Galahad to pity—and kissed his cheek, quickly, tensely, a fierce wild little attack that cried out to these youthful onlookers who could not understand, that at last she was happy and proud, who had been so long neglected.

Peter had assumed the responsibility of initiating a novice in emotion; and was horrified by his success, as many a better man has been before him.

On January the fourth, Peter debated all day whether or not he should go to the hated dance; but eight o'clock found him, bathed, shaved, and irritable, before his mirror, tying his dress tie.

Living up to Leap Year, his invitation had informed him that the girls were to call for the boys, and deliver them safely home again, not naming any special girl. At quarter past eight, his young sister slid into the room unannounced, and handed him a florist's parcel.

Wisely, he ordered her out before he opened his parcel. As the green wrapper and the white waxed paper unfurled, a stiff little tied bunch of pickling onions appeared with a card attached. He read:

"Wear these, Peter. They're strong as my love."
(Joke.) LUCILLE.

Love? Joke?

His eyes tragic, he kicked the fragrant bouquet as far under the bed as he could kick it. Then he tried to fathom her message.

This might be a hint that he should be more familiar with his emotional vegetables. His pessimistic interpretation was the last straw to his nervousness.

Lucille called for him. She was driving her mother's car, and Clary Cowan had invited himself to perch beside her. Peter floundered into the back seat beside the lumpy brunette.

At the hotel, Lucille awaited him just inside the ballroom door. "Oh, you're mean!" she exclaimed, "You didn't wear my onions!" Then he saw that every other boy in the room wore some sort of freak "corsage"; onions here, carrots there, lettuce somewhere else. He was alone in his Spartan simplicity.

Pouting, Lucille fastened a pale blue programme to his coat-button. Eighteen dances. She wrote her name opposite the first dance, and the tenth, the supper-dance; then she disappeared. He waited.

Girls circled around him; invariably past him. All but the dumpy brunette. Flushing purple, she wrote her name opposite the last dance, and whispered: "Do you mind?" Then she, too, disappeared.

Mind? Mind what? That she'd left him high and dry till the last dance? Mind? He'd say he minded! Hadn't he kissed her? Made a fool of himself to give her a thrill?

Goldarn them! They were all showing him where he got off at! Well, he'd not give them a chance to jeer at him. He'd dance Lucille's dance, then go and hide till the supper-dance.

He couldn't find Lucille until the first dance had well started. Then she came in from the corridor, looking strangely tired already. She was unusually silent while they danced, saying only: "I think you might have worn my onions. Did you read my card?"

"No!" he lied bluntly. Joke? Well, she'd never find out from him that her "joke" had hit home!

They danced in awkward silence after that. His thought beat in time to the music. One-two-three, one-two-three, Love-a-joke, Love-a-joke. She seemed bored. She never looked at him. He was glad when it ended, and she disappeared again.

Peter leaned against the wall and waited unsought until the second intermission. Then he gave in. It was too much. Was this how chronic wall-flowers felt? He didn't believe it; how, suffering such agonies of mortification, could they appear more than once in a season?

He slid out of the room and found his lonely way down a long corridor, into a deserted lounge room.

Here he slumped, and tried to make up his mind to be dignified in the only way left him. Why should anybody sit around asking to be ignored? No need to be publicly humiliated; he needn't stay in full view; but he must stay somewhere, or he'd miss the drive home with Lucille; he'd miss supper with Lucille. He must know with whom she danced; he must know with whom she had disappeared from the ballroom. Lucille! Lucille!

Now he believed he knew how little she cared for him; and the belief turned and twisted in his breast, a dagger of pain, stabbing him. She didn't care. She must have known he was going to be among those ostracised. She might have asked him for a few more dances; if she had cared at all, she would have spared him some of the punishment by the other girls which, he grudgingly admitted, he had well earned. But she didn't care; he was convinced now. She was off twos-ing in some corner, leaving him to suffer.

"Calf-love" unconfessed and apparently unrequited is a form of human distress often looked upon as negligible, merely because it is not lasting. Few forms of acute suffering are lasting. First love is entirely unselfish. "Accept my worship; let me love you; that is all I ask." It is the only eternal situation in life into which self-interest enters not at all. Even motherhood exacts more than that idolatrous first love. One love like that is enough; for to be even a little bit sophisticated is to be partially protected from ourselves. Then why envy youth? Envy, rather, those who have outlived its aching poignancy.

Peter knew no self-preservation. Lucille had been content to let him be hurt. He had no redress; no philosophy; Lucille held his soul in the

Continued on page 81



NIGHT'S WOING

By William Thompson

*The Sun, fair consort of the Night,
Went forth, draped in the garb of Day;
And as she smiled, the mist and clouds took flight,
And stars to Dreamland passed away.*

*The Night, threw her a kiss and passed;
She followed, shrouded in his sombre train;
And as he wooed her, promised worlds of light,
And called the sleeping stars to wake again.*

MAKE YOUR HOME A LITTLE WORLD OF COLOR

IF our homes be bright and colorful—with cheerful, mellow-toned tints on walls and ceilings—they will inject into our natures much of their gayety and animation.

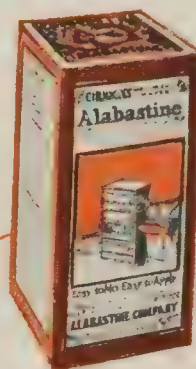
How important, then, that your home should be bright and colorful! At moderate cost Alabastine will transform it into such a home. A pail, a brush and this finest of interior wall finishes is all that is required to convert the whole house into a little world of color.

For halls, bedrooms, living rooms, kitchens and libraries there is no other interior wall finish which provides such a variety of exquisite opaline effects, stenciled borders and panel designs.

Remember, when you buy, that Alabastine will not rub off, mixes equally well with hot or cold water, is quick and easy to apply, and costs far less than either wallpaper or paint. Remember, too, that there are plenty of cheap substitutes—but none with Alabastine's famed qualities of utility and beauty.

On request we will send you our free booklet on home decoration, "Homes Healthful and Beautiful." Write for it.

CANADA GYPSUM AND ALABASTINE, LIMITED
Paris Canada



Alabastine

The WATER COLOR FINISH FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

21 tints

Republic or Empire?

Is the United States An Empire? What Does the Big Navy Mean?

WOODROW WILSON, lover of peace, and the real author of the League of Nations, during the turmoil of the Great War called upon the United States to build "incomparably the most adequate navy in the world." This official phrase was popularly translated "incomparably the greatest navy in the world."

The country responded by adopting in 1916 the greatest naval programme ever launched by a

By Louis W. Moffit, Ph.D. (Edin.)

Professor of History and Economics, Wesley College, Winnipeg, Canada, Author of "England on the Eve of the Industrial Revolution"

even intervention in the affairs of other nations that it may be stated that the expansion of the United States has definitely passed into what is

As the New Year dawned, my morning paper carried the statement that five United States marines had been killed and twenty-three wounded in a "severe engagement with rebels" in Nicaragua. Approval of the proposed naval programme will, it seems to me, signify the conscious adoption by majority opinion in the United States of an imperialistic policy, however it may be cloaked with fervent declarations of high ideals or patriotic talk of national security and the protection of trade routes. The words quoted from Coolidge's message to Congress are of the whole cloth of imperialist utterances, as were also his declaration last year regarding intervention in Nicaragua and his refusal to permit a plebiscite on the independence of the Philippines.

Imperialism is the result of well defined national impulses, having to do with national expansion. First there is national security and defense. The question of the Panama Canal became acute in 1898 when the U.S.S. Oregon had to sail round Cape Horn before she could play her part in the Cuban crisis. National security colors and conditions American thought of Latin-America, since the Panama Canal is regarded as a vital part of her scheme of defence. Secondly, there are economic motives such as the securing of sources of raw materials, of markets for surplus products, and places to invest surplus capital. All these call for protection. United States oil production is nearing its end. She produces no rubber, and her manufactures are dependent on many other materials from abroad. Within the last eight years she has paid one-third of her national debt, and \$8,000,000,000 which had been tied up in government securities has been compelled to seek employment in industry and commerce. It is no wonder that United States foreign investments increased by more than \$6,000,000,000 between 1923 and 1926. A third motive is the desire to provide for surplus population without sending it to enrich some other nation. This has played little part in the development of the United States, or in fact of other modern Empires except perhaps that of Germany and more recently Japan and Italy. We must not forget, however, that the surplus population of the United States was provided for by the remarkable expansion of her continental land area between 1776 and 1853. The fourth motive of imperialism lies in the assumption of the burden of raising backward peoples to the level of a superior civilization. Its operation is seen throughout American dealings with her Latin-

Continued on page 42



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

The Governing Board of the Pan American Union in Session in the Hall of the Americas. The Board is composed of Secretary of State Kellogg and the Ambassadors and Ministers from Latin-American Republics

civilized nation in peace or war. The programme outlived the war, but was halted by the Washington Conference and the adoption of the principle of parity with Britain. From that time the "Big Navy" advocates have conducted a ceaseless propaganda for the revival of the Wilsonian policy. A year ago, Mr. Coolidge, opposing their demands, declared: "When it is considered that no navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours and none surpasses it, it cannot be said that our nation is neglecting its national defense." Now he is asking Congress to sanction a scheme larger than Wilson's war programme. He calls for an expenditure of \$750,000,000 in the next few years, involving the building of seventy-five ships of various sizes and including twenty-five cruisers of 10,000 tons each, carrying eight-inch guns. The proposal is supported by the claims of national security. He says:

"We have a foreign commerce . . . unsurpassed by any other country. We have outlying territory in the two great oceans, and long stretches of sea coast studded with the richest cities in the world. We are responsible for the protection . . . of the greatest treasure ever bestowed on any people." Why this startling change of attitude since last winter?

Does this signify a new policy, a new viewpoint; or is it the natural result, retarded but not frustrated by the flood of peace sentiment following the war, of the whole development of the United States? The writer supports the latter view. For 150 years the United States has been an expanding nation, but until the last decade of the 19th century expansion took place in the main continental area, with no international complications, except the war with Mexico and a few boundary disputes with Great Britain and Canada. But the last thirty years have witnessed so much interest and

commonly called Imperialism. She has in the past thirty years intervened by armed force thirty times in the affairs of nine independent countries.



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

The harbor of Cuba's capital, Havana. The fortress in the background of the picture is the famous El Moro



The finest Butter you can buy

BUTTER, sweet and delicate of flavor, possessing all the goodness of the finest graded pasteurized cream—new-churned; delicious butter that gives an added touch of goodness to your table delicacies and makes other foods more enjoyable.

Brookfield Butter is made in spotless creameries, under the most exacting requirements of Swift Quality—then modern refrigerator cars deliver it quickly throughout the Dominion to thousands of dealers.

Every step in the manufacture, packaging and delivery of Brookfield Creamery Butter comes

under the unvarying standards of the great Swift food service. That is how its purity, quality and freshness are so well safeguarded—why it reaches your dealer with such "Creamery Fresh" delicacy of flavor.

Near you is a dealer who can supply you with Brookfield Creamery Butter. Ask him also for Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese. These famous products, distributed by the nation-wide Swift food service, are known everywhere for their uniformly fine quality.

Look for the name Brookfield when you buy.

Brookfield Butter - Eggs - Cheese

The name Brookfield on the package guarantees, of course, that each of these products measures up to the strict Swift standard of quality and flavor. Look for it when you buy.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Famous for Premium Hams & Bacon



The Young Man and His Problem

Sir Oliver Lodge

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY No. 8.—Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, British educator and physicist, was born at Penkhull, Staffordshire, in 1851. He was educated at Newport Grammar School and at first planned for a business career. Becoming attracted to science, he entered University College, London, in 1872, and was graduated at the University of London in 1877. He taught natural science in Bedford College for women from 1877 to 1879 and applied mathematics at University College from 1879 to 1881. From 1881 to 1900 he was professor of physics in University College, Liverpool, and from 1900 to 1919, he was principal of Birmingham University.

In addition to making important discoveries in electricity, notably in connection with the development of wireless telegraphy, he interested himself in educational reforms and devoted much attention to psychic research. He publicly affirmed his belief in a life after death and his expectation that eventually communication would be possible between living persons and the spirits of the dead.

His numerous writings include Signalling Without Wires, Modern Views of Electricity, Pioneers of Science, and The Survival of Man.

The Problem Department

SERIES EIGHT—Mathematics.

1. Name five outstanding Greek mathematicians.

2. Mention three famous problems, the solution of which long engaged the efforts of ancient mathematicians.

3. What notable improvement in mathematical notation was introduced by the Hindus?

4. What is the meaning of arithmetic?

Answers to Art Questions, Series Seven:—

1. How many fine arts serve in furthering the development of democracy?

Answer: Influences which are soothing, curative, inspiring, must be fostered in the development of a national life. The fine arts may be used to liberate impulses in the minds of rich and poor alike.

2. Indicate the esteem with which the Greeks regarded music.

Answer: Our own music system is the direct descendant of the old Greek scales.

Define the art of painting.

Answer: Painting may be defined as an art whose elements are drawing, composition, light-and-shade, and color.

In what respect does the origin of architecture differ from the other fine arts?

Answer: Among the fine arts, architecture alone does not proceed from the "Play-impulse"—from the desire of the creative artist to communicate to others an idea, which has arisen within his spirit, in terms of sound, line, or color. The origin of architectural art is almost synchronous with that of the family, since its practice is necessary to the protection and maintenance of life. The man of early times, when he had learned to polish his crude implements, used them to construct his dwelling according to one of the two types—the rectangular and the domical—out of which all architecture has expanded.

Discuss the relation of the Olympic games to the genesis of Greek sculpture.

Answer: From the time of the establishment of the Olympic games, the male population of the Greek world flocked every fourth year, in the late summer, to Olympia in the northwest of Peloponnesus. There, the sight of the youthful, pliant bodies of athletes, seen in the most graceful exercises and poses, caused the rapid development of sculpture.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 9: Forest Products Engineer.

Duties: To plan, collect, and prepare exhibits of forest products; to design and supervise construction of experimental wooden equipment and structures; to prepare exhibits of forest products for educational purposes; to write suitable specifications and descriptions of all wooden materials and structures used in exhibits and in industry; to supervise wood workers; to write special articles

regarding wood utilization, and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications Required: Educational equivalent to graduation in forestry or applied science from a university of recognized standing; at least two years' experience with educational, administrative or industrial organizations directly concerned with wood utilization; supervisory ability. Experience in exhibition methods is an important qualification for this position.

A Personal Score Card

JOHN M. BREWER, head of the Harvard Bureau of Vocational Guidance, has developed a personal score card of which he says: "This exercise is planned to aid you in thinking about your future occupation. It must not be taken too seriously, but if you do it carefully it will help you to see your needs in character and education." The headings may be arranged in column form and against them may be ruled five columns. Mark an X in the appropriate column: 60, not enough; 70, below the average; 80, average; 90, above the average; 100, unusually developed.

1. Physical strength and vigor.
2. Continuous good health.
3. Freedom from bodily defects.
4. General mental capacity.
5. Mechanical skill.
6. Liking for outdoor work.
7. Liking for indoor work.
8. Imagination.
9. Ability to attend to details.
10. Accuracy.
11. Orderliness.
12. Promptness.
13. Perseverance.
14. Habits of continued study.
15. Speed of work.
16. Initiative and resourcefulness.
17. Ability to learn by imitation.
18. Courage and venturesomeness.
19. Adaptability to change and surprise.
20. Liking for changes of work.
21. Carefulness and conservatism.
22. Liking for sameness and routine.
23. Ability to lead other people.
24. Ability to co-operate, tact.
25. Ideals of service and unselfishness.
26. Self-respect.
27. Self-control.
28. Ideals of honesty.
29. Reliability, dependability.
30. Use of spoken and written English.

Associates

"**K**EEP good company and you shall be of the number," says George Herbert. It is often hard to say to those who seek your company but since it follows that companionship requires time, it also follows that hours spent in the company of those who have no inclination to help or to inspire, are time wasted.

"No man can be prudent of his time, who is not prudent of his choice of company," says Jeremy Taylor, and one after another noted men urge the careful selection of company or of friends.

"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."—Shakespeare.

"The company in which you improve most will be the least expensive to you."—Washington.

"Choose the company of your superiors whenever you can have it."—Lord Chesterfield.

"I set it down as a maxim, that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social."—Thackeray.

"We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself."—Lamb.

"If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp."—From the Latin.

"No company at all is far preferable to bad company, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health."—Colton.

"Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter."—Bacon.

"Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit. To be the best in the company is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better is to be the worst there."—Quarles.

"As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant and noxious, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe."—Landor.

How to Study

STUDENTS who enter the Northwestern University, Chicago, are given a pamphlet entitled "How to Study," which contains many fine hints for those who wish to make the best use of their time while in college. The paragraphs that follow may prove of value to young men in country districts who may be carrying on studies at home in various subjects:

You now have certain habits of study. You can change them while you are young; at a later date, change will be very difficult. If you leave school with slovenly habits of thinking, it is improbable that you will achieve the success that you hope for.

"You will not work well upon a subject unless you are interested in it. Is it your duty to supply the interest or that of the instructor? You have a right to expect a clear presentation of the subject by your instructor, but if you expect him to supply the interest, you should have sought your instruction from novels and dramas that have been written for this very purpose.

"What you should do is to make up your mind to do good work, however hard or distasteful you may find a subject, and then you will find that you are interested in every subject. If you will supply this determination to down all difficulties, you will find the difficulty of interest entirely disappears.

"Attention is the concentration of the mind upon a single topic. It may be voluntary or involuntary. You do not need to exercise your will to give your undivided attention to a good actor, but you may need it to follow your textbook or instructor. If you were working in an office eight hours a day designing a bridge, would you give the bridge your attention eight hours a day or only four or six? You will not accomplish what you desire unless you get the habit of ordering your attention about as you might a slave.

"If you leave school an inaccurate student, your employer is likely to suggest to you that not only have you not earned your salary, but that his work would have been further along if he had sent you on a vacation instead of having you botching up his work in such a way that it will be straightened out with difficulty.

"Have you the courage of your convictions, or are you a dodger of difficulties? Think over the men and women whom you know and who have made a success in life. What trait have these persons in common? Each has an almost indomitable will. This will may be generally concealed under affable manners, but it is fairly safe to assert that every one of these men has been looked upon by some of his associates as headstrong, obstinate and perhaps foolhardy. Why? Because he believes that he himself thinks clearly; he has concluded that a certain course of action will produce certain desirable results; he has pursued that course of action in spite of the advice of his friends, and he has, in the main, achieved those results. Experience shows that he has good judgment.

"In reading do not accept the author's statements as correct until you have held them off at arm's length to see if you like them. Perhaps you can improve upon them—the author is a man like yourself and if he were writing those statements again doubtless he would change them. All second-hand information should be verified at the earliest opportunity—preferably by personal observation. Think over what you read. Try to get an insight into the general relations that permeate any subject.

Let Them Dance On Your Floors— It is Easy to Re-polish Them to Gleaming Beauty



ROLL back the rugs and tune in on station WJZ. Dancing feet cannot mar floors that are wax-polished the easy Johnson way. In just a few minutes you can restore their flawless lustre.

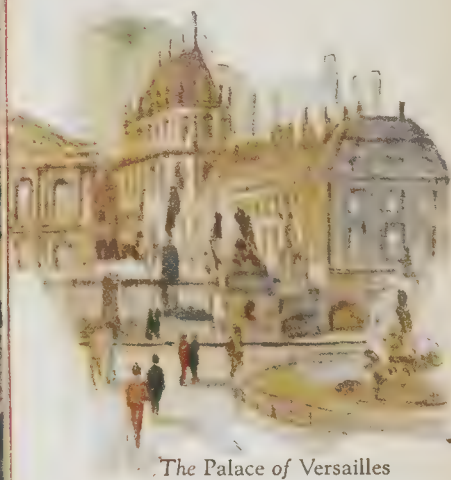
It's as easy as it looks to wax-polish your floors. And after this is done it is much less work to keep them immaculate and bright.

There is no stooping or kneeling. No soiling of hands with messy rags and pails. Simply spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. Then guide the Johnson Electric Polisher quickly over your floors. You'll find it requires no pushing—no effort whatever.

But see the gleaming trail that is left behind on the dull floor! Soon the whole surface glows with a cheerful lustre, reflecting lights and shadows and bringing to your home a new, indescribable charm.



Beautiful old floors, toned and preserved through the centuries by wax-polishing, are not least among the glories of Versailles.



The Palace of Versailles

Wax-polished floors save you much work, worry and expense. And once you have had waxed floors you will never be content with any other kind.

Not far away from you is a grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store that will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Pol-

isher by the day or half-day at a surprisingly low rate. Unless your home is very large you can wax-polish the floors of every room in just a few hours. Be sure to include the kitchen linoleum where wax-polishing proves a real labor saver.

Telephone your nearest grocery store or dealer today and arrange to RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for any day you wish. Or purchase one for your own exclusive use. The Household size Polisher sells at \$36.50 and our De Luxe Floor Polisher (for large areas) at \$75.00.

There's an actual money saving, too, when Johnson's Polishing Wax protects your floors. Costly and inconvenient refinishing is a thing of the past, because a hard, dry, glass-like film guards the surface against wear and mars.

Use Johnson's Polishing Wax over varnish, shellac or paint—on wood, linoleum, tile or composition floors—with the perfect assurance that they will be more beautiful than ever before. Unsightly traffic spots are banished, heel-prints disappear and the gleaming surface does not attract dust or germs.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD. "The Floor Finishing Authorities" BRANTFORD
Vancouver - Winnipeg - Windsor - Toronto - Montreal

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

"YOUR HOME
SHOULD COME
FIRST"



DAVENPORT BED
SUITE No. 1754
OCCASIONAL CHAIR
No. 315

Why pay for an idle bedroom?

Here is extra sleeping space at no extra cost

There are times when a *spare bedroom* is a godsend. But there are many who consider it poor economy to have a spare room that remains idle most of the time. For these people a handsome Kroehler Davenport Bed is the happy solution.

During the daytime it is just what it seems:—beautiful furniture of latest style—most charming colors—and deep, luxurious comfort.

But when extra sleeping accommodations are needed it becomes the "spare" bedroom—at no extra cost. In thousands of homes it is used *every night*, saving the rent of an extra room.

One simple easy motion transforms the Kroehler into a *full-size bed*. Springs are pliant, yielding, restful. Bed clothes are all in place. In the morning it is just as easily returned to davenport form.

Hidden Qualities

Like all Kroehler-made furniture the davenport bed is built to last, *inside as well as outside*. The frame is of selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced,

glued, doweled and corner blocked. Not merely soft wood nailed together.

Resilient, non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high carbon wire of Premier quality, interlocked with a spring steel understructure. *Far stronger than the usual webbing*. Filling is of sterilized flax fiber, best moss and felted cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented yielding coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. Ample room is provided for a removable mattress and bed clothing.



Yet, because of tremendous production, economical purchasing, scientific manufacturing and skilled craftsmen, the prices of this handsome, up-to-date furniture are *surprisingly moderate*.

Moderate prices

The nearest Kroehler dealer will show you our latest period and overstuffed designs. Also, a wide variety of fine quality coverings in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, Baker velours, jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase leatherwove. He will gladly arrange convenient terms if you desire.

Upon request we will gladly send the name of a dealer near you and a free copy of our new book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms." Address

KROEHLER MFG. CO. LTD., STRATFORD, ONT.

American Factories: Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.

KROEHLER *Davenport Bed*

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE . . .



LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER LABEL



Consistently chosen accessories and fine proportions help to make this a successful room

The Bedroom of Character

It May Take its Keynote From Such a Piece as a Four Poster Bed

By

Katherine M. Caldwell

THE rooms that are shared by all the members of the household are the ones which are thought of first, perhaps, by the person who considers furnishing and decoration from the standpoint of character. We picture the living-room, glowing with rich color accents and replete with comfort—truly a room of character, if it lives up to its opportunities at all. The same will be true of the successful dining-room which manages to avoid the too-stereotyped forms of decoration and furnishing.

But when it comes to the bedroom? Too often the house which shows plenty of interest down stairs becomes very prosaic and dull above. Yet here, surely, the scope is even wider for the achieving of individuality—the room that really reflects something of the personality and tastes of its owner. For the bedroom is truly a personal affair—there is no need to consider the tastes and ideas of all the members of the family. One's best-loved colors, one's own notions of the most convenient and interesting appointments, can flourish on this private ground.

There was never before such an opportunity for the expression of real ideas in bedroom furnishing. This fact was brought home to me repeatedly when, during this past month, I attended the special furniture shows which it has become the habit of our Canadian manufacturers to hold, each season, to introduce the new designs which they have developed for the new year.

This spring the display of Canadian-made furniture is something that we may well be proud of; in design, in the variety and beauty of the woods used, in the craftsmanship displayed, the Canadian-made article need no longer yield precedence to that which is imported. This means a greater advance in an important industry than the majority of people realize, for the time is not yet very far distant when we had to look outside our own country for most of our fine furniture—and certainly, for any but the most standardized pieces. It is interesting to see today how our own furniture makers are striking out along original lines, answering the needs and catering to the tastes of our own people; turning out not only excellent furniture of the types that are in great demand, but producing delightful odd pieces, interesting indi-

vidual pieces that will do so much to give character and charm to the room that would otherwise be too coldly impersonal, too like all its neighbors.

BEDROOM furniture this year shares the interest in the exhibits to a marked degree. There has been a great run on walnut for some years now, particularly for dining-room and bedroom furniture. It was gratifying to see some signs this spring of the return of mahogany to favor. Walnut must always have its own important place—but we can appreciate it all the more if there are other woods in evidence also. Of course there are still many suites of walnut, for each one of other woods and finishes—but it is not allowed to become boring because of the variety of design, the delightful way that every trick is turned to add to the decorative effect. Panelling, two-tone finishes, lovely shadings of color, carving—these and other devices of artist and craftsman manage to create a most satisfying and stimulating variety.

Mahogany is not alone in presenting a change from walnut. There is a new wave of enthusiasm for colored bedroom furniture—paints and enamels of all the delicate hues conjured up quite enchanting visions of the bedrooms they would help to create. They showed different types of decoration, from the beading of darker tone to lovely painted panels. Then there was a certain amount of maple, a very interesting set of pine furniture, and others in which certain of the woods that prove so valuable for use as “trimmings” were combined with the walnut and mahogany of general usefulness. One quite interesting bedroom suite was developed in walnut and a rather dark-stained birds-eye maple, with an unusual and very likable effect.

Offsetting these very modern effects, were others that went back to the master-designers of other days for their inspiration. There were various versions of the four-poster bed, for instance, that would be bound to please the person who has a liking for the atmosphere of an older day. In many cases the posts are quite short, in others the tall

post remains, as in the case of the very charming reproduction illustrated on this page.

That a bedroom which will produce with fidelity the feeling established by its main pieces, can be planned from our modern materials, is clearly shown in this photograph. The actual room is quite large, but it is not altogether to the fact that the impression we get is one of restful peace and gracious quiet; the perfect proportions of all the pieces, their arrangement, the nice balance of patterned and plain surfaces and the use of pattern that is not very large, are all factors that contribute to the pleasant, easeful quality of the room.

THIS is a peculiarly happy method of dressing a four-poster bed of slender lines and considerable height. Plain cream material with some glaze to its surface, is used for the deep ruffled valance that goes all around the top and which falls as a petticoat around the bottom, just nicely clearing the floor. Cream knotted fringe edges these flounces. The side-curtains are hung beneath the valance and are caught back with bands of the material.

A nicely-fitted bed-spread, mitred at the corners so that it falls with a well-tailored effect, is made of chintz in an old design, in which soft tones of rose and pink predominate. A chintz of different pattern is used for the slip cover on the wing chair, its colors including some of the pink, but stressing soft shades of wistaria and mauve.

There is a distinction in the use of the drop-leaf table, which is very well placed at the foot of the bed. It answers a number of purposes, including that of writing table, when the walnut writing case which stands on it is opened to disclose its appointments—these old style writing boxes holding a surprisingly complete equipment of papers, ink, pens and whatnot.

The chest of drawers is always appreciated for its generous accommodation. The one in the picture is not of the heavy type, but accords delightfully with the delicate lines of the bed; this feeling of lightness and delicacy is emphasized by the altogether graceful hanging shelves above it. I particularly like the way this group is completed—with the small quaint pictures, the beloved

Continued on page 65

Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

Intermarriage

ONE of the saddest novels I have ever read was "God's Step-Children," which described the lives of the children of a white and colored marriage. That marriage, which led to such misery throughout several generations, took place in Africa between an English clergyman and a South African negress. "The Forbidden Woman," by Frances Mocatta (Herbert Jenkins) has for its theme the marriage between Paul Dundas, a young, well-to-do American, and the beautiful but mysterious Heloise Mischard towards the end of the nineteenth century. You may remember my telling you in this column a year ago of a very powerful novel called "Thine Shall be Mine." I did not know at that time that Frances Mocatta lived in London, England, that she is still in the early twenties, and that she is a Southerner married to an Englishman. This second novel of hers, "The Forbidden Woman" shows that she has made great strides. She is not so carried away by her emotions as she was in "Thine Shall be Mine" she is now able to harness them better to her art. Not that this new novel of hers lacks emotional quality. It is vigorous and full of color, and presents several stirring scenes in a finely dramatic manner. Even this book might have been whittled down a little bit. There are passages that make one feel that the author is in the grip of an emotion over which she has no control, and which has carried her swiftly along until she has, as it were, outstripped her pen and ink-pot. But in these days of the bloodless, analytic novel, this is, I think, a virtue rather than a fault, and what fault there is is just a matter of time correcting it. We may look forward to many more novels by this really clever young writer, and doubtless each one will show further mastery of her art.

Frances Mocatta must, I think, be intensely interested in people rather than in incidents and nature. In "Thine Shall be Mine" you may remember she boldly tackled a very difficult problem, the relationship between a woman and her husband's mistress and his illegitimate child. In "The Forbidden Woman" we watch the interplay of relationship of the beautiful octaroon with Joseph Cassius, a negro singer, and then again of this same alluring girl with the Englishman, Archie Avandale. Frances Mocatta thoroughly understands the racial problems in the United States, and very cleverly has she presented it to us, both in its own setting and in England, her adopted country. An engrossing theme told in a gripping manner, with many passages saddened by their tragic quality, and several that delight by their beauty of conception. I would not be surprised if the "Forbidden Woman" were not dramatised by the legitimate stage. What a magnificent Joseph Cassius would Paul Robeson make; for he, too, like Joseph Cassius, the hero of Frances Mocatta's novel, has a very beautiful voice.

Tessa's Successor

IT WAS inevitable that a number of book reviewers should say of "Red Sky at Morning," by Margaret Kennedy, that it was "Of course, nothing like as fine as 'The Constant Nymph.'" But it was, I think, inexcusable that one reviewer should dismiss the book by saying that those, who like an "exciting story" would be interested in Margaret Kennedy's new novel, but that it was in no way comparable to "The Constant Nymph." It happened that this review was the first and last that I read prior to getting hold of a copy of "Red Sky at Morning" for myself. I expected to find that Margaret Kennedy had written more or less of a pot-boiler to fill in that period when inspiration languishes and publisher insists.

But in place of a merely pleasant heroine I found no mean successor to Tessa. It would be absurd to desire another Sanger family; one would resent Margaret Kennedy knowing a second family just like the one she described in "The Constant Nymph." But to deny that she has achieved as greatly in "Red Sky at Morning" as she did in "The Constant Nymph" is simply to run along that rail

beloved of lazy reviewers, whose train of thought can be anticipated at the second of its departure. "The Constant Nymph" was a marvellous achievement, an outstanding novel, a unique performance. No author could duplicate such a triumph. Thus say these obvious critics. "Red Sky at Morning," following fairly closely upon the "Constant Nymph," cannot possibly be an outstanding book also. Q.E.D. But it is. I think that the portrait of the twins, William and Emily Crowne, is just as fine a piece of work as Margaret Kennedy's description of the Sanger family. William and Emily are just as real as Tessa and her lover. Every once in a while I thought of Hardy whilst I was reading this novel. He might have created the ardent, pitiful Emily just as Margaret Kennedy has done. To dismiss the theme of this book as ugly is paltry. Tragic, yes, but there is nobility in tragedy when it is presented artistically. It is really more of a heart-breaking theme than an ugly one. William and Emily were such ardent creatures—I know I have used the word "ardent" before, but it is the only adjective that seems to fit them. They were made for happiness and for achievement; they were doomed to grief and unfulfilment. Tessa had a pilgrimage to make and she was broken before she reached the shrine. Emily, too, was broken, and although we leave her sleeping peacefully, and we may visualize her a few months later the satisfied mother of a healthy child, yet we cannot comfort ourselves with the thought that she would be a truly happy woman. "The Constant Nymph" was more spectacular, richer in incident, and perhaps more colorful, but

"Red Sky at Morning" reflects, I think, the author working more industriously towards the presentation of life. I wonder whether this novel will be dramatised also, and whether it will have the success of the "Constant Nymph."

Mediaeval Magic

HOW I did look forward to the publication of another novel by Alfred Tressider Sheppard. I told you about "Brave Earth," and how all who love the truly historical novel should read it, and now "Here Comes an Old Sailor!" (Hodder & Stoughton), and with him comes a re-creation of English life in the Middle Ages, a renaissance of the spirit that dominated the days of bad King John.

A Puckish kind of humor was surely responsible for the setting of this story. It is a tale within a tale, for the old sailor when he comes back to life on Kentish mud flats, has a merry tale to tell; and Vigilius, a novice in the great priory of Christ Church at Reculver, acts as scribe; a merry tale and a queer one for a novice to transcribe. When I was reading "Brave Earth" I had a feeling all the time that the author, although alive in the body in the twentieth century, and living in Saffron Walden, was nevertheless living in the spirit of many centuries ago, for how else could he picture for us conditions of life, modes of speech and manners, with such vividness. What I am driving at is this. There are times when I have felt, after reading a novel, that I myself might have written it; but I know that, were I to live another thousand years, I could never write such novels as come from the brilliant pen of Alfred Tressider Sheppard.

Lancashire Literature

THIS month must be my lucky month for no sooner did I receive a copy of "Here Comes an Old Sailor" personally from the author, than the postman brought me a volume "Around the Fire," inscribed to me with a most delightful inscription by its author, S. Hardman of Lancashire. I had just returned from Lancashire where I had been speaking to various societies, and came back to London feeling greatly enriched by a little knowledge of Lancashire lads and lasses, of Lancashire dialect, of Lancashire mills, all of which were unknown to me before this trip. So the very feel of this volume was friendly, and I could not restrain laughing aloud when the book opened of its own accord at a section bearing this title-page, "Stories, Poems and Songs in Literary English." Was the spirit of the author at work, and did he think I would not understand the first sketches and poems in Lancashire dialect? Well, perhaps I did not understand every word, but quite sufficient to appreciate their meaning and enjoy their atmosphere. If there are any Lancashire lads now settled in Western Canada they will I am sure, be pleased to know of this volume, "Around the Fire," published in Manchester by Sherratt and Hughes. Mr. Hardman has a keen sense of humor as well as the Dickensian ability of arousing the emotions of pity and sympathy.

Modern Henry James

I THOUGHT of Henry James when I read Mary Borden's magnificent novel, "Jane—Our Stranger," and I thought of Henry James again as I was reading her latest novel, "Flamingo." It is not because of her style; she is not so "difficult" as Henry James, but nevertheless she is difficult enough to make it impossible to skip. And one of the qualities that I demand in a novel that I am really to enjoy is that it is impossible to leave out two or three pages here and there. I like a book to be a little difficult; I like to have to feel that my brain is being exercised in its attempt to appreciate every innuendo, every change of mood and subtle nuance in the story. I think Mary Borden presents her story in the spirit of Henry James. Also she has that "magnificent manner." By magnificent manner I mean that her canvas is very large and that she sets herself a very important task, and she achieves it grandly. She does not tell a story made up of a series of incidents; she takes two or three human beings and she takes them out of their usual rut and she places them in a different country, and under unusual circumstances, and she says "Now we will see how they behave." And so marvellous is her power of psychology that we know that her portrayal of their behavior is inevitable.

You will remember Jane—Jane about whom I can never think without weeping inwardly, and how Mary Borden brought her from a Puritan home and placed her in Bohemian Paris. You will remember how Mary Borden showed us the effect of Paris upon Jane, of Jane upon her Parisian friends, interplay and interchange of forces, with results that were bound to follow. Well, in "Flamingo" she puts the hand of fate upon flaming Adelaide, her stupid husband, Victor, and the wild Bridget, and she pops them into New York. Peter is already there, Peter with his bad heredity, his genius and an environment that was his Gethsemane. But there is far more in "Flamingo" than the mere transportation of a stuffy English statesman to wild New York. There is a story within the story, for Peter in America and Adelaide in England have been bound together through many, many years by an inexplicable tie, which for want of a better word we call spiritual or psychic. The descriptions of the negro quarters in this book are the finest I have ever read. One can hear the music and see the colors and smell the odors that she describes. If this notice of this book seems but a jumble of words, it is because I have attempted to give, not an account of the plot, nor an outline of the story, but an indication of my feelings after reading this remarkable book.

Thomas Hardy's Remains are placed with those of England's Greatest Writers



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

The flowers in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey mark the spot where the ashes of Thomas Hardy were interred, his grave being next to that of Charles Dickens. His body was cremated after his heart had been removed for burial in the little Dorset churchyard at Stinsford, his birthplace. Some of England's greatest acted as pallbearers at the Abbey funeral. They were: Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Sir Edmund Gosse and Prof. A. E. Housman, of Cambridge University, and A. B. Ramsay and E. M. Walker, of Oxford University.

A NEW Willys-Knight



THE Standard Six

THE Climax of fourteen years' effort—a Willys-Knight Six—of typical Willys-Knight quality—at the lowest price in all Willys-Knight history.

The supremacy of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is a matter of general knowledge—not only to more than 300,000 owners, but to leading engineers as well.

Naturally, it costs more to build this superior engine. It is only today, after nearly a decade and a half of constant experiments, and with greatly improved and increased manufacturing facilities, that we have reached our goal of bringing the patented



Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine into a lower price field and making its supreme advantages available to countless new buyers.

The new Willys-Knight Standard Six offers features unobtainable in any other car at its price. For instance: The 45-horse-power engine has a thermostat, air-cleaner and oil-rectifier. The front axle has full anti-friction bearings, for easiest steering,

Positive, mechanical 4-wheel brakes are provided for utmost safety.

Bodies have deeply cushioned, form-fitting seats, doors with remote controls and an adjustable steering wheel designed to be non-splinterable. An extra-large cowl ventilator and a windshield that opens very wide permit perfect ventilation.

TWO OTHER BRILLIANT SIXES

Willys-Knight "70" Special Six—improved, finer; now still further distinguished by advanced features and beautiful new color options.

Willys-Knight Great Six—one of Canada's most luxurious cars. Now a larger, more powerful engine insures even higher and smoother speed and even flashier acceleration.

Willys-Knight Sixes from \$1480 to \$3695, in the Standard Six, Special Six and Great Six divisions. Prices f.o.b. factory. Taxes Extra.

NO VALVES TO GRIND—GROWS SMOOTHER WITH USE

Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Thirty-Five

By Berton Braley

A YEAR is a long time. Seventy of them make the biblical allotment, and thirty-eight or thereabouts represents the average you have to look forward to when you're born—according to the insurance tables. Of course a year or a century don't amount to much in the geological history of the universe, but your own years upon the earth are all you have for yourself, and the ten or fifteen million years before you and the probable trillion or more after you don't make a birthday any less important.

And when you are getting right into the heart of the thirties, and you find new gray hairs more frequently than you care about, and you think you detect a sagging under the chin and—

Well, if you've noticed and worried about things like that you'll understand the tone of voice in which Mildred Cole, standing, brush in hand before her mirror exclaimed to her reflection:

"Thirty-five!"

And if you haven't had the experience to appreciate it, it is probably wise for me to explain that her tone was one of mixed worry and despair.

"I think," she continued aloud, "that I won't have any more birthdays. Thirty-five!" she repeated, "and nothing to do but grow older!"

This also was misleading, as anybody who ever visited the office of Charles Sherrit, attorney-at-law, would testify. For it was in that skyscraper suite that Mildred Cole daily drew up briefs, answered letters, filed correspondence, met callers and generally acted as confidential aide, buffer against the outside and interrupting world, and not infrequently skilled adviser to her busy employer.

Mildred finished her hair, slipped into her trim business suit, set her little mahogany table with the exquisitely thin china that was one of her few extravagances, brewed her coffee, browned her toast, cooked her egg and sat down to breakfast.

Sunshine streamed through the window and glinted on the china and silver. The sash was raised and a soft warm June breeze stirred the curtains and bathed her in its caressing breath.

Mildred dug a spoon into her grapefruit—and sighed. The table this morning seemed to present a vast space of emptiness to the woman who sat before it.

She had put a vase of sweet peas toward the other side of it, she had placed the sugar bowl and the bread plate beyond the center and away from her to fill up that space, but they did not suffice.

"It's a very cozy, intimate board for two," she thought, "but like an empty banquet table for one."

Charles Sherrit at his luncheons and at his club, was not infrequently heard to say of Mildred, "An absolutely invaluable

assistant. A mind like a man's, competent, efficient, direct. No nonsense about her. I could almost go away and leave the whole conduct of the business to her and know that it would be safe. A mighty practical, untemperamental business woman. I don't know what I'd do without her."

For an untemperamental, practical business woman, Mildred

Cole was acting strangely this morning. She took a mouthful of grapefruit, then laid down her spoon and stared out of the sunlit window.

Then a quiet, tender, smile flickered about her mouth, and a queer wistful glow lighted her eyes. She rose, went to her desk, and from a drawer took forth a letter, reseated herself at the table, removed the letter from its envelope and began to read it. She didn't look thirty-five as she read, for the faint flush that crept up over her cheeks was the flush of twenty, and the eyes that followed the lines were the eyes of a girl.

Twice she read through the missive slowly, and looked out over the universe through that sunny window for long moments until suddenly she glanced at her wrist watch, gave an exclamation of dismay, took one hasty sip of her cold coffee, and thrusting the letter into her pocket, donned her hat, and hurried out of the flat, into the elevator and down to the subway.

On that roaring ride downtown she gazed across the car as she had gazed out of the window in her apartment, but when she stepped into Charles Sherrit's office and saw heaped up on her desk the mail that she must go through, the far-away expression departed and she plunged into her work with the businesslike energy which Sherrit found admirable in her. So absorbed did she become that when her hand inadvertently encountered the letter in her pocket, she drew it out

and deposited it mechanically among the opened mail on the desk.

Mr. Sherrit was late. It was eleven-thirty before he came in, greeting Miss Cole with a brisk, "Good morning." Delayed by a consultation with the Hutchins people. Anything important?" "Nothing much," responded his assistant. "The Acme Corporation write to ask if you'll undertake a right of way case for them. Shall I say yes?"

Sherrit hesitated. "I'm pretty well tied up," he said; "what do you think?"

"I'd take it," promptly advised Mildred. "It's a powerful outfit, and might lead to a connection which would enable you to get away from a good deal of the small practice you dislike so."

"All right, tell 'em I'll take it." He started to go into the inner office, then paused.

"I think I'll give you a letter for the president of the Interborough a bit later," he said. "Coming down on the subway there were no less than three couples of young fools petting in the car. Disgusting, I think. I'm going to complain about it."

THE door of his private office closed behind him and Mildred Cole turned to her work. She had two or three briefs to write, and the task absorbed her until twelve-thirty. Then, gathering up the heap of letters she had answered and those requiring no reply, she went to the big steel file in the corner, and rapidly slipped the correspondence into its proper folders.

Mildred finished quickly, put on her hat and went out to lunch.

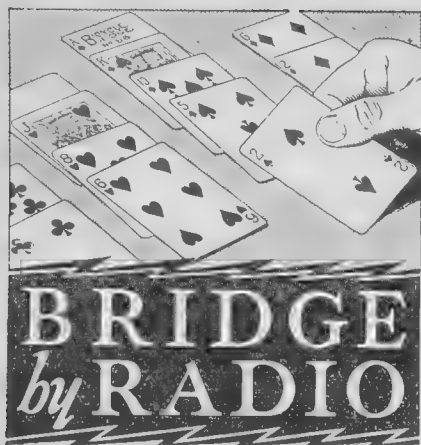
Five minutes after her departure the buzzer on her desk rang. Charles Sherrit, getting no response, did not ring again. If Mildred were there he knew he would not have to ring twice. He had been immersed in planning a case, and when he glanced at his watch, he exclaimed, "Of course, she's out to lunch. I'll have to look it up myself."

He came out into Miss Cole's office and started toward the big file. As he walked across the room he surveyed his assistant's desk. The correspondence had been cleared from it, and the only papers which lay there were the three briefs awaiting his signature.

"That's her, all the way," he mused. "She wouldn't even go to lunch without cleaning her work right up to the minute. A remarkable woman—and a wonderful assistant. No day dreaming, no feminine frippery about her in an office. I don't see how men put up with these fluffy girls who are always reading love letters in office hours and monkeying with such nonsense."

He pulled out the file drawer and delved into the "C" folio for the letter from "Chambers and Chambers" which he sought. But he came upon an envelope whose writing he did not at all recognize. Ordinary he would have paid no attention to it, knowing that it was doubtless a

Continued on page 44



Try the Hands Your Own Way

LOOK for advance announcement of hands in newspapers or Saturday Evening Post and see how much you can score. Then tune in and play the games with Work, Whitehead and the forty other experts.

Every game is full of valuable pointers on bidding and playing—information that everybody needs to be a really good player.

Broadcast every week from twelve Canadian stations. See newspapers for day and hour.

CFAC...Herald...Calgary
CFLC...Radio Ass'n...Prescott
CFQC...Electric Shop...Saskatoon
CHNS...Northern Elec. Co...Halifax
CKCO...Radio Ass'n...Ottawa
CJCA...Journal...Edmonton
CJGC...Free Press...London
CJRM...Jas. Richardson & Sons...Moose Jaw
CKAC...La Presse...Montreal
CKCD...Daily Province...Vancouver
CKNC...Canadian Nat. Carbon Co...Toronto
CKY...Manitoba Tel. System...Winnipeg

Also every Tuesday, 10 P. M., E. T. from

WEAF, WSAI, WEEI, WJAR, WTAG, WTIC, WGR, WCSH, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WGY, and many others.

—and every Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., P. T. from

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Windsor, Canada.

Auction Bridge Magazine,
30 Ferry St., New York. Edited by
Milton C. Work and Wilbur C. Whitehead



Big indexes, easy on the eyes. Ivory or air-cushion finish, easy to deal. Artistic back designs, pleasing to all. Lasting quality, good for game after game.

BICYCLE
and **CONGRESS**
PLAYING CARDS
MADE IN CANADA



"Coming down on the subway this morning there were no less than three couples of young fools petting in the car. Disgusting, I think"



Color Harmony—The colors for every car with Body by Fisher are selected by artists who through long experience have learned what colors are most pleasing when applied to a motor car body. Frequently several color designs must be created and criticized by experts before one is selected.

Hardware—Fisher introduced the period influence in automobile hardware design. Fisher body door window regulator and lock handles, dome lights and instrument panels, are all of the highest grade and designed in period treatment by artist-craftsmen.

Upholstery Material—Fisher uses mohair, velour and broadcloth selected with particular attention to long wear and color fastness. All Fisher upholstery material is subjected to most severe tests and only the best in the particular weave decided upon is used.

WHEN you visit the showroom of any General Motors car dealer, you are certain to be aroused to admiring enthusiasm by the beauty of the various models on display. The salesman with whom you talk will tell you that the bodies for all these cars are designed, engineered and built by Fisher. Each bears the world-known signature plate, "Body by Fisher." You may always feel positively sure that any car bearing this Fisher symbol is the greatest value, and the most beautiful and comfortable car, in its particular price field. So true is this, that anyone planning the purchase of a new car would not only be safe, but wise, in confining its choice to those cars with Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

CADILLAC LASALLE McLAUGHLIN-BUICK OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE PONTIAC CHEVROLET



A Beautiful House-- A Comfortable Home

can be easily and quickly realized by having the walls, ceilings and partitions of

Empire Plaster Wall-Board

The cleanest, most convenient and durable material you can use in home-building. Anyone who can handle a saw and hammer can do the job.

FIREPROOF

SANITARY

RIGID AND

SMOOTH

WILL NOT WARP

OR SHRINK

See Your Dealer



Manufactured by
The Manitoba Gypsum Company Ltd.
WINNIPEG

The Little House Loveable



Nothing can ever quite take the place of wood in house building, for no other material so happily combines so many of the major qualities of flexibility and comfort with that great requisite—moderate cost

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for the Western Home Monthly

WHEN the great adventure of building a home emerges from the mist of dreams, and looms close at hand, when it is no longer a "castle in Spain," it often has no small struggle to free itself from a babble of conflicting advice and warnings and to express itself in solid, heavy building materials something of the intentions and likes of those who are to call it "home." Most people who are contemplating building have very definite ideas of their plans. They are fairly certain to want a bungalow or a Colonial or English style of house—or very likely a house similar to one they have seen in a magazine, but they are by no means certain as to what materials they will build it of, and there is a rush for material catalogues.

This is where the subtle rules of architectural etiquette on building comes to their aid. Most of us are familiar with rooms that cannot be heated, with roofs that leak, with chimneys that smoke, with taps that distribute rusty water into the basin.

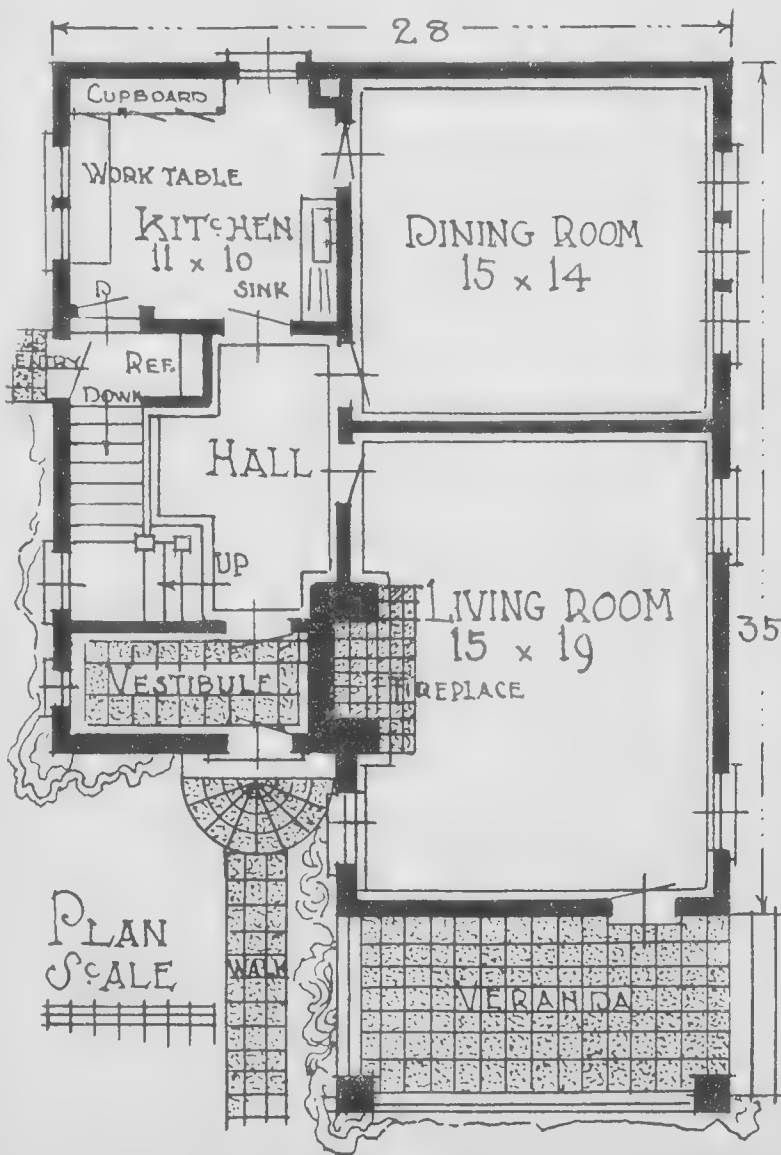
We are prone to sacrifice real and substantial matters to purely surface display and I think we should give more study to the unseen things in the house than we do. The contractor will no doubt call you fussy, but when you shiver in your new home you will not bless the adviser, who persuaded you to substitute inferior lumber, or insulating, or recommended a smaller furnace than the one specified, because the architect or designer

was not a practical carpenter or heater. The first cost difference is a mere pittance in the everlasting upkeep.

That is why I cannot understand how we build in our plumbing, using pipes we know will eventually leak or rust, or put in electric wiring which is a constant menace from fire, installations which are not seen, and which if defective do more damage than the extra first cost of installation.

In these articles a general method of procedure in the building of a home is indicated, and there, as a matter of fact, lies our duty. It may sound wise, but it is really only the wisdom of a patent medicine circular to advise the owner categorically, that he had better build his house of stone or brick rather than wood or concrete, and so make the decision for him. The selection of the best building material depends upon the design. If it is designed for a stone structure it will not do to build it in wood. Facilities of purchase, experience of workmen available and last, but not least, conditions of climate are all the factors that must influence the choice of materials.

Many devices that were considered luxuries forty years ago are now necessities. The drawing of water from the well in the "Old Oaken Bucket" may be a memory to be preserved in song and on the stage, but in actuality it has almost disappeared. The oil lamp is vanishing. We have electric light, electric refrigeration, gasoline lamps, sanitary disposal of



Do You Look as Tired as You Feel?



How tiring party-bridge can be. After an afternoon or evening of playing, you feel tired—look weary—show facial fatigue. This fatigue of the face that comes from laughing and living, from working and playing, is the direct cause of lines and wrinkles.

This Cleansing Treatment will relieve facial fatigue

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET

PERHAPS there's but a moment left between an afternoon of bridge and a dinner date . . . the bridge has left you tired, and for dinner you must be fresh.

A quick and gentle massage with Pompeian Night Cream . . . nothing will rest your tired face more—nothing will give back its fresh glow quicker.

A generous spread of the cream over your face—then let your hands slip over your face according to the movements given below—gently around the eyes—over your brow and down to the temples; there let them rest for a moment.

Leave a coating of cream on your face while you bathe. Just before you dress, wipe it away. Then how clean and gloriously youthful your skin feels. It glows where before it was drawn—it is smooth and soft and fresh again.

Pompeian Night Cream has a dual purpose. It is at once cleansing and nourishing. Because it is a rather heavy cream it needs to be gently worked



into the pores. Because it is a nourishing cream it needs to be left on the face . . . a half hour, an hour, all night if you can. With Pompeian Night Cream, all the while your tired and stifled skin is being cleaned . . . your taut muscles are being limbered. Pompeian Night Cream cleans the skin and relieves Facial Fatigue.

This soothing away of all traces of weariness from your face each time you are tired—after a shopping expedition, or a night of dancing—this gentle cleansing of your skin with Pompeian Night Cream—means a fresh and youthful face in the years to come; no fagged lines to show that you have led a busy life, but a complexion that shows intelligent care.

DAY CREAM

a light foundation for powder

Pompeian Day Cream prepares your skin for a busy day. It is light and disappears instantly—yet it gives a smooth, cool, delicate finish. A little cream spread on your face the first thing in the morning makes powder dust on evenly and stay on. Then through the day you are relieved from embarrassing face shine—from frequent powdering. Pompeian Day Cream is also slightly astringent and enlivening to the skin.

NIGHT CREAM AND DAY CREAM—EACH 60c

Pompeian Night Cream for facial fatigue



The forehead . . . Those perpendicular and horizontal lines in your forehead are worked away by massaging in Pompeian Night Cream with swift up-and-down strokes, and with slow, outward, gently pulling strokes.



The eyes . . . Weariness around the eyes can soon make little lines to mar their beauty. Banish weariness by gently massaging Pompeian Night Cream around and around the eye socket—by gently stroking over the lids.



The nose and mouth . . . Take the lines at the corners of your mouth and nose away with slow outward strokes that begin at your nose and mouth and curve far out to the ears. Laughing lines never made any mouth more attractive.



The chin and neck . . . Beginning under the chin, stroke upward and outward—this lifts the sagging muscles of the chin. To keep the neck column smooth and unwrinkled, stroke gently and firmly downward and around.

If you will fill out and mail the coupon below, you will receive a generous free sample of both Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream, with an interesting little booklet on how to relieve Facial Fatigue.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Company
Dept. 855-C, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal, Que.

Please send me free sample tubes of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream with your booklet on how to relieve Facial Fatigue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



Healthy hair is young-looking, abundant

Help your hair stay strong and thick

NEGLECT the hair and it grows dull, lifeless. Dandruff infection sets in—and before you realize it you are getting bald.

Don't let this happen! Start now to give your hair the attention it needs:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with firm fingers move the scalp vigorously in every direction to work the tonic down to the very hair roots. Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The response to this care is astonishing! After only a few days treatment you will be amazed at the improved appearance of your hair.

Dandruff soon leaves you. Invigorated circulation in all the tiny veins of the scalp feeds the hair to new strength and growth.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store to-day. Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on every bottle.

Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

refuse, water under pressure, with toilet and bath accommodations. All these would seem visionary to most people forty odd years ago, but it is a progress that has been maintained by a strict selection.

Usually the question of "What kind of a house shall I build?" is answered in this way. "I want a home like Wilson's but I want added to it such and such a feature borrowed from Brown's."

Living by the force of another's example may do very well in the field of morals, but in artistic matters it has certainly the defect of weakness. The owner should want his own house, not a weak imitation of a friend's—for every family has its own modes of living—its own special requirements to fulfill. We are coerced more or less by custom and social usages. Nevertheless all families have not the same ideals of living, and it is just those ideals which should be given the fullest expression in the designing of a home. If it is to be expressive of anything it should reflect the lives of those who live in it. We often see a house plan of moderate size with its vestibule, hall, drawing room, dining room, den, library,

butler's pantry, kitchen and laundry. The house measures perhaps 30 feet by 40 feet and as a result the vestibule is too small, the hall a little box with a staircase squeezed in, the drawing room a cold stiff apartment and the dining room insufficient for the family, while the butler's pantry would be an absurdity for the traditional well fed butler, with the kitchen a torture chamber for the housewife and her aids. The fact is that most modern house plans have not been developed from the past but are rather little tabloid plans of the past. It is much better to have the floor area, if limited, divided into a few rooms each devoted to a group of related uses. For instance, one large living room similar to the plan shown with its rows of book cases, with the clear glitter of the glass with its glamor of little sparkling lights, giving an idea of the enchantment of the living world's caught and kept in the rows of books, with their bindings bright and gay. Such a room can be built and furnished for use with comfortable chairs, low tables and deep piled rugs. Think of cutting up such a room into a den, a drawing room and a library. In this large room there is an atmosphere of hospitality and friendliness where the family will linger in the enjoyment of its comfort and beauty; where they can gather around the real brick fireplace and there is space for substantial furniture, ample wall space for pictures, and piano or gramophone. A scheme like this really fits more closely to our living conditions than any re-hash in a miniature style of an elaborate house plan.

The design shows an all wood house and as such is distinctive. The addition of unrelated material to it, such as iron crests or grilles or slate roof would be inappropriate. It is frankly a wooden house. Nothing can ever quite take the place of wood in house building for no other material so happily combines so many of the major qualities of flexibility and comfort with that great requisite—moderate cost.

THE last article ended with the words "The little house lovable," and the haunting ring of them became the theme around which I endeavored to plan this house, and so comes the low wide spreading shingles roof which covers the walls naturally and gracefully, with a plan which was developed upon good housekeeping lines.

Upon the way in which the materials are placed depends a great deal of the design's success. Ten inch clap boards, left as they came from the saw, mitred at the corners with an eight inch weathering, is the basis of the wall design. The roof is of wide shingles, and the foundation below the surface is of concrete with stone above to the clapboards.

Amongst the advantages of wood as a building material is its response to color treatment and its resistance to cold and moisture. A well built wooden house is very warm. It has at least two air spaces, and with back plastering three. We all know that the warmth of a house when properly heated depends to a great extent upon the conductivity of its outer walls. Conductivity is the ability of transmitting heat or cold through the material. Wood conducts heat or cold very slowly; iron very rapidly. An iron poker red hot at one end soon becomes too hot to hold, while a piece of wood will burn without conducting hardly any of its heat to the holding hand. Always use the best insulating materials. Heavy building paper should

be called criminal carelessness in stair planning. Especially in farm houses the stairs seem to be an afterthought. Anything will do. Most common is the eight inch riser. Just imagine the housewife tramping up and down a ladder like this all day, every day. A hod carrier has a very difficult job but I doubt if it is much worse than climbing some of the stairs which many of the women have to climb through the trying to show how many rooms or nooks can be put into a certain space. The usual rule for the rise and run of a stair is that the product shall equal between 70 and 75. In this stair the rise is seven inches and the tread ten, the product equals 70 making an easy stair to travel.

The vestibule is designed on severe lines with a tile floor on reinforced concrete supported from the foundation. In a wooden or frame house the utmost care must be exercised in laying tile. If possible support it from the foundation. If not be sure that some wire reinforcing or expanded metal is used as a base for the concrete on which the tile is laid.

The vestibule, hall and living room are wainscoted the height of the window sills, with a twelve inch wide panel, the stiles and rails forming the frame of the panel without any mouldings, with the exception of the top of the wainscot, where a plain one inch fillet with a quarter round under it forms the crowning member of the wainscoting. The panels are flat grained fir oiled on the back, and the stiles around railing, edge grained fir. This is the finish for all the downstairs doors also. The reason for using the flat grain against the edge grain is the contrast it gives. The edge grain fir gives the severe up and down effect while the flat grained fir with its sprawling swathiness of grain, light gold to dead black, is one of the most beautiful woods in the world for the purpose of panel finish.

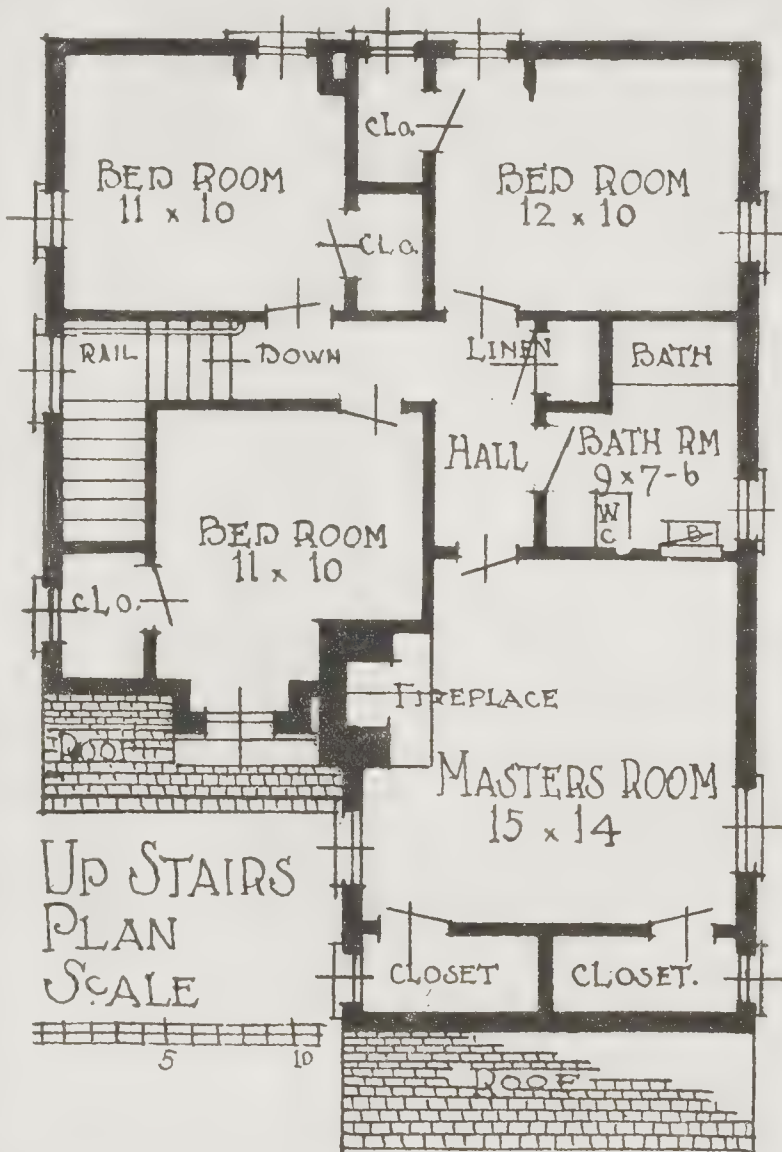
The trim or casings around the doors and windows are without mouldings, stopping on the wainscot head, and the casing forming a part of the panel style. This finish could be carried through the dining room—or if the panelling was left off put a six inch chair rail with ten inch base around the dining room. In the kitchen use burlap for the wainscot with a hard-

wall plaster finish above the burlap. Naturally hardwood floors are advocated. The kitchen woodwork is oiled and varnished, with a blue tone in the curtains and linoleum. The downstairs has rugs in brown and a melted sapphire blue running through them, with plain shades and curtains in old ivory and the walls with wall paper in the same tones of brown and ivory, with the blue glinting through it, with the polished hardwood floors gleaming between the rugs. The completed color effect would show a deep rich tone of browns and ivories with the spurt of blue giving life to the entire scheme.

LET us look at the upstairs plan. Generally bedrooms are neglected when we look from the standpoint of seemly and quiet decoration, and they are overlooked for this reason, their privacy does not invite the criticism of friends. They are rarely seen except by the occupant and this privacy and seclusiveness has deprived the bedrooms of the emulation which from the earliest times has led to the decoration of every useful thing that could attract public notice and cause envy or admiration.

I have planned four bedrooms and a

Continued on page 96



be put over the sheathing boards both inside and outside.

The veranda, with its tiled floor, comes under the sweep of the roof, and although some distance from the kitchen would make a pleasant place to eat in. Think of eating in the summer evening on a cool tiled floor with painted or willow chairs, with wrought iron lamps keeping watch above the shining appointments of the table, amidst the loveliness of summer, with the singing of the twilight birds, with the poetry of the evening sky making the garden a dream of romance and color, and as the coffee comes with the dreamy twilight, the lights flicker in the evening wind. Then the cooking would taste exquisite—the conversation take a more mellow tone.

THE planning of the downstairs carries out the simple rules for a medium sized house. Of the staircase every thought was given to its spacing. It is not crowded and is well lighted, and furniture can easily be taken up or down without destroying either the furniture or the stairs. The importance of an easy ascending stair is hardly ever thought of. In my studies of house plans I examine hundreds of houses and plans, and in nearly every instance there is what might

Ranks in Performance with the finest in the world



Moderate statement is impossible for those who drive Dodge Brothers Senior Six.

Experienced fine car owners everywhere are voluntarily expressing to Dodge Brothers the unqualified enthusiasm they sincerely feel.

The Senior ranks in performance with the finest motor cars in the world, and hundreds of letters in our files emphatically state this to be a fact.

The unprecedented smoothness and power of the great Senior motor have astonished those who previously associated this character of performance only with cars far higher in cost.

DODGE
BROTHERS
Senior Line

Firestone for 1928

Added Achievements in World Wide Program of Saving Motorists Money and Serving Them Better

Year by year—since the beginning of the automotive industry—Firestone has been laying the foundation in resources, facilities, methods, and man-power which today is saving motorists millions of dollars annually.

The far-reaching program of Firestone Tire production demands vast quantities of the highest grade materials.

Firestone secures raw materials direct from the sources of supply, where it owns large rubber plantations.

Ten buying offices are located in the rubber growing centers of Borneo, Sumatra, Java and Malaya, where rubber is purchased direct from the native planter and shipped to the modern Firestone plant and warehouses at Singapore. Here it is washed, refined, graded and shipped to the Firestone factories at Hamilton.

Firestone also purchases cotton in the primary markets of the world and ships it direct to the Firestone Cotton Mills.

The Firestone factories are the most modern type and are equipped with special machinery designed by Firestone engineers. This makes



possible production of the most uniform quality of tires at the very lowest cost, and gives motorists the advantages of special Firestone processes, such as Gum-Dipping—by which the cords of the carcass are saturated and impregnated with rubber, minimizing friction and heat and resulting in unheard-of tire mileage.

Firestone Dealers are served by factory branches and distributors, enabling them always to have on hand clean, fresh stocks of merchandise.

Firestone conducts Dealer Educational Meetings, where Dealers and their repair men are given the advantage of learning latest methods in the care and repair of tires, enabling them to give the service which can be obtained only at a Firestone Service Station.

The name "Firestone" appears on only one grade of tire and that is the highest quality. It is your guarantee of a tire scientifically designed for safety, comfort and long, economical mileage.

Call on the local Firestone Dealer today. He will sell you tires at the lowest prices in history—saving you money and serving you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Limited

Hamilton, Ontario



Firestone Balloon

Hi-Pressure Tire

Bus and Truck Pneumatic

Non-Skid Hi Type Solio

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES



The Princess received the Queen Bee and her attendants with unusual favour and one by one they were introduced to Her Highness

Reception To The Bees

By William Thompson

Illustrated By Carle Michel Boog

Book and Syndication rights reserved by the author

THE BEES went to the "Valley of the Sneezing Lizard," and the Knight arranged for them to have an audience with the Princess. Old Futen, the God of the Wind, who had made a long journey to pay his respects to the Princess, saw many trees from which the dead leaves had not fallen, and, in opening his bag to blow them away so that new leaves would grow, let more escape than he had intended. The wind blew so hard that the Bees did not dare venture out for fear they might be blown away. This made it necessary for them to appoint another day for their visit to the Princess.

Of course, she was very much disappointed, and to add to her worries, Black Beetle reported having found a lily pad in which was a tiny white cloud which, upon being released, floated away and turned into a little gentleman dressed like a Prince, who climbed into a bush and disappeared. They searched high and low, but could not find him:

The Princess called Sir Scribble to ask the meaning of this strange incident, but he could not tell her, saying that perhaps the little man had floated away on a thistledown.

"It is possible," the Fairy replied.

With an air of pride, Sir Scribble drew from his waistcoat a piece of bark taken from the white birch tree.

"You will remember that Dragon Fly suggested you might use the thistledown for short trips when he was not at home. It has been my great pleasure to write and a great pleasure to dedicate to you, the following lines, and with your permission, I will read them." Holding the birch bark, upon which he had written the poem in his left hand, he began:

"Have you seen our Princess, floating through the air, When the grasses' flags are still, with no wind to spare?"

Drifting by the hollyhock, white against the blue, By the thistle's sword points, deftly passing through?

If your eyes were keener, you so fancy-blind,

You would know why thistles move without the wind.

See the dahlia nodding? That's a port where they

Pause to fix the rudder, ere they sail away; And the haughty bluebell, standing straight and stark,

Is a signal station for the Princess's barque."

The Knight finished.

"Is there no more?" asked the Fairy anxiously.

"That is all, your Highness," complimented that the Fairy wished the poem had been longer. "But I will add other lines if you wish," he added with an air of pride.

"Do, Scribble. It is wonderful. If I could write such beautiful verse I'd rather be a worm and take my chance of being eaten by a bird."

"Rather be a worm than a royal Princess?" asked Scribble doubtfully.

"Really, I would, Scribble. A poet is the greatest of all Sprites because they make those whom they write about so very happy. I want every one of my subjects to have a copy, as you have made my name famous for all time."

"It is my greatest pleasure to make you very happy. This, you know, I always try to do."

"Of course you do, Scribble, and no one

appreciates your desire to make a Happy-land of Fairyland more than your Princess.

"What time shall I invite the Queen and her party to call, your Highness?"

"Tomorrow, at eleven minutes past Zenith, suntime," fairies have no clocks.

"I must ask you to be very considerate of the Queen Bee, Sir Scribble; I have heard that she has had a great deal of trouble in her family, and that she gets very cross when there is no reason for it."

"You may depend, your Highness, that I will do all in my power to make her reception very agreeable, and one she will never forget."

"I hope she will be very comfortable in her new home," said the Princess.

"Yes, your Highness; there are many advantages here, one especially."

"What may that be?" much interested.

"The size of the fairies' feet."

"Oh!" not understanding what fairy

feet had to do with the happiness of the Queen and her people.

"The Queen advises me that her people fear being stepped on, but they cannot be harmed in Fairyland as the feet of the fairies are so small and so soft."

At eleven minutes past Zenith, suntime, the Queen Bee attended by six Drones and twelve Worker Bees, flew to the Palace in the Oak, and being announced by one of the royal page boys, was invited into the Throne Chamber, where the Princess received them with more than usual favor. One by one they were introduced to Her Highness, each bowing in profound respect.

After the usual formalities of a Fairyland Palace Reception, the Princess descended from her beautiful throne and walked among her guests at which time she kissed

Continued on page 89



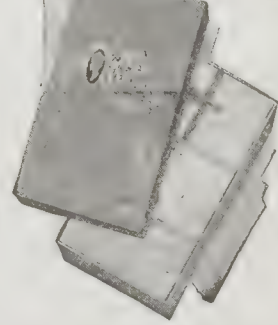
A Modern Cameo

Lovely womanhood—for past generations symbolized in the exquisitely carved cameo—and to-day in a writing paper produced especially for her ladyship. "The Modern Woman"—the name is Cameo Vellum.

Good writing paper does more than carry your message—it makes the right "impression". It must also be made in various sizes to meet the exacting demands of social correspondence.

Cameo Vellum meets all these requirements with unpretentious dignity, and the writing surface is reminiscent of old parchment and that, of course, means comfort in writing.

Barber-Ellis
**CAMEO
VELLUM**



Makers of Fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto
Winnipeg

Montreal
Calgary
Vancouver

Brantford
Edmonton

150 Pounds Pressure **CRANE VALVES** 2500 Pounds Pressure



Note the roomy sloping drainboards, the swinging spout, and the adjustable legs, on Crane porcelain on iron sink C19180.

To a man, all sinks may look alike

ABOUT sinks, a piece of advice can safely be given. Never buy one without consulting your wife. Perhaps to you a sink is a sink, but to your wife it is a work bench.

Time the hours she spends standing over one, and you'll see why she wants it just the right height from the floor. Count the steps she takes from sink to table, and you'll understand why she wants roomy drainboards to hold unwashed and washed dishes. Try to tilt a dish pan to catch water from a misplaced faucet, and you'll know the value of one that swings.

In bathroom as in kitchen, in all plumbing, there are dozens of tricks-of-the-trade that only experience teaches. Years of study of home equipping needs have brought Crane materials to their present efficiency. Visit the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms and ask to be shown. Since Crane sells only through responsible contractors, you will not be asked to buy.

Let us send you *New Ideas for Bathrooms*, an inspiring book explaining bathroom arrangement and decoration.

CRANE LIMITED, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal
Send me, without obligation, your booklet, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*.



Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... Province.....

CRANE

CRANE LIMITED, GENERAL OFFICES: 1170 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., HEAD OFFICE: 45-51 LEMAN STREET, LONDON, ENG.
Branches and Sales Offices in 21 Cities in Canada and British Isles
Works: Montreal and St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, and Ipswich, England

A Prime Minister Tells Tales of Royalty

Continued from page 17

true pioneering tales of savage Indians, of big, ferocious bears, of horrible, hungry wolves? Told him of the banks of the great Saskatchewan River, where he lived in a log cabin with a roof of sods, made by his own hands, a shelter from the blizzards—and the like?

"And can you imagine the leaping heart of the sadly discouraged boy when he came to that part of the letter in which his hero-uncle asked him to come across the sea to Canada; across the great continent to the little log house with the roof of sods? To his hero-uncle? To the savage Indians? To the ferocious bears and the hungry wolves?"

"Did he come?"

"Did he come? *Did he?* You know that he came! All Canada knows that he came. Most farmers of the world, and the great grain merchants of the world know that he came! Seager Wheeler—Wheat King!"

"Do you want to hear some more?"

"Oh, don't stop!"

"Well—the first harvest at which the young chap labored was just thirty acres of wheat; they cut it with cradles and tied the sheaves by hand. As he grew older, he varied his work on the farm with more lucrative construction work on the C.P.R. (He needed money for a certain purpose!) He heard of some land near Rosthern that was on sale by the C.P.R. at three dollars an acre. He bought it with his savings, and got busy!"

"Seager Wheeler, like the other pioneers, grew Red Fife wheat at first, and, over and over again, his crop was frozen. He saw the other farmers struggling along under the same handicap—the early frosts. He realized that, for its development, the country absolutely must have a wheat that would mature earlier. So he set to work. Twenty-one years ago—in 1907—L. H. Newman, Secretary of the Seed Growers' Association, having heard of the dogged, persistent experimenting of this young chap, paid him a visit on his farm, and gave him some helpful pointers. He found that Wheeler was going through his crop, year after year, to get seed grain of the best possible kind; selecting the best heads and those which matured earliest. He found that the man was working in the fields all day, and spending half the night in selecting kernels, and writing down comparisons and data.

"Other farmers who saw how he was putting in his time thought that Wheeler was just plain crazy, and told him so, but he persisted. He was growing Preston wheat now, but it wasn't good enough, although it matured a bit earlier than the Red Fife. Only his livestock kept the farm going in bad years of early frosts, yet he was, surely but slowly, working along the lines which have revolutionized Canadian agriculture, and have told the world the wonders of the Canadian prairie!"

"In 1911, Wheeler entered his first exhibit at the Regina Fair, and won several prizes. The same year he acquired fifty pounds of the new Marquis wheat, sent to him by its originator; that great and thrice-blessed Government research man, Dr. Saunders. In the fall he selected the best two bushels of his wheat, and entered them in the New York Land Show. He won the thousand dollars in gold offered at that fair by the C.P.R. for the best spring wheat grown on the American continent! (Have you any idea, I wonder, of the proportions of that victory?)

"This news was, naturally broadcast all over the world! The world discovered that there was truth, indeed, in the tales told of agricultural opportunity in the Canadian West.

There could be no more positive proof. It is impossible to calculate the effect which the perseverance and grit of Wheeler, and his consequent prize-winning, had upon Dominion immigration!

"In 1914 Wheeler exhibited at the International Farm Congress in Kansas, and won the sweepstakes with his Marquis wheat. In 1915 he repeated his victory at the same show held in Colorado, and two other championships at Denver and in Alberta. In 1916 he won the sweepstakes in the International Congress for the fourth time. He had been hailed out in 1916, but he exhibited 1915 threshed Kitchener wheat which easily beat everything in sight.

"And so it went on. Though hailed out in 1916, with just enough seed left to start all over again at the beginning, he carried on, and each year brought fresh international honors, not only in his production of wheat, but in that of oats, barley and peas; in that of potatoes, brome grass, sweet clover, Western rye grass and alfalfa; honors to himself, to his province, to Canada.

"He says that the whole secret of his success is in selecting good seed, and tilling the land properly. He has won over forty prizes of one kind and another, in competition with the whole agricultural world.

"Now here's the big and vital truth to remember long: *Wheeler's victories inspired others to follow in his footsteps!* It was he who founded the Royal Line—that of Canada's Wheat Kings!"

"Tell me briefly of some of the others, please," I asked the Prime Minister.

"Well, there's J. C. Mitchell, of Dahinda, Saskatchewan, who has, three times, won the world's championship for wheat. He's another English-born Canadian with determination and pluck. He has had his buildings burned down, twice, one year losing all his seed, feed, and machinery, but nothing would down the man. He began all over again, and again made good!"

"One might expect a chap who had been a farmer all his life to accept the farmer's set-backs more or less philosophically, but this chap had never seen a wheat field, or held a plough until he came to Canada. He was born in Mossley, a suburb of Manchester. His father was mayor of Mossley, and his elder brother is mayor of Manchester. Let us give him his full title: 'The Right Honourable, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Councillor Miles E. Mitchell.'

"Admitted that it is an achievement to be the Lord Mayor of a great English city, we doubt if the younger brother, James C., can find it in his heart to envy Miles E., for, last year, when the older Mitchell was entertaining the Dominion Premiers, and conferring upon the the freedom of his city, James C., the Wheat King, was giving to Canada and the world the result of sixteen years of conscientious effort (of selecting, rejecting, standardizing therefrom the humble potato), evolving an entirely new variety in 'Mitchell's Excelsior'! A potato so superlatively fine in quality that it were painting the lily to enumerate its virtues!"

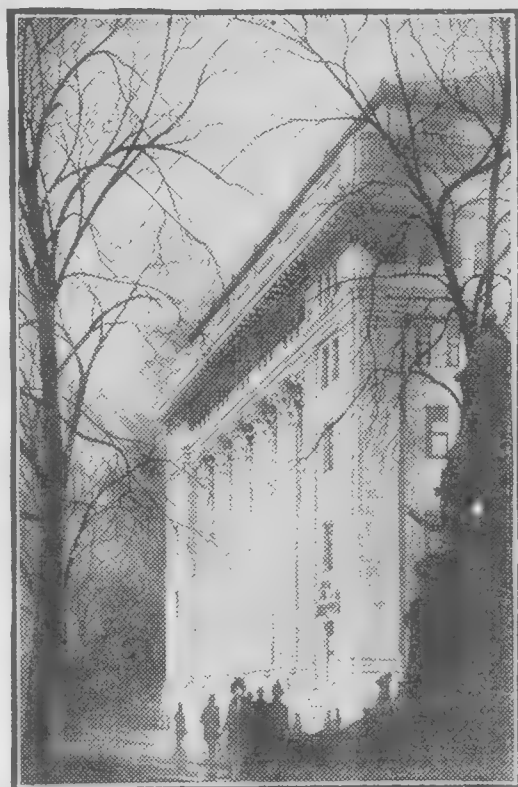
"When Mr. Mitchell and his bride began to farm in Canada, they had only a few dollars, but they had unbounded faith, enthusiasm, and capacity for hard work. When they went home to England for a visit a couple of years ago, they proved wonderful publicity agents for the Dominion—prosperous, healthy, crowned with honors, and their hearts beating with a great love of Canada.

Continued on page 96

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

1927	\$
ASSURANCES IN FORCE (net)	1,487,990,000
An Increase of \$231,500,000	
New Assurances Paid for - -	328,408,000
An Increase of \$62,518,000	
Total Income - - - - -	102,774,000
An Increase of \$23,801,000	
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries - - - -	42,224,000
Total Payments Since Organi- zation - - - - -	300,040,000
Reserve for Unforeseen Con- tingencies - - - - -	12,500,000
Surplus over all Liabilities and Contingency Reserve -	45,280,000
An Increase of \$11,269,000	
ASSETS at December 31, 1927 - - - - -	401,305,000
An Increase of \$56,054,000	



*Dividends to Policyholders
increased for
eighth successive year.*

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA



You can't see
what's inside of a can —

but you do know the
worth of a label

AND IT'S WHAT the label stands for that counts—the ideals and reputation of the canner behind it. His experience, his resources, his care and vigilance are the real guarantees of the quality in the can.

That's why it's so important, in buying canned fruits, to insist on DEL MONTE.

You know DEL MONTE quality. You know the long years of experience, the far-reaching organization, and the painstaking care which make this quality possible.

When you say DEL MONTE, you are certain of sun-ripened fruit—packed in just the proper richness of syrup, always luscious and tempting, no matter what variety you buy.

And DEL MONTE offers the same advance guarantee of quality on vegetables and prepared foods, too! Many varieties—the best of each. Why not make it a point to insist on DEL MONTE—and be sure before you buy?



3 MINUTES — NO MORE!

Wouldn't you like these
simple peach desserts?

All day long, busy at work! Children and friends—duties at home—recreation and social interests! Is it any wonder you sometimes want a quick dessert?

Yet for all that, a dessert must be good as well as easy. That's why peaches are such a favorite in millions of American homes.

DEL MONTE Peaches are a delicious treat by themselves—yet they bring new variety and flavor to many other dishes, with hardly a minute's extra work.

One famous domestic science authority suggests DEL MONTE Peach Halves on rounds of sponge cake, with raspberry jam thinned to a sauce. Another recommends DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches and whipped cream as a filling for cream puffs. (See illustration at left.) Another, DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches diced and served in whipped cream with pieces of marshmallows.

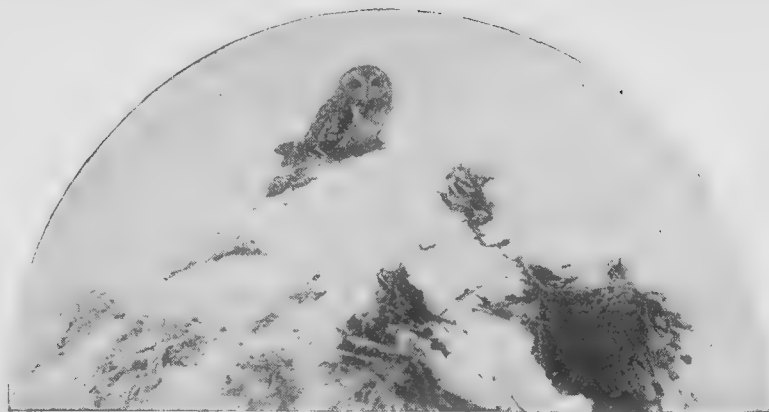
And no matter how you serve them—in these simple ways or in more elaborate dishes—DEL MONTE Peaches bring to your menu that fruit-balance so essential to health.

Send for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" together with our new recipe book, "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them"; also other fruit and vegetable recipe folders. All free! Address Dept. 37-J, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



Short Eared Owl on a Muskrat House.

—Copyright

Winter Birds on the Prairie

By H. H. Pittman

THE feathered folk are so abundant on the prairie in summer that when winter comes and most of them have responded to that wonderful and little understood instinct to migrate south the plains seem empty. The bird-student too often ceases to think of them and puts away his field-glasses and camera, while the younger generation, in whom we are trying to implant a realization of the vital importance of birds to the country, loses interest.

The migrating exodus is really not so complete after all for I have before me a list of twenty-six winter birds, twenty of them being from my own notes and twelve of which I have photographed in Manitoba or Saskatchewan. All but one visit the southern prairie with some degree of regularity and many will respond to the invitation of a bird-table.

The remaining bird, the short-eared owl, is apparently trying to stay with us and, if it learns to be a little more adaptable, perhaps will earn the term "resident" eventually. This bird is essentially a denizen of the open spaces, but in bad winters such as this, it is handicapped by the deep snow which effectually conceals the mice and moles upon which it preys. If it ever learns to hunt round the corrals, oat-stacks and farmyards it may become resident and the farmers will have another valuable ally. Nearly every winter some of these birds may be seen, but only too frequently they are found dead. Verdict: Starvation.

The short-eared owls are entirely beneficial and deserve protection. The other two, the snowy and horned owls, are apparently open to suspicion, although, personally, I consider their handsome appearance and admitted good deeds outweigh any misdeeds. My suggestion is that if any individuals become troublesome, kill them, but don't carry this destruction to the point of extermination. I have raised valuable poultry in the haunts of the horned owls for twenty years and we are still friendly. I am inclined to think that much of the abuse heaped upon these owls is hardly justified and that the crimes they are accused of could be checked in some other way than with a gun.

The abundance of our winter visitors depends to a large extent upon the weather farther north and excessive snow or continued storms in the Hudsonian and Canadian zones will bring an increased number of birds to the south or else new ones that do not penetrate so far as a rule. Now and again the observer gets a pleasant surprise and finds some crossbills or perhaps some Canada jays in his garden. Unfortunately, much as they may appreciate our gifts and kind treatment, few of these rarities can be persuaded to come a second season, although they may condescend to spend a few weeks with us.

I was going to write that, like the poor, the chickadees are always with us, but are they? Perhaps not one person in fifty who feeds these feathered midges has ever seen the nest, for during the breeding season they are usually absent from the garden unless it is very favorably located and the fare provided unusually attractive. However, in cold weather these little gymnasts appreciate a helping hand and in return their uniformly

cheerful behaviour sets us an excellent example.

If the weather has been of a kind to freeze the cranberries and other fruits upon the bushes we may look for a visit from the Bohemian waxwings and evening grosbeaks, both of which are as erratic as the crossbills in their movements. The texture of the waxwing's plumage is wonderfully soft and the sealing-wax red spots from which the name is derived are very striking. The last group I saw was along the Souris River in Manitoba and my attention was attracted by the chattering cries which have given rise to another local name.

Snow-birds can be seen almost every winter although it is years since I saw a really large flock—in 1907, I believe. Now we generally find them in parties of fifteen to fifty. What restless little folk they are! A flock will settle on a bare strip of ground and feed busily as if they intend to stay an hour but almost as soon as they alight one side or other will play leapfrog with the opposite one and this goes on as long as they remain. They remind us of some gregarious animals which, however well-fed, seem to be always thinking that their companions are getting something better. Although so small they are strong on the wing and appear to delight in "riding the storm," but it is very improbable that they really enjoy rough weather, unless they are far-sighted enough to realize that high winds often expose fresh feeding places.

Some of the snow-birds seem to wish to remain on the southern prairie as though its attractions equalled those of their northern homes. Small parties sometimes arrive in October when the weather is still quite warm and odd birds occasionally linger into May. Horned larks often stay late in the fall too, as if loath to go, and come back in the spring almost before the weather breaks. In mild winters small flocks will sometimes come back for brief visits during warm periods so that these plucky little birds have been seen in almost every month of the year.

The handsome little redpolls, cheery in spite of their mournful calls, fluctuate greatly in numbers, but every now and again we have a "redpoll year" when they seem to be everywhere. The red of their heads is a particularly beautiful shade of wine but what seems even more striking is the delicate tinge of pink on their breasts as Spring approaches.

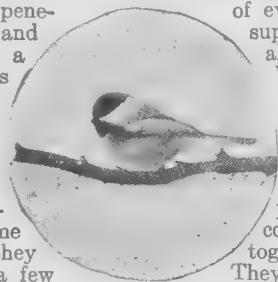
Treat them as you may, regardless of every care or variety of food supplied, in a small cage this always vanishes.

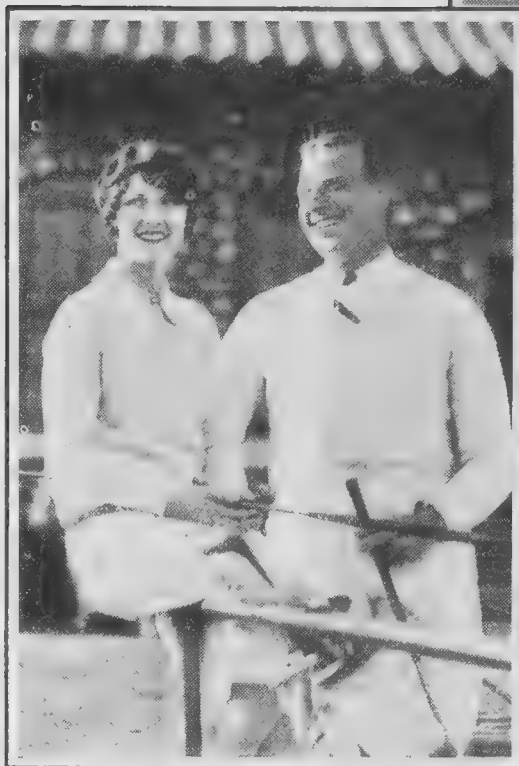
With whatever mixed feelings we may regard the egg-stealing magpies during most of the year, in winter they are always welcome and I recall with pleasure an occasion when we coaxed six or seven to feed together beneath our window.

They are erratic visitors, however, and when encountered give an impression of great business somewhere else which will not permit delay upon trivial matters.

Golden eagles sail out over the prairie and some winters three or four may be seen, if the bush-rabbits are plentiful. In 1897, I am told, they nested along the Souris River, close to Hartney, in southwestern Manitoba, but now, unfortunately, they are only occasional winter

Continued on page 57





AT BILOXI Miss Joan Oglesby and Raymond Whitehouse await the remainder of their four-some. Such smiles as theirs can be expected from Pepsodent alone.



DEBUTANTE'S NEW WARDS are the pigeons who have made Chicago's Art Institute their home. Misses Rita Volland and Anne Murdock find their task delightful. Note how Pepsodent-white smiles brighten this picture.



DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

FINDING THE SPARKLE IN YOUR SMILE

Dentists tell you why keeping smiles gleaming white also wards off tooth and gum disorders

Send for Free 10-Day Tube

ORDINARY brushing can never give the gleaming white teeth you envy nor the healthy teeth and gums you long for. Only an effective film-removing dentifrice can do that, for it is film that keeps both from you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film; a slippery, viscous coating.

Film, present-day dental opinion has proved, is the source of "off-color" teeth and many of the common tooth and gum disorders.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It is a fertile breeding place for germs by the millions.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is a prevalent cause of pyorrhea. It fosters, too, the quick-acting acids of decay.

Now on dental advice thousands are turning to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. A tooth paste different in formula, theory and effect from any other known. Pepsodent, compounded for the specific purpose of removing film, first curdles film, then removes it in complete safety to the enamel.

Pepsodent, by unique properties, goes further and acts to firm the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of saliva, thus neutralizes the acids of decay. It



GLORIOUS YOUTH takes scholastic worries lightly. Here Gordon Taylor, Misses Helen Whitely, Marion Baer and Douglas Cornwall illustrate how gleaming white Pepsodent keeps teeth at college.

brightens teeth and whitens them as no way has ever done before.

Dentists, in 58 nations, urge you to cleanse teeth this way. Its twice daily use is the utmost known in home care.

Please try it free for 10 days. You will marvel at results. Send the coupon.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to Made in Canada
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 323, 191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Canada.

Name.....

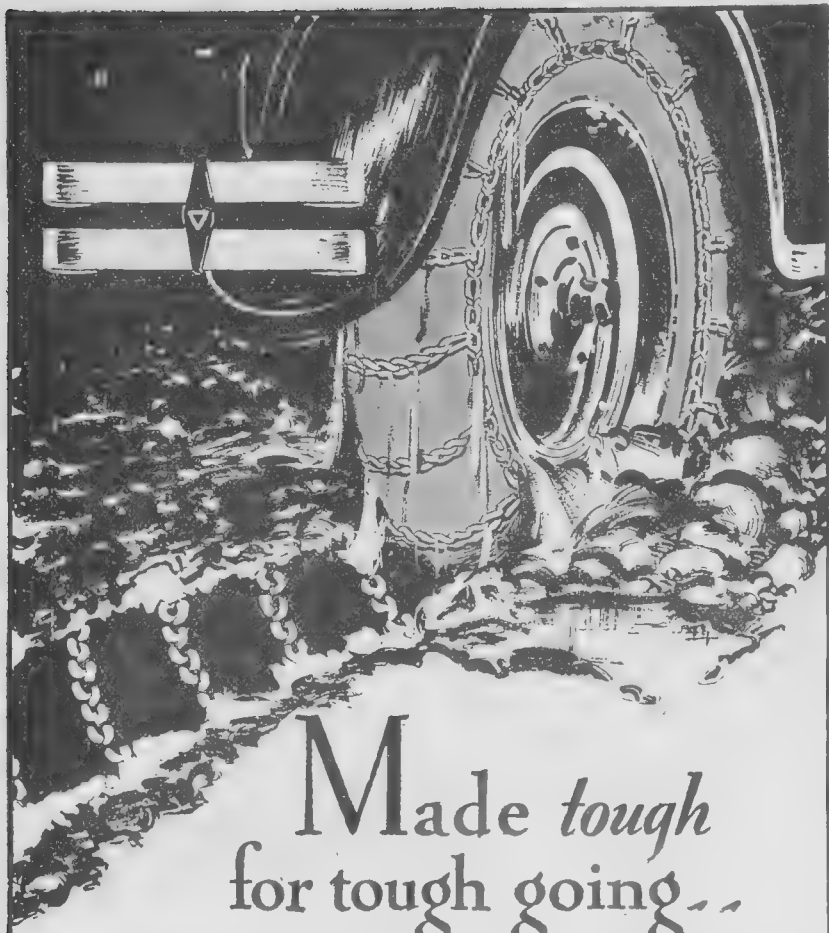
Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
1104 So. Wabash Ave. . . . Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . London, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 2716 Can.

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice — Removes Film from Teeth



Made tough for tough going..

WEED Chains have strong *steel* cross chains that bite deep into muddy and slimy roads. WEED Chains grip—they give your wheels traction—they give you safety.

WEED Chains are made for all types of tires and for all road conditions. You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Makers of DCCO Chain products and WEED Bumpers



WEED CHAINS

When answering advertisers please mention *The Western Home Monthly*

Republic or Empire

Continued from page 22

American neighbors and the Philippines, and supplies valuable idealistic support for the Imperialists.

ONE may readily agree with Scott Nearing that the chief characteristics of Empire are conquered territory, an imperial or ruling class, subject peoples, and exploitation of conquered territory. Porto Rico and the Philippines are examples of conquered territory, and their people are subject peoples. Porto Rico has representative but not responsible government, since its Executive is appointed from Washington. The people of the Philippines have been persistently denied independence on the plea that only the politicians want it. When a plebiscite was asked in order that the wishes of the people might be learned, Mr. Coolidge curtly refused it. The ruling class may easily be found in the heads of the "money trust" and the groups who control investments in tropical areas. The most cursory examination of the last thirty years in Latin-America would bear out the fourth. One and a quarter billions have been invested in Cuba, three-quarters of whose trade is with the United States. Ninety per cent. of the trade of Porto Rico flows to and from the Great Republic, as compared with less than fifty per cent. when the island was annexed.

The methods of imperialism are equally well known. New areas are acquired by conquest or exploration, or purchase, and filled up by settlement. Financial domination and economic penetration open up spheres of influence; and these pave the way for protectorates, tacit or avowed. In the older Imperialism protectorates usually led to annexation. The United States, with greater subtlety, has refused the form, while securing in full measure the substance of protectorates. All these methods can be plainly seen in the growth of the United States in the last century and a half.

The territorial expansion of the United States is scarcely realized by the present generation. When Independence was declared in 1776 the area of the Thirteen Provinces was 369,000 square miles. By the treaty which closed the Revolutionary War, territories were added which increased the area of the new United States to 885,000 square miles. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 brought a territory from France as large as the original thirteen colonies. The so-called Florida Purchase in 1819, which was rather a settlement after the actual seizure, added the remainder of the eastern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Then the Mexican War in 1846 not only brought in Texas, which wished to be annexed, but resulted in the annexation of that part of Mexico which now forms the States of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and California. Abraham Lincoln sought to prevent this war of aggression; General Grant regarded it as "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation"; while Woodrow Wilson spoke of "our inexcusable aggression" in the Mexican War. These acquisitions, together with adjustments of the boundary on the north raised the area under the United States to 3,026,000 square miles by 1853, an eight-fold increase in less than eighty years.

In 1867 Alaska was purchased. For less obvious reasons Hawaii was annexed over the protests of both Great Britain and Japan in 1898. Said McKinley: "We need Hawaii just as much, and a good deal more, than we do California. It is Manifest Destiny." Samoa was acquired the following year by methods not much less imperialistic. At the close of the Spanish-American

War, Porto Rico and the Philippines were frankly annexed, although the war was fought ostensibly to secure the independence of Cuba. For three years the people of the Philippines fought desperately before submitting to the American Government. Their persistent demands for independence have been steadily refused, though the Great Republic disclaims any intention of retaining the islands permanently. These acquisitions bring the area under direct United States government to 3,743,000 square miles. Even though we regard the 108 wars fought against the Indians since 1776 merely as incidents of settlement, a clear case is established for "conquered territory," the first characteristic of Empire.

DURING the 19th century Central America and large parts of South America constituted an invitation to Imperialism. The countries were occupied by comparatively backward peoples, controlled by unstable and frequently corrupt governments which were normally changed by bullets rather than ballots. Yet those states did not fall a prey to European expansion. This was due to the enunciation by President Monroe of his famous declaration, backed by the less famous Canning Doctrine, which was, briefly, that Great Britain would not tolerate the re-erection of either a French or Spanish empire in America. This enabled the Monroe Doctrine to live through its days of weakness and become the reality the United States alone could never have made it. It has been said that only the assurance of British support persuaded Monroe to take the plunge. Although the Monroe Doctrine protected Latin-America from European Imperialism, it provided no barrier to the growth of the United States influence.

Since the early nineties, the Monroe Doctrine has been quietly transformed into a decisive claim to all that part of America not under some European country, or a part of the British Commonwealth, as a sphere of special and paramount United States interest. The Venezuelan crisis in 1895 presented one of the early indications of this change, when Secretary Olney said in a despatch: "Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent." Roosevelt, in 1900, arguing for exclusive American control of the projected Panama Canal, wrote:

"If we invite foreign powers to a joint ownership, a joint guarantee, of what so vitally concerns us is but a little way from our borders, how can we possibly object to similar joint action say in Southern Brazil or Argentine, where our interests are much less evident? If Germany has the same right as we have in the canal across Central America, why not in the partition of any part of Southern America?"

Quite evidently, by 1900 the Monroe Doctrine had come to mean not only the exclusion of European nations from control over any territory not already held, but also that international co-operation must give way to exclusive United States jurisdiction in any question which might arise in the Latin-American Republics. Today, even protection of the life and property of citizens of European countries is left to the action of the United States authorities. A resolution proposed by Senator Lodge in 1912 passed the United States Senate, declaring that the United States cannot permit the lease or concession of strategic harbors to foreign corporations. In our own

Continued on page 78



INECTO—
Rapid

—the best hair tint ever produced. Be sure you get the original, distributed only by Pember's.

Latest Styles in HAIR GOODS

Pember's carry the largest stock of the best hair goods in all Canada.

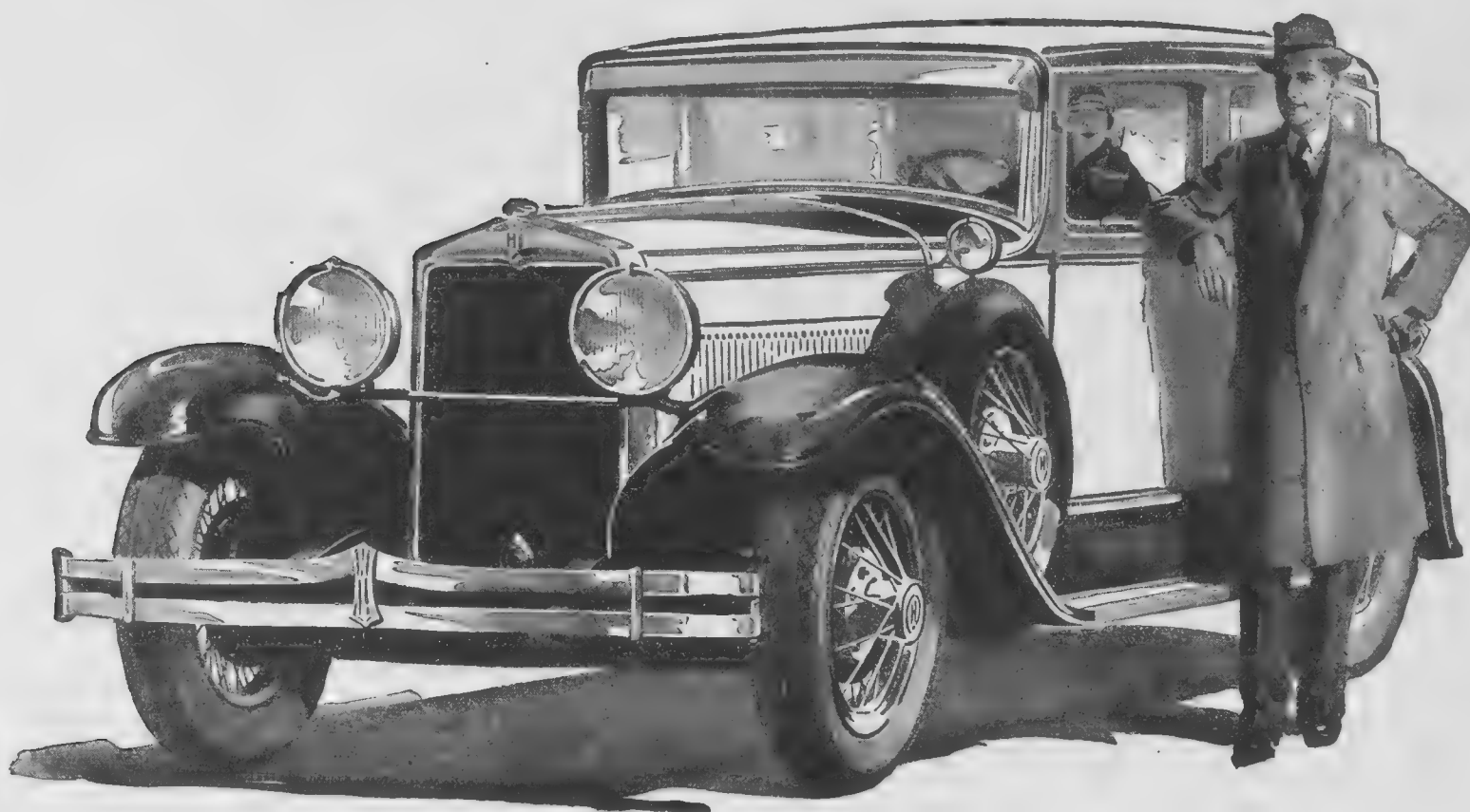
Whatever your need, from pin curl to full wig, you can get it from Pember's at a reasonable price. We have the latest European and Canadian styles.

Write for our catalog so that you may choose to suit yourself. Goods will be sent on approval to reliable parties.

The
W. T. Pember Stores,
Limited,
129 Yonge Street,
TORONTO, - - ONT.



He feared price raise on *new* Hupmobile Six



*So this Minneapolis man bought
at once to protect himself . . .*

What the new Hupmobile Six is doing in rolling up a tidal wave of buying unique in all motoring history.

Everywhere people see in it so much more than the price indicates that their sense of values has impelled them to buy earlier than they intended.

There are dozens of such cases in our dealers' records, and this one instance from Minneapolis is an example.

This purchaser bought as soon as he saw the car because, as he said, he

couldn't see how such a beautiful car could be sold at the price.

He had not planned to buy a new car until a later time, but he feared that if he should wait, the price was bound to go higher.

Thousands of others, as well, have been literally swept off their feet by the dazzling beauty and the extraordinary value which came into being with the new Six of the Century and have said they could not resist buying.

The New Hupmobile—the Six of The Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

Everyone always knows what to expect of Hupmobile in quality, in performance; and the transformation in the new six started a wave of buying that has grown to flood proportions. The most popular car of the new year is yours the moment you buy the new Century Six.

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, \$1835 to \$2235 f. o. b. Windsor.

NEW
HUPMOBILE
The Six of the Century

When you houseclean the kitchen equip it with silvery

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



YOU probably use and cherish some "Wear-Ever" Utensils now,—a teakettle or a saucepan. You know the satisfactory service they give. Wouldn't you just love to have your kitchen completely equipped with these clean, safe, efficient, silvery utensils?

You can—and at a smaller cost than you imagine. For a sum trifling in comparison to many less-necessary household articles, you can discard the old, worn, unattractive, inefficient cooking tools, and bring your utensil equipment up-to-date. It is just a question of making up your mind.

When you house-clean the kitchen make the job complete. Take a list of the necessary utensils to your "Wear-Ever" dealer. He carries a complete assortment.

Begin now to enjoy the advantages of a complete, efficient, safe and sturdy set of

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO

Over

One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use

Thirty-Five

Continued from page 30

letter which Miss Cole had answered and thought unworthy of his personal attention, but Fate may have had a hand in the curiosity which led him to take the letter out of its envelope without looking at the address, and began to read:

"My dearest Mildred: It is June, and the world is bathing in sunshine, and my heart is drenched in the brighter sunlight of romance. And it's all your fault. If I hadn't met you, I might have gone on thinking that June was simply a month and not an enchantment, that the sunshine was simply warmth and not a magic radiance, that love—"

Charles Sheritt suddenly realized that he was reading something not for his eyes. He crammed the letter hastily back into its envelope and dropped it into the folder. Also, he closed the drawer of the file with a bang, forgetting the letter he had opened it to get.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Charles Sheritt.

His handsome, strong-lined face was drawn into a strange frown, his eyes were troubled and puzzled.

"And he's writing that way to her," he muttered, "A love letter, to her." A dull red crept over his face and down to his collar. "And I never suspected anything at all."

"Simpleton!" he growled. "I might have known. She's too fine a woman not to have somebody discover something in her besides an office machine. But she's always been so practical and efficient and unfeminine."

"Sheritt," he went on, "you're a blind idiot. You had a general idea that a woman's whole horizon could be bound by seven or eight hours in a lawyer's office. And now somebody else has gone and found the qualities in her you didn't see, because you didn't think about them, poor fish."

He went back to his private office, slammed the door and plunged into his work, or tried to. But the net result was the chewing up of two cigars and a total fog as to what he had been reading.

There was a June breeze coming into his window, too, and after a time Sheritt rose, put on his hat, and left the office. He wasn't gone long. Miss Cole was still out. He spent most of the rest of her lunch hour peering through the crack of his office door to watch her come in.

He was rewarded, when she arrived, by seeing her stop short at the office gate and stare, startled, at her desk. And then he gasped—for something happened to her face and her eyes and the very poise of her body which despite the trim suit and the business-like hat, made her seem like the fluffy foolish girls Sheritt had so often inveighed against. With a little thrilling cry of delight she darted to her desk, lifted from its glass the bunch of sweet peas Sheritt had brought in that brief excursion from his office, and buried her face in them.

A moment later she knocked on the ground glass, and he glanced up as though he had been busily absorbed, instead of peeking out through a crack in the door partially ajar.

"Oh, Mr. Sheritt," she said, and the tone was not exactly like any he had heard her use before, "did you put those flowers on my desk?"

"Y—yes," he replied, discovering that there was a queer lump in his throat which had never before troubled him in addressing his assistant.

"How dear of you to think of them," she said. "I love sweet peas. Thank you"

Her smile wasn't at all the smile he ordinarily met when he greeted her in the morning or bade her good afternoon. He was decidedly conscious of this and also conscious that the kind of smile she was using was considerable more disturbing than the other. It unquestionably interfered with the ideal impersonal, practical, matter-of-fact atmosphere which an office should maintain. But his chief thought was, "How young she looks. She makes me feel like an old man. I suppose the other codger is one of those romantic chaps who always look young. But wait, she must be thirty-five, after all, and I'm only forty."

Aloud he said, "You're welcome. I'm very glad you liked them. I—I happened to see them in a window and I thought perhaps you'd—you'd like them."

For a man whose vocabulary was the

admiration of his fellow attorneys, his range of expression seemed much circumscribed.

"Well, thank you again," said Miss Cole. "And now I'll bring you in those briefs and you can sign them, and—"

"Miss Cole," said Charles Sheritt, "it's a wonderful June day out and I don't feel a particle like working. My own car is laid up for repairs, but if you'd—you'd care to, I'd like to hire one and go for a ride. Would you come along?"

Mildred glowed. "I'd love to" she said.

THE auto trip that afternoon was a voyage of discovery for two people. It doesn't matter where they went, the discoveries were in each other. For Mildred found the out-of-office-hours Charles Sheritt, a whimsical, witty, gracious and charming man of the world who played the cavalier with all the skill and ability with which he conducted a difficult case through courts and counsels, and Sheritt discovered the out-of-office-hours Mildred Cole another woman than he had known, a woman full of quaint ingenuousness and broad sophistication, joyous, enthusiastic, appreciative, and with that little tinge of dependence which flatters every man—from eighteen to eighty.

"Do you know this is quite the most wonderful afternoon I've ever spent? The chief flaw in it is the thought that I might have persuaded you to do this before."

Mildred smiled her delight. "I'll be exceedingly bold now," she replied, "and remark that there isn't any reason why you shouldn't do it again!"

And then Charles Sheritt forgot that he had learned of Mildred's romance surreptitiously, and cried,

"But wouldn't he object?"

"He?" repeated Mildred, "Who?"

Sheritt grew fiery red and remained speechless.

"Please, Mr. Sheritt," Mildred asked again, "whom do you mean by he?"

"Why, why—oh, I suppose I might as well admit I'm a prying old fool. This noon when you were gone I looked in the file for that Chambers and Chambers correspondence, and I came upon that—that letter—a—a personal letter you must have filed by mistake. I read a few lines of it before I realized what I was doing and—"

Mildred's hand dived down into her skirt pocket where she last remembered having the letter. It was not there. Suddenly the reason came to her. While she was working she must have put it on the desk with the other correspondence, and filed it automatically later. She blushed furiously.

"Oh, that letter," she said. "I must have filed it by mistake. W—wasn't it a foolish letter, though?"

"Foolish," exclaimed Charles Sheritt, "foolish? It was the wisest letter I ever read. It showed that there was a man who had sense enough to fall in love with you while I was talking about what a fine office machine you were. It showed me that I'd been a blind imbecile while somebody else was a far seeing lover. Only it showed me too late."

Mildred Cole grinned—an impish, teasing, almost boyish grin. And Sheritt thought, "She's sixteen."

Then she spoke.

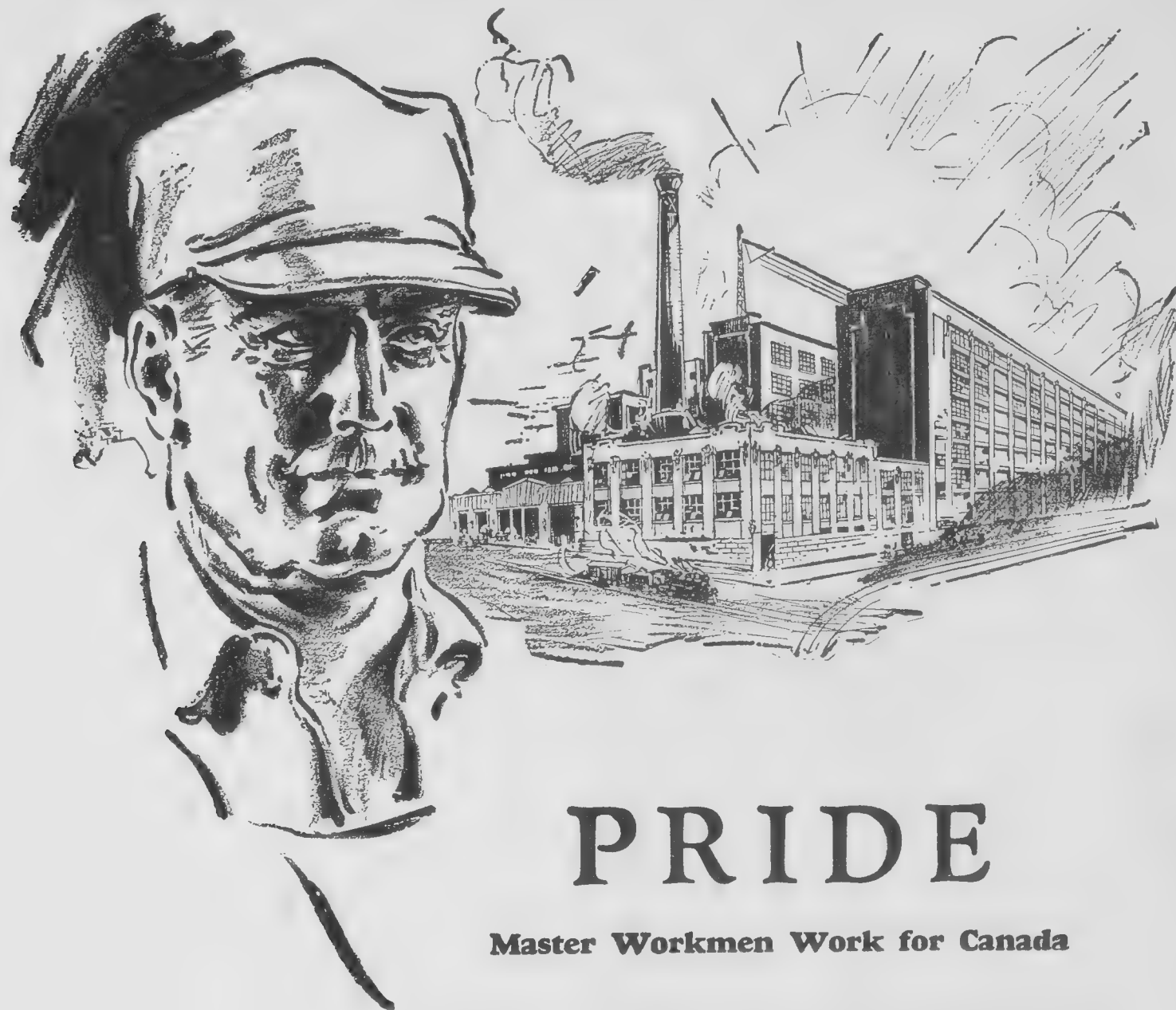
"I got that letter," she said, "seventeen years ago, from a college sophomore who thought he was in love with me. I thought I was in love with him, too, for one week—in June."

"Miss Cole," he said, in his brusque business tone, "please take a letter."

She sat down demurely with her pencil poised.

"To the President of the Interborough. Dear Sir. I had planned yesterday to write you protesting against the couples who petted in the subway and declaring that I thought their ways disgusting. I have since learned that I was merely envious. I am now writing to suggest that all old curmudgeons who object to the practice be tied to the third rail. Yours very truly, Charles Sheritt."

Miss Cole looked at Mr. Sheritt, and he grinned. It was a boyish grin. The next moment she was severely injuring the carnation in the buttonhole of his new and youthful suit.



PRIDE

Master Workmen Work for Canada

IN NORTHERN ELECTRIC plants and branches 4,623 workers daily exert all their wealth of training and experience to create, perfect and distribute much of the equipment necessary to transmit electric current to supply the needs of Canadian householders and Canadian industries from coast to coast. Thus each worker is playing an important part in the development of Canada and in the building of a great industrial nation.

The guild spirit, which inspired the master craftsmen of former days and created a standard of perfection which was easily recognizable by all, is strong in the hearts and minds of these workers. This healthy pride of workmanship has become a part of every product of NORTHERN ELECTRIC workshops.

The NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY is proud of the record of service of its employees. The oldest employee in point of service has been with the company for forty-nine years; another man for forty-four years; and a third for forty-three years. There are twenty men who have a record of more than thirty-five years of service; sixteen who have been with the company upwards of thirty years; one hundred and twenty-six for more than twenty-five years; and one hundred and ninety-seven for more than twenty years.



Information

It is inevitable that this wealth of experience has been reflected in the high standard of NORTHERN ELECTRIC products which are in daily use for the service of Canadians and the development of Canada's resources.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

Equipment for transmitting Sound and Power

Teeth may be flashing white

STILL...

Pyorrhea attacks

4 out of 5



SO long as you neglect to combat dread Pyorrhea, health is jeopardized.

This grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums takes as its victims 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it helps to keep teeth clean and restore their natural whiteness. Also it protects them

against acids which cause decay.

But Forhan's is more than an ordinary dentifrice. If used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. And Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's today! Use this dentifrice every morning and night. Massage your gums daily with it, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. This good habit is health insurance. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Limited, Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Johann Lind

Continued from page 7

Grandfather, some day, perhaps, I, too, shall be a factor's wife with many servants and a musical box!"

"Nu, da, not so fast, dear heart, not so fast. First you must learn the Christian principles—and the ways of good young women . . . That accomplished . . . well, who can tell—at least it's safe to say that some honest fisher lad will come along to make you a fair husband—"

"Nay, I won't have him!" Hulda stamped her little foot. Never, never! I feel in my heart I could never love a clown! Pouf! Pig eyes, pig ears, pig bristles—we've had them here! No, no, Grandfather, I'll die first." A fleeting cloud of childish sorrow crossed her animated face and she burst out anew—"Oh, dearest, kindest—tell me now of my people! Who are they? Where are they? Grandfather, surely my mother was sweet and lovely . . . and my father . . . he was brave and true? They'll ask me—down there in the village. I know it. What, then, shall I say—what can I tell them?"

Here was that vexations question once again! Herman scowled, mumbled something about foolish curiosity, avoiding the eager young eyes. "There's nothing to tell, child, nothing at all. Where folk live by the sea there's many an orphan knows naught of its parents. Dreams—that's what's troubling you, lamby, only dreams."

"You're putting me off. It's always so. Oh, why must you be so cruel? You know it's not true—this tale of fisherfolk. It's lies! Sometimes my heart tells me even you're no kin. I can't understand you, nor the sober folk who cross the mountain—cold, cheerless, dull. Oh, sometimes I think the sea's own madness is in me and I long to fling myself upon the rocks, to feel their sharpness and to die! I'm sick of dullness, of endlessly bawling sheep—of everything!"

"Nu, then, dear heart, fret no more about it. All that you say is true. You shall go to the village—to laugh, to dance, to sing. Yes, my dearie, you shall be young as long as you like, and happy always. Nu, then, that is better, smile at Grandfather—so it is well. Your smile, dear heart, is as the sun upon the sea."

"NOW is Satan afoot for certain!" whispered the cook to her assistant, as she raised her eyes from the crack in the door, "afoot and dancing a measure!"

Laughter, piercing and shrill, broke upon their astonished ears. Laughing in the face of the Fru! What impertinence! It frightened the good women and they fled down the corridor to the cook-house.

"I have long thought her wrong in the head," said the cook, "the airs she has, and such shamelessness! The very devil lies in her feet. If she's not a changeling, she's at least bewitched. My soul! What's to come of it, I wonder?"

Back in the wool-room consternation reigned. Fru Lind had come upon her husband kissing the maid! They faced her brazenly enough. Herr Lind twiddled his watchchain and smiled indulgently upon his wife's anger. Except for that hysterical burst of laughter, Hulda was silent; yet there was a kind of defiant wilfulness about her shame.

Fru Lind glared at the offenders in terrible silence, her long thin face a livid question mark rising from the nun-like draperies of her gown. Like a dreadful apparition of evil conscience she confronted them, more terrible in her soundless fury than explosive rage. But it is certain that no one was more relieved than she herself when pride came to the rescue and she could muster wit to cry out sharply:

"So! This is gratitude! This my reward for all that I have done. This is the thanks I get for taking to my house a doubtful character—a shameless nobody!"

Herr Lind's eyes narrowed—a sign of concentration in him; he cleared his throat, left off twiddling his watch chain and, with the deceptive laziness of a cat, crossed to his wife's side. To the hate in her eyes he replied with a laugh—low and curiously velvety. Then, as one coaxes a child, he took her rigid arm in gentle fingers, saying in mock seriousness:

"My dear, surely you've forgotten what the doctor told us—excitement, pray reflect, is not the best thing for your heart."

She shook herself free from him angrily. Herr Lind shrugged, laughed again that hateful laugh of his and bowed respectfully. She could have killed him. Herre Gud, what insolence! The man was heartless—shameless—inhuman! Self-control to the winds, she whirled upon Hulda, her fingers biting deep into the soft flesh of the young girl's bare, white arm. "Contemptible creature! How dare you stand there gloating in your shame? Out you go! Now—at once! I'll not tolerate your presence in this house another moment. Pack your things and away with you!"

Again Herr Lind cleared his throat—but he did not smile. His face was expressionless as granite. "Hulda," said he—his voice padded steel—"Fru Lind is not always herself—nerves, you know, and all that. An unfortunate condition . . ." He turned his mocking eyes upon the tortured woman. "Forgive me, my love—betraying your little weakness—" he shrugged, "but under the circumstances—"

Poor Fru Lind! Exasperated beyond endurance she tore at her neckband as if it choked her. Hate lay like a sword across her brows, yet it was weakness she feared. He would egg her on to deeper self-betrayal and increased humiliation. She knew Herr Lind! Her suffering was his main pleasure—well, if it killed her she'd cheat him of this joy. With the courage born of desperation she forced herself to speak—"You are right, Herr Lind—as always. I am not myself today."

He bowed, and turning to Hulda continued suavely: "You have heard? Madam admits that the tongue plays tricks at times. In fact, my dear Hulda, Fru Lind had in mind a promotion. Only this morning she spoke of it . . . I am right, am I not, my dear? I did not then quite see the point—but now—now it is certainly clear that Fru Lind anticipated justice."

Hulda laughed, lifting her black head roughly and her wide violet eyes met his veiled glances bravely. Fearless, unabashed, she endured his cold speculative scrutiny—nay, it raised her to higher exaltation. Something in her wild impassioned nature delighted in the hardness of the man. Thus they measured arms; she smiling and high-hearted; he cold and inscrutable. Just for an instant a strange expression, at once tender and fierce, crossed his face. He smiled: "You understand?" was all he said.

"I understand, Herr Lind," she echoed softly, her voice rich and throaty—"everything!" Swift and graceful as a bird she darted from the room.

Herr Lind turned a cold eye upon his wife. "You forget yourself, madam. Never had I thought to find a fishwife's temper in the daughter of Herr Anderson."

Something more deadly than mockery colored his voice. She shivered, chilled in heart and marrow—how terrible he could be, this smiling tyrant!

Already she regretted her temper—her hasty judgment. What, after all, was a kiss? The girl was a witch for looks—and men are only men.

"Perhaps I was hasty," she forced herself to say.

He waved this aside—"Let us hope none of the servants heard you."

"Heard me?" she gasped, shocked to faintness by this new unreasonable-ness. "Heard me? What of yourself, Herr Lind? What of this—this—person—this Hulda? Who, pray, is to bridle her tongue?"

"Madam, leave that to me."

"Oh, you are unspeakable!"

"Quite so! And you, my dear, somewhat boring, except at the piano. But come, enough of this. You shall play for me—coals of fire, shall we say, on the poor sinner's head." Courtesy personified, he offered his arm. But to Fru Lind it seemed an added injury. There was no way of escape—disdain, protest, temper, nothing availed. With a helpless shrug she submitted to fate. Besides, whatever happened she must show a bold front to the servants. Detestable creatures, she knew that every crack and keyhole had its votary!

Herr Lind, apparently, had quite recovered his equable nature. He recalled a dozen happy incidents of the day—friends he had met and so on. By the time they had reached the comfortable living-room where the cook was laying the cloth for afternoon coffee, he was laughing amicably.

Without protest Fru Lind took her place at the piano which, black and ponderous, filled one corner of the room. As she played, if not like a genius, at least like the conscientious artist she was. No one but Herr Lind would have dared to criticize such a performance. But Herr Lind dared most things. "My dear," he drawled, "with your natural ability that rendering might be improved. Forgive me, Milde, but the score went rather badly. Suppose we try Peer Gynt; you're wont to be fond of that." Pride alone sustained Fru Lind through that. She bit her lip—flung her head high. Let him laugh! Let him mock! Neither humiliation nor anger should make her cringe before the servants—no, not though it killed her. She never knew how she played or what she played—presumably it was Peer Gynt—blindly, desperately, she struggled on. Even the cook pitied her.

"He's a devil, that man," she confided to her crony when she went to the cookhouse for the coffee urn. "A very limb o' Satan, may the Lord punish him good and proper!"

WITH Hulda gone to the dairy farm three miles away Fru Lind breathed freely again. She had never liked the girl. During the two years Hulda had spent with them she had come to recognize in her something peculiarly distracting and independent. She was not like the other peasant girls who came to work in the village. There was a freedom and an arrogance about her which the Danish lady found difficult to tolerate. Discipline was impossible. Beyond the province of her labors Hulda would not be persuaded; her duties done, she claimed the right to use her leisure as it pleased her. Neither crochet nor letters claimed her. Wild as a gipsy she wandered the heath and the hills. Untamed, untamable—a little savage devoid of piety, that was Hulda! There was no reverence in her; neither for the church, the clergy, nor for her mistress.

Naturally, Fru Lind congratulated herself on being rid of such a nuisance. Certainly she had shown creditable wisdom in handling a ticklish situation as she did. A less astute woman would have dismissed the girl outright. She had known better—an angry servant makes a bitter enemy. Nonetheless, as time went on she became aware that all was not right in her household. Time

and again she surprised her servants in the most suspicious activity. Oh, she knew them! They never worked like that unless mischief was brewing. Someone had a pretty kettle of gossip! And the way they fell silent on seeing her was proof enough that the chatter had been more than usually impertinent and personal.

Even to herself Fru Lind would admit no reason, but one fine day she suddenly decided to ride out to the farm. There a like condition prevailed. Helga, the young woman in charge, was all aflutter at the sight of the mistress. She hemmed and hawed, stammered and stuttered—acted, in fact, like a plain idiot. An ugly suspicion dawned on Fru Lind. But no, it could not be—it was impossible! Deny it as she would, every nerve in her body seemed to jangle with conviction. She tried to laugh away the foolish feeling—making a jest of Helga's shyness, accusing her of being in love and demanding to know the worst. Helga turned scarlet, opened her mouth, shut it again and looked about furtively. Fru Lind shrugged impatiently. "On my word, Helga," her voice was sharp and sarcastic, "you look guilty of murder. Come, my good girl, what's on your mind?"

Helga shook her head. "It's just the shame of having you see the place upset—there's been so much doing."

Fru Lind frowned. "You can't fool me, Helga, you're worried—"

"No, oh no! What's to worry me?"

The lambing's good, the cows fat as butter—ja, you shall see—you shall see the cheeses and the curds in the milk-house, Fru Lind—Ja, that'll say if I should worry.

Fru Lind was not convinced. It was too apparent that Helga wanted to be rid of her—wanted, at least, to get her away from the cottage. She smiled, and decided to stay. "That'll not be necessary. You know, my good Helga, that we have always had perfect confidence in all you do. Indeed I much prefer to rest. But you might make a cup of coffee. The trip was rather dusty and trying."

Helga's guileless countenance betrayed only too well her consternation. Fru Lind was seized with a desire to laugh. The poor girl was so funny in her crestfallen, hang-dog attitude. Whatever had she been up to, she wondered. Out loud she asked a seemingly irrelevant question. "And how do you like the new girl, Helga?" Poor Helga squirmed, blushed an even deeper red and, seeing her mistress was bent on staying, tardily offered a chair.

"She's no trouble, I hope—?" Fru Lind, you see, was persistent.

"No, no, Fru Lind—never a bit! Clever, she is, that one—"

Fru Lind flicked the dust from her riding boots. "I'm glad to hear it, Helga. I might as well confess that I had my doubts. The farm is apt to be lonely—would seem so at least, to a restless spirit."

Helga mopped her red perspiring face. "There's some is used to loneliness, Fru Lind—I've no wish for better help."

"That is good. I'm glad to hear it—perhaps I have been unjust."

And then, just as Helga was beginning to breathe freely, hoping that all would be well, didn't the evil Fates convene to bring poor Hulda round the corner of the house, a bucket of freshly-washed wool in her hand, a new and strange tranquility in her lovely, passionate face. Though all the Trolls had deliberately contrived against her, she could not have made a less welcome appearance.

Fru Lind's small dark eyes glittered like beads in the angry pallor of her face at sight of the girl. Fool that she had been not to heed the voice of intuition—her worst suspicions were

Continued on page 50

Who are they.... these irritable mothers?



WHEN youngsters begin to ask questions Mother must know every answer. And often kiddies falter, dumb questions in their eyes, when Mother cries "don't bother me." How can they know that Mother isn't talking—it's Mother's tired, jangled nerves set on edge by the use of drug stimulants such as tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee. No wonder Mother is irritable!

Tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee are harmful. With you these agents may work fast or slow. But sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure.

Drink Postum. Every member of the family will enjoy this deliciously flavored hot drink every meal of the day. It helps to keep nerves healthy and rested because it is free from all drug stimulants. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. Or there's Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. At all grocers', restaurants, your club or on the train. Read Carrie Blanchard's splendid free offer. Mail the coupon today.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply (sufficient for 21 cups).

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."



CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LIMITED		P6-28
METROPOLITAN BUILDING, TORONTO 2, ONT		
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply (21 cups) of		
INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which		
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ you prefer		
Name		
Address		
City	Prov.	S3

Postum



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink. Make Instant Postum for them using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately, and they will get the added nourishment of milk in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.

To Close Out an Estate

A Large Western Canadian Ranch FOR SALE

On main line of C.P. Railway. Well improved. All fenced and cross-fenced. Good buildings. Good water.

TO ENABLE us to close out an estate which we are liquidating, we have for sale a large, well-improved ranch in Southwestern Saskatchewan containing approximately 28,000 acres. The ranch is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which runs through the property.

The headquarters' buildings adjoin Crane Lake Station and consist of a good, roomy dwelling house, ample barns and other outbuildings for the purposes of the ranch. Original cost of buildings over \$50,000.00. There are also other commodious buildings distributed throughout the ranch.

The property is all fenced and cross-fenced, and is bounded on the north by a large lake known as Crane Lake, and there are running creeks, ensuring an abundant supply of water and hay.

The pasturage is excellent and capable of sustaining large numbers of sheep and cattle, while the facilities for the feeding and running of hogs are first class.

A considerable proportion of the land is arable and capable of growing good crops.

The property is for sale at the low price of \$7.50 per acre, payable \$50,000.00 cash and the balance in four equal consecutive annual instalments, with interest at six per cent. A somewhat lower price will be quoted to a cash purchaser.

For further particulars apply to:

THE STANDARD TRUSTS COMPANY, Winnipeg, Canada
Liquidator

WESTERN HOMES LIMITED MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

HEAD OFFICE—2nd Floor Lombard Bldg.,—WINNIPEG

Capital Subscribed - - \$2,917,000.00

Capital Paid Up. - - \$1,101,178.75

As at December 31st, 1927

The Story In Figures Since Business Began in 1915

	1915	1927
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL.....	\$182,800.00	\$2,917,000.00
PAID-UP CAPITAL.....	24,581.53	1,101,178.75
ASSETS.....	36,613.93	1,282,646.77
DEFERRED PROFITS, SURPLUS AND RESERVE	4,741.62	115,299.72
PREMIUMS IN COURSE OF COLLECTION.....	(Nil)	267,479.42

Progress in 1927

Increase in Subscribed Capital.....	\$311,600.00
Increase in Paid-Up Capital.....	\$ 86,804.96
Increase in Assets.....	\$145,249.56
Collected on Mortgage Accounts.....	\$208,881.65

Profits for 1927

Profits for 1927, after providing for taxes and all expenses, with surplus from 1926, total.....	\$101,782.08
Appropriated as follows:	
Dividends and Income Tax.....	\$46,496.49
Transferred to Reserve.....	30,000.00
Surplus.....	25,285.59
	\$101,782.08

WESTERN HOMES has maintained an unbroken record for 13 years of operating without the loss of a single dollar of its capital and has also maintained its record of profits, the net earnings for the past year exceeding 7%. Exceptional progress has been made in every department. Interest on Mortgage Accounts collected in 1927 exceeded the amount collected in 1926 by \$6,428.73. The Company's invested funds of over One Million Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are protected by carefully selected mortgage securities on moderately priced city homes and well-improved farms, conservatively appraised at over \$2,500,000.00.

M. WILLIS ARGUE, Managing Director

ARGUE BROS., LTD. General Agents WINNIPEG



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

Answers to Queries

Lundbreck, Alta.

(Q) Would you kindly advise on the following. Tenant rents half section cash rent payable December 1st each year, the crop proves entire failure, tenant unable to meet cash rent. (1) Can owner dispossess tenant before April 1st? (2) Can he seize horses, implements, household goods or other chattels owned by tenant and found on the owners place? (3) If tenant removes these chattels before seizure can owner follow them and how long?—D. M.

(A) (1) The owner is entitled to evict the tenant at any time after default in payment of the rent. Because there was an entire crop failure is no reason for you not paying the rent. It would possibly have been different if the rent was a share of the crop. (2) The landlord is entitled to seize such stock and equipment as you own. However, you are entitled to claim against the landlord all your exemptions. This includes sufficient cattle, horses, implements and household goods to provide for your bare living necessities. The list of exemptions is quite long and you can obtain exact particulars from any solicitor or bailiff. (3) If the tenant removes any chattels other than his exemptions the landlord has the right to follow them for 30 days provided that the tenant removes them with intent to defraud the landlord. There can be no question of fraud if the landlord knew the tenant proposed to move. No question of fraud can of course enter into the case if the tenant removes only his statutory exemptions.

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) Would you please tell me through your legal column in your magazine, if the father of an illegitimate child can be made to support it, the mother to be is a married woman living apart from her husband, and the father to be is a well-to-do farmer in Manitoba.—E. W.

(A) Yes, we think under the circumstances the prospective mother would be entitled to obtain from the putative father a sum sufficient to pay the hospital and other expenses of the mother, and also a sum sufficient to support the child. Such a matter is usually handled by the Court making an order for payment by the father of firstly, the laying in expenses of the mother, and secondly, payment of a monthly sum for the support of the child until it has attained the age of 16 years.

Ontario

(Q) Could you please answer the following questions in your paper. (1) What widow is entitled to a pension? (2) Is the law the same all over the Dominion or has each Province a law of its own in that matter? (3) Is a woman entitled to a pension who separated from her husband a number of years ago, she has no family, the husband did not give her anything, he died since they parted, but left her nothing. (4) What is the allowance per month. (5) Is a war widow allowed a pension, she has one child who is quite young?—K. McR.

(A) (1) In reply to your first question. At the present time we believe the only pension available for a widow in the Province of Ontario is under the Mothers' Allowance Act. (2) Each Province has its own laws. The Dominion last year passed an Act providing for old age pension for persons over 70 years of age who have resided in Canada for over 20 years. This act will come into force in Ontario whenever that Province passes a similar Act. (3) and (4) We know of no pension payable to a widow under the circumstances which you state. (5) The Mothers' Allowance Act provides for an allowance where a widow has two children. It is possible that in a special case an allowance could also be obtained for a widow with only one child, the general idea of the act being that a widow can support herself and one child without any assistance.

HOW far is a person bound when he enters into a written contract without reading the contract in question, such as the signing of a lease which is very seldom read over by the tenant? The general rule of law is that every person is bound by all the terms of a written agreement whether he has read it or not, unless the contract is printed in such a way that any one of its clauses is not reasonably brought to his notice, such as, in one case where a special clause limiting liability was almost obliterated by a rubber stamp placed on top of the printed clause. Recently a car owner left his car in a garage for the purpose of having it repaired and when he did so he signed a "work order" at the end of which there appears in small type the following condition: "The Company does not assume in any way any liability whatever either for cars left with us for repair, storage or other purposes or while being driven by our employees." The garage keeper after the car was repaired transferred it to a storehouse of his own, and some time thereafter there came a heavy frost which caused the water in the radiator to freeze, thus doing injury to the car. The owner sued the garage keeper on the grounds that he was negligent in not removing the water from the radiator before storing it. Three Judges of the Court of Appeal held that the owner was bound by the particular clause referred to above, and two of the Judges held that the clause denying liability was in such small type that it was not reasonably brought to the notice of the owner. The majority of the Court held that if the owner did not read the special condition, he acted at his own peril, thus pointing the moral that whenever a person signs a written agreement he will do well to inquire into all its terms before he affixes his signature. Once he has signed it he becomes bound.

A Company was engaged in the construction of a large building in Toronto and their foreman, on a Saturday, in answer to a request by an Italian to give a job to a fellow countryman said "Bring him in on Monday morning and I will see if I can give him a job," or used equivalent words. The Italian on Monday morning brought in his friend and the foreman told the friend to wait where he was until he, the foreman, had put his men to work and he would then see about him. While the foreman was absent a wooden block fell on the friend and seriously injured him. He thereupon sued the Company for negligence. Was he entitled to succeed? The evidence showed that the claimant did not remain where the foreman told him to stay, but apparently moved around to a place between the building and a portion of the sidewalk which had been closed to the public on account of the erection of the building. After due consideration the court held that the claimant was not entitled to succeed because he had no right to be where the accident took place, and that he was only a trespasser. If, however, the accident had taken place at or near the point where the foreman had told him to wait the Court would have granted him damages. Any person who enters into a building without an express invitation or license is only a trespasser and the owner is under no duty of care other than to avoid deliberately injuring him. If he is invited or granted license to enter a building the invitation or license only covers that portion of the building to which he is either expressly or impliedly supposed to be. It should be added in this particular case, that at the point where the injury was caused there were a number of notices marked "danger." As one writer has remarked "The victim was indulging in the natural inquisitiveness which makes it necessary to put up hoardings around a building under construction."

When sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Dollars and Cents



T. B. Macaulay, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada

WE ARE informed that some of our readers are receiving "tipping sheets" recommending the purchase of certain stocks and offering assistance in financial matters. The usual practice of publishers of these sheets is to advise the purchase of well known stocks, which have possibilities of appreciation. If the first advice is followed and if the increase in the price of stocks has been quick and substantial the purchaser is likely to believe that the publisher is after all a man of knowledge in the financial world and it takes but little persuasion to have him follow the advice a second time. This is what the publisher desires, for now he has the opportunity of unloading on his unsuspecting victim fake stocks, worthless in value and in many cases representing shares in companies that have long since passed out of existence. Such a claim is but the exemplification of the "come-on" men whose faces and schemes are so much in evidence, particularly on circus day or in the neighborhood of free amusement parlors. The credulity of the ordinary man is passing strange. For instance, take this situation: Mr. A. lives in one of our Western cities. He is holding a fair position, married, possibly buying his own home. He is not particularly brilliant nor well known in the community except within his own immediate circle. One day he receives a circular or a news-sheet giving him advice, such as we have outlined above. Probably he feels a little flattered that someone in Montreal knows of him and believes him to be possessed of moneys for investment purposes. It causes him to ponder and probably to fall into the trap. Does Mr. A., however, consider that if the tipster were so sure of his advice he would not waste precious time and money in printing invaluable information and mailing it to unknown persons? What interest has such a person in Mr. A? Only one, and that is to profit by his gullibility.

We cannot too strongly urge the consignment to the waste basket of all literature which purports to disclose a simple plan for the sudden acquisition of wealth. Free advice of this kind is usually worth what it costs. It is an easy matter to investigate before investing.

We have been warning our readers continuously on this subject, possibly even to the point of irritation, but a concrete case recently before our notice has very strongly emphasized the matter.

A foreigner owned a house which he was desirous of selling. He took the matter up with a compatriot who was in the real estate business. Some days later the agent advised the owner that he had arranged the sale of the property on the terms of a certain sum in cash and the delivery of certain shares in a Company. The owner accepted the agent's advice and took the shares on the representation that they possessed considerable market value and were

Continued on page 63

Outstanding Achievement

Over Half a Billion

BUSINESS-IN-FORCE

In 35 Years

Annual Statement

[CONDENSED]

Year ending December 31st, 1927

New business Issued	\$ 75,391,761.00
*Business in Force - -	502,544,842.00
Income - - -	23,902,307.33
Assets - - -	94,909,288.96
Liabilities - - -	91,424,753.40
Gross Surplus Earned -	4,833,298.88
Provision for Future Profits to Policyholders -	9,152,384.00
Unassigned Profits and Contingency Reserve	3,484,535.56

* Over Five Hundred Million Dollars of protection sheltering the homes of this continent.

Lower Expense Rate
Lower Mortality Rate
Increased Surplus Earnings

1928 is Policyholders' Service Year



MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - - - - - WINNIPEG

Comparative Progress By Seven Year Periods

As at Dec. 31	Assurance in Force	Assets	Paid to Policyholders
1913	\$ 6,762,506.00	\$ 538,198.09	\$ 56,893.76
1920	25,564,980.00	1,819,453.97	517,900.81
1927	52,512,422.00	7,080,954.14	2,275,015.24
	57,583,796.00	Including Double Indemnity Accident Assurance of \$5,071,374.00	

LIBERAL PROFITS PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS

Send for Copy of Full Annual Report

APARTMENT BLOCK FOR SALE

Attractive Investment Proposition

THE UNDERSIGNED has for sale a most attractive, well ented, centrally located Apartment Block in Winnipeg, yielding a handsome return to the man or investor who could give the property his personal care and supervision. One with ordinary ability in handling rents and tenants, and capable of doing his own repairs, would enjoy his own apartment suite at a free rental, and the maximum profits out of the proposition we have to submit. \$10,000 to \$15,000 needed to handle the deal.

THE STANDARD TRUSTS CO., 346 Main St., WINNIPEG
Trustees and Executors

LARGE PROFITS SMALL RISK

STOCK OPTION TRADING
Enables you to control 100 — shares any stock for \$125.00. Explanatory booklet mailed on request.

HORWOOD & CO.
Keefer Building
MONTREAL

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

Tell your friends
about the real
Western magazine
The Western
Home Monthly

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More
Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Tired people

SO MANY women, so many men, can't last through the day. Even mid-afternoon finds them listless and spent. Hopelessly tired.

What a difference it would mean if they but realized how constipation saps health and energy. How it steals youth. Mocks beauty. Kills ambition. How it leads in the end to untold diseases.



And it can be so easily relieved. So surely and safely prevented. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to relieve it promptly and pleasantly. To prevent it ever beginning its deadly work.

Why "all-bran" is necessary

To relieve constipation *naturally* the system must have plenty of bulk. ALL-BRAN, because it is 100% bran, furnishes bulk in generous quantity. It carries moisture through the intestines—exercising them, gently sweeping out poisons and wastes. There is seldom enough bulk to properly do this work in a part-bran product. That is why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN—the 100% bran.

Farewell, dangerous drugs

How much better is ALL-BRAN than the habit-forming pills and laxatives—whose dose must be constantly increased to remain effective. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a pleasant, healthful cereal food. Don't you agree that it is far safer and far better to correct constipation in this natural way than to risk pills, drugs or part-bran products?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delicious with milk or cream—with fruits or honey added. Use it in cooking too. Sprinkle it into soups. Mix it with other cereals. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—chronic cases, with every meal.

Don't run risks with part-bran substitutes, which, at best, can be but partially effective. Insist on Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On diners. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee. Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

Johann Lind

Continued from page 47

more than justified. She was momentarily stunned, terrified out of measure at the thought of what might follow. Not that Hulda's shame touched or surprised her—such things had happened to servant girls—but that the shadow of reproach should fall upon her household; upon her, the daughter of Herr Anderson—there you had the tragedy!

In the terrible moments she stood transfixed, staring at the silent girl before her, a flood of wild thoughts swept through her mind. She had borne much in silence since marrying Herr Lind, small indignities, refined torments—oh, a thousand petty miseries! They burned her now like the tongues of avid flame. Yet she had loved him at first, that smiling tyrant of hers, and excused him in her heart. He had been embittered in his poverty-stricken student days—even her father had admitted his injustice to the young Norwegian student beginning business life in the offices of the Anderson Shipping Company. She had been proud, too, when in the first flush of success Herr Lind had desired her hand—proud because he had made no secret of his hatred for her countrymen.

Strange that she should remember now how she had laughed at him—attributing his dislike to the foolish prejudice existing between their countries. And he had kissed her slender white hands with the lazy grace of a prince.

But all this was changed; married life had become a game of endurance with her. A gentlewoman does not leave her husband; that thought had kept her patient.

Helga grew frightened at the ominous silence. "Fru Lind," she implored, "come in with me. You look ill. Dear Fru Lind, I beg you—"

A wave of hot resentment rushed over Fru Lind. With cruelty born of humiliation she brushed the girl aside impatiently, turning upon Hulda the flaming passion of her mounting hatred:

"Ungrateful creature, shame upon you! Shame and sorrow and the contempt of decent folk! Oh, I marvel you dare stand before me—you, who eat the bread of my providing and reward me with disgrace. Herre Gud! that this should come upon me—Milde Andersen—I who treat my people with charity and kindness! Impudent girl, tar and feathers were none too bad for you—you wrecker of homes! As for you, Helga, I'm sadly disillusioned; there's none to be trusted. Oh, why didn't you warn me? Why did you let this scandal noise abroad? To think that for all my charities I'm nothing but a thing of jest to my own servants!"

"Oh, dearest Fru Lind, forgive me, forgive us all!" Helga whimpered tearfully. "'Tis young she is, and ignorant—what can you expect with only a foolish old man to rear her?"

"Be silent! I'll have no defence of such behavior. Only Herman to rear her? Poor old man, nursing an adder in his bosom! So you think that's an excuse, do you? A trusting old man and the good clean hills—these were the cause of her miserable conduct? And where, may I ask, could one better retain the purity of innocence than in such a convent-like seclusion? Oh, fie on you, Helga, get out of my sight—begone, both of you; take her back to the hills, get her away at once! But stay!" she cried, as Hulda was about to slip away, her face white as death, her eyes dark pools of unshed misery. "Now listen to me, you Madonna-faced sinner. There'll be no talk—you understand? Not a word not even a whisper. Is that clear?"

Poor Hulda bore it all bravely and unflinchingly. Except for that extreme pallor, she seemed little altered or anywise affected, that is, when the pale lids hid the black despair of her eyes. One look into those deep wells of puzzled misery and the coldest heart must wake to pity. Even Fru Lind shrank back shocked at the things she saw or imagined she saw when, with the courage of native honesty Hulda raised those agonized eyes to the face of her tormentor. Herre Gud! the girl was fey, thought the lady and shivered despite herself. And indeed, there was a strange transparency about that girlish face as though the fires of the spirit were fast consuming the frail flesh. She seemed at once ethereal and fiercely alive.

Fru Lind's pity faded quickly. After all the girl deserved to suffer, ought to suffer. Simple justice demanded it. "You understand me," she reiterated sharply, beginning to draw on her gloves, "no more gossip—no names—silence!"

"I understand, Fru Lind." "Let us hope you do! And now, Helga, bring my pony—has he been to the watering-trough?—very well. But before I go I'll again repeat that I'm disappointed in you. I shouldn't have thought it of you, Helga. It makes one wonder if fidelity is a thing of the past. Well, that's that! And now remember you're to take that girl to the hills. I'll not have her about any longer."

"Dear Fru Lind, not now! Not just now. In a few weeks—a little while—"

"I said at once!" snapped Fru Lind, flinging herself into the saddle, "at once, or I'll report her, myself, to church and county!" With which angry retort she whirled away in a cloud of yellow dust.

Hulda had reached the end of endurance; without a sound she fell in a shuddering heap where she stood. Helga screamed, flew to the unfortunate girl's side, and, satisfied she had suffered no great injury, dashed to the house for water. All a-tremble and in tears she bathed Hulda's ashen face, crooning the while as to a hurt little child:

"There, there, dear one, see, Helga loves you. Helga will go with you. Oh, Jesu, have pity! Bad luck on that heartless woman."

Hulda's eyes fluttered open eventually and, smiling sweetly into the anxious face above her, she whispered her gratitude: "You're good, dear Helga—good, good."

"God be praised! It's dying I thought you'd be. Look now, take firm hold of me—that's right, up you go and into bed. Not a word I'll have against it—it's a rest you've got to get if we're to make the hills shortly."

"We?" questioned Hulda with soft tears gushing to her eyes, "We?—but you must not go. It would cost you your place. Fru Lind never meant for you to go."

"Did she not, then? And is it a mind-reader she thinks me that she says one thing and means another? Go, she said, and go I will. What's more, it's myself will stay as long as you need me."

HELGA was not without her refuge in times of stress; Ole Boen opened a ready heart to all her troubles. That he should have happened to be at the farm when Fru Lind paid her stormy visit never ceased to impress Helga as a mark of God's especial favor; for Ole willingly agreed to accompany the women into the hills.

As a matter of fact Ole welcomed any fate that removed him from the tiresome labor of farm and field. Now a sharp turn with the sea—that was

another matter and one he took a berserk joy in; but this making hay and shearing sheep, Herre Gud! what man could abide such women's work?

By virtue of his undoubted seaman-ship he was in reality chief coast-guard, and thus honorably noted in the factor's big black book. His duty was to keep an open eye for driftwood and whatever gifts the stormy sea might find fit to bring ashore. And in case of tragedy—the all too frequent tragedy of the north seas—his was also the grimmer duty of manning the rescue boats, rendering first aid when the fates were kind, and bringing in the dead.

But, when the sea was quiet, lying in silky, sun-kissed ripples out to the farthest horizon, then poor Ole's boredom began. At such times he was no more than Fru Lind's "jack of all trades"—in a sickly Hades at that! "Troll take her, and her housewifely acumen"! So he not infrequently expressed himself to Helga, whose sympathy was never-failing. In her heart Helga hated the sea but such is the guile of women that poor Ole never guessed it. In fact, all that made these depressing intervals bearable were his visits to Helga and, incidentally, what occupied his mind the most was the problem of ever-ready and convincing pretext to take him to the farm. Once there everything righted itself—so far of course as anything can be righted on shore. Over a cup of fragrant newly-roasted coffee, he generally found his tongue along with his good nature. Many were the tales he told his sweetheart—to whom he was Sampson and David in one—tales of hardy whalers off on the rarest sport—"Ja, Helga, that's the play for you—two irons buried to the sockets in a giant whale lashing the sea with his flukes and fighting to kill! Ja, ja, there's the sport for you, with a stiff breeze, a choppy sea and more like the boat leaking badly in the bow planks"! Even the retelling brought fire to Ole's eye and color to his cheeks—Ja, the sea was the only place for a man, and as full of whimsies as a pretty woman! Full of mysteries, too, was the sea, and haunted by ghosts of merchantmen lost none knew where nor why—sliding from port to port under a leaden moon with death at the helm and terror in their wake!

Queer, too, Ole told Helga, how from the start some ships are marked for death and followed day after day by that devil's favorite, the loathesome shark. Yes, Ole loved to linger over the telling of such tales—give him an angry sea, a wind-torn sky and a seasoned boat, and life were worth the living once again! Of such things he spoke; but seldom of the intrepid part he often played, of the lives he saved, or of the dangers he selflessly incurred to snatch some rigid body from the hungry deep that it might lie decently between two crosses in the barren churchyard at the village end. A great, good-natured giant, was Ole, slow of mind and indifferent to a degree. Yet he had his firm convictions; to him all things were predestined; luck was the gift of the gods and failure a fore-ordained condition. Naturally, nursing so simple a creed, he had no difficulty in sympathizing with Hulda, especially when he learned of her misery from Helga's rosy lips. "M-m, the gale's gone against her, poor brig! We'll have to tow her to port somehow," said he. And that concluded the matter so far as he was concerned.

While he loaded the pack-horses, he mused on the tenderness of his Helga. Good, capable, godly soul that she was, and pretty—why a Lofotten fishing smack, all sails set and gleaming in the sun was no fairer in his eyes! His tender-hearted Helga—worse luck he had no grievous sin to confide to her ready sympathy.

Whence ever the favor, his going

on that sad little pilgrimage proved lucky for the poor woman for, when they were less than half way up the pass, one of those unforeseen storms that harrass the north country burst upon them. The terrible wind, ripping and tearing over hill and dale, came at them in mighty breath-taking gales round each bend in the trail, howling and whistling and scattering sand and scree in a blinding cloud before it.

Poor Hulda had difficulty in clinging to her seat; with stiffened fingers she clutched the pony's mane, her senses reeling in maddening unison with the crazy world about her. Her companions watched her anxiously but there was nothing they could do; their lives depended upon the ponies and they, noble brutes, knew it well.

The zig-zaggy trail, scarcely more than a goat-path, led on and upward; at its end lay rest and safety. The sturdy little beasts pressed on, over shifting sand and cruel scree, bracing themselves miraculously against the terrific blast that every moment threatened their safety.

At last the weary travellers discerned, through a blur of fog and whirling sand, the indistinct huddle that was Herman's little house; wind-swept, seemingly shrinking into the ridge behind it, its small window, like a single yellow eye, blinked helplessly upon the furious world round about it.

Ole hallooed loudly, bellowing into the teeth of the wind with the fury of a Troll. Sharp and shrill, ripping the air like a sword, came the answering of Gammur's noisy greeting. A little moan—the first that dreadful day—broke from poor Hulda on hearing that familiar sound and she almost pitched from the saddle. "Gammur, Gammur"! she shrieked, and Gammur bounded forward in an ecstasy. In the same instant Herman flung open the door.

"Who comes! Who comes in God's name"! he cried, peering out into the storm, incredulously hand to his eyes, the warm yellow light of the cottage a mellow screen behind him.

Ole bellowed again with all his seaman's lungs: "'Tis ourselves, Herman! Ourselves, and hungry as sharks"! Despite the cheerful outcry a sudden premonition of impending ill paralyzed old Herman for the moment. He couldn't move, couldn't think, couldn't understand—what meant this shouting and roaring and that heart-rending cry in the storm? Whence, and who, these gray ghosts filing in sodden misery into his sand-strewn yard? Who... "Ja, Herre Gud"! With the cry of a wounded animal the old man stumbled forward, comprehending at last, and bitterly afraid. "Hulda, my dear one, Hulda, my own—" But though he came swiftly, his eager arms wide he was barely in time to catch her as she tumbled from the saddle—the most pitiful prodigal ever turned home.

Into the little house they passed, a sadly chastened company, worn and weary and too miserable to talk. Old Herman was grateful to be spared the whips of speech—some things are better left unsaid. Tender as a woman he helped Hulda to her old ben, removing her rain-soaked habit and sodden boots and piling her round with quilts and cushions. All the while her eyes never left his face, clean childish eyes filled now with strange new terrors and mute contrition. He could have wept to see the like in her once proud face.

"Nu, da, little one," he mumbled huskily as he dropped down beside her to pillow her head on his shoulder, "nu, da, dear little heart."

Ole blinked, blew his nose loudly and cursed the wind and the devil who perverted it—"The horses! Ja, I'm a fine one to forget the horses—I'll be seeing to them this minute," he roared and, thankful for a way of escape,

Continued on page 52

No greasy film

Gaily colored plates and cups —
clean gleaming service silver —
tasty foods —

tables — all furniture —
showing no trace of greasy film

— this is the way of your modern
hostess.

Old-fashioned furniture polishes have been discarded by your progressive woman. Discarded because all of them spread a blue-gray, greasy, dirt-catching film on table tops and other fine furniture.

Today millions of women use only the new Liquid Veneer. These women have found, just as the scientists' photographs of the white kid glove tests prove, that the new Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film. Dirt and grime do not stick to a surface polished with the new Liquid Veneer.

A few drops of Liquid
Veneer on your dust cloth
every day as you dust

— a few swift strokes, no hard rubbing, and quickly a mirror-bright polish appears on your table tops, furniture, and all your woodwork. And, remember, dirt and grime do not adhere to a surface polished with the new Liquid Veneer — because it leaves no greasy film.

An improved polish, still sold in the familiar yellow package, the new Liquid Veneer is the one polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes. You can get Liquid Veneer at hardware, china, drug, grocery, department, furniture, or general stores, or you may wish to accept one of these offers.

Liquid Veneer Corporation
1913 Liquid Veneer Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.

2 Special Introductory
Trial Offers
Check Offer Desired



Liquid Veneer Corporation
1913 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of:

Offer A 50 cents enclosed
Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair
Outfit.....\$0.50
(Includes trial 2 oz. 15c bottle
Liquid Veneer and all the materials
needed to repair scratches, nicks,
worn spots, etc. on all kinds of furniture
in various woods and finishes.)
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth......25
Book, "The Care of Fine Finishes"......25
Total Value.....\$1.00
Special price postpaid .50

Offer B 10 cents enclosed
Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....\$0.10
(Enough for two weeks' dusting)
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth......25
Total Value.....\$0.35
Special price postpaid .10

Name
Address
City.....Prov.

White-Gloved
finger tips
rubbed over
Liquid Veneer
are not dis-
colored. Liquid
Veneer leaves no
greasy film; re-
quires no hard
work in appli-
cation.

© 1928
L. V. Corp.



White-Gloved
finger tips
rubbed over
old-fashioned
furniture
polishes reveal
their greasy film
and show why
their use means
hard work, too.

Tests made by The Electrical Testing
Laboratories, New York.

THE
NEW **LIQUID VENEER**
dusts cleans polishes LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

22 or 45

IS there an age
when women must
cease to look young?

ENEMIES of health and vitality are decayed teeth and infected gums. Every year they cause thousands of cases of ill-health and premature old age, as well as dangerous diseases.

Dentists state that the most serious of dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. The rounded edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. They ferment, forming acids that cause decay and irritate the gums. A dentifrice should do more than clean the exposed surfaces of the teeth. But it is almost impossible to clean between the teeth or in the V-shaped crevices where acids form. A dentifrice should protect these remote places against decay by neutralizing the acids that form in them. Dentists long have recognized Milk of Magnesia as the most effective of all products for neutralizing mouth acids. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent. of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize all mouth acids. It reduces the peril of pyorrhea, relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It helps to keep the entire mouth in a healthy condition.

At druggists everywhere, 45 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, of Canada, Limited, 468 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

USE SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA

Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food.

At druggists, 25c. and 50c.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Johann Lind

Continued from page 51

plunged into the storm. Helga's housewifely soul took refuge in action. The heart might be breaking but simple duties continued. Besides, something warned her that all their forces would soon be needed. With a sigh she turned her attention to the fire and the kettle.

When Ole returned the odor of coffee sweetened the air and the old brass kettle hummed a merry tune. Helga did her best to cheer her troubled friends. They would be the better for a little food and drink. Hulda especially had need of strengthening nourishment. But the suffering girl shook her head stubbornly. She could not eat, could not drink—wanted nothing but to be left in peace. From time to time she shivered, tormented alternately with nervous chills, and cruel fever that poured through her body in needle-point showers. At last she could bear no more and with a low whimpering cry of sudden despair flung herself face downward on the bed. Come what might she could do no more. She was spent in strength and broken in spirit.

Herman and Ole went out to the barn while Helga helped the tormented girl undress. She grew steadily worse but made no sound or protest. Helga marvelled at such fortitude. It seemed so alien to the character of the emotional girl she knew—the Hulda who shuddered at suffering in others and stood but ill the hardships common to their daily toil. But there it was—in the grip of pain that never a man could bear, Hulda refused to make an outcry; only that one little beaten whimper of despair escaped her bloodless lips. To Helga it was a miracle and in her dim way she perceived that there are many kinds of courage and that each soul strives according to its understanding.

Just before dawn Hulda's baby was born, a lusty-lunged boy, thinking poorly of the world he entered and saying so vehemently.

Some blossoms there are that endure but a little—day-lilies, waking to life with the sun, dying with his passing, and there are natures much like that, exotic children of the sunlight. Hulda was one of these.

Toward noon she wakened from the merciful sleep that had swept her into its kindly oblivion and called Herman. Like a sleep-walker fleeing some dreadful nightmare he stumbled forward and fell at the bedside. Out of her weakness she smiled a whisper of a smile that transfigured for a fleeting moment the cameo stiffness of her little face. "Grandfather, I'm glad its over . . . you will not cease to love me . . . and the hills will hide me forever." Very weary, very childlike was the once vibrant voice.

Herman shrank as from a whip to hear it. "Nu, da, dear heart, hush—our Lord is merciful and we are all poor sinners."

Again she smiled her most heart-rending smile. "Kindest, I am not afraid. But—it must be sad—lying forgotten—in the little cold graves." Emotional still, the thought made her shudder and catching convulsively at his hand she pressed it close to her cheek. "So cold. Grandfather—so lonely to the dead—"

"Hush, hush, my own. One speaks not of death—it is God's own crucible."

She sighed at that bravely and turned her face away. They thought she slept. But, with the slow hours fear crept upon them. Why, they could not have said—some look upon the girl's face; some subtle instinct stirred by the closeness of death. Helga became panic-stricken. Someone must go for the pastor. Someone must get him and that immediately.

Ole welcomed the suggestion, and at

once saddled two ponies, that he might ride the faster with no need to spare his mount. Fortunately the capricious weather favored him this time and at midnight he returned with Pastor Hans.

To the simple hillfolk the minister puts on the favor of God when he dons his black habit. In his robe he is a man no longer, but God's messenger, the mortal overshadowed by divinity and imbued with Divine mercy. It is consoling to sufferer and sinner alike to receive his ministrations.

Pastor Hans was a kindly man, pity tempered his justice. He was come as a confessor, it is true, but not to offer reproaches though he might have reminded the dying girl of laxity in many things—momentous things to his way of thinking. The time for that had passed and a more portentous duty confronted him. But, much to his amazement, he discovered that Hulda seemed nothing concerned about herself. Her assurance was perplexing. Herman had forgiven her, she told him with weary patience—what Herman could do, naturally God could do also—and what were words to the Maker of Hearts? Nonetheless, to please the anxious ones about her, Hulda repeated the prayers good Pastor Hans thought fitting to her need and pleasing to his God. That done she sank back upon her pillows with a weary sigh of relief, her hand fast in Herman's, her lovely eyes bravely smiling.

A country pastor has many duties; a sudden wail from the newborn infant recalled a pressing one. Pastor Hans groaned in spirit and wished fervently that life were less exacting. He did his best to be tactful: "My daughter," he began huskily, "my dear child—'tis God's to give and God's to withhold . . . it may be that His wisdom calls you forth—sets you free—but there's the babe—you will not leave him nameless—it were so far from justice."

Hulda closed her eyes, weary of sight and sound—of everything. The pastor's droning voice reached her dimly as from a vast distance and it annoyed her a little—like the buzzing of persistent insects. But strangely enough the insistent droning swelled and deepened to the crooning voice of the Sea. Ah, it had guessed her love and then called her home to its heart! Mysterious, mighty Sea! How close it seemed, how comforting! A responsive mirror reflecting the Omnipotent Mind. God's mirror . . . and the God therein reflected was a tolerant God. All undisturbed, He observed the sins of men, their petty wickedness, their puny goodness; alike calmly He listens to prayers and blasphemies; to the singing child and the drunken wretch, and hides it all in the depths of His Eternity. Of the tolerant God of the Sea she had no fear—His voice was the Sea's voice . . . Oh, now she remembered—the road to dreams, to the far-flung worlds, was a golden thread on the heart of the Sea—lovely, too, how the little fisherboats skimmed the green billows—the white-winged schooners fled before the wind—timeless, tractless Sea, with the song of Life on its lips and the secret of Death in its bosom! Ah, that she might dream forever, lulled to eternal rest by its intonations—

But all at once the dying girl remembered the sombre cliffs out beyond the great fjord, and saw again the hundreds of wheeling birds that long ago had filled her heart with sheer gladness. How safe they had been, how secure! Was it true that gulls are the souls of dead sailors? Poor sailors, how they loved the sea; nor living nor dead they could not forswear it! How good to be as they . . . to sing and to

soar . . . free flying birds, singing and soaring . . . But what was that nagging sound coming to disturb her white peace—?

"Child, child, you must try to rouse yourself—"

"Dear heart, dear heart, Hulda, it is Grandfather asks you—hear us, beloved. 'Tis not right the little one should suffer. Hulda, my beloved, hear us for his sake—"

Surely that was a familiar sound, that last, a kindly sort of sound—a sweet music? Something strong, with the strength of eternal things, responded. "Grandfather, Grandfather . . . dearest, kindest, you will not forget me—you will love me still—a little?"

And some while later, smiling faintly into his grief-stricken eyes—"You will call him Johann Lind."

When the first rays of sunlight crept into that humble house they fell upon Hulda's strong young hands crossed above her silent breast. And the yellow glow from the white candles at her head made upon her beautiful face the illusion of a smile.

But they who watched beside her saw none of this. They were praying for the peace of her soul.

A GOOD deal of whispered gossip and idle speculation went on at the Factor's when the news of Hulda's death reached the village. The kitchen buzzed with it and now that the girl was dead only her merits were remembered.

"A bright wee thing," said the cook, wiping her eye on a dingy apron, "a glad some thing. Mind how she sang all through the weaving and what an eye she had for pretty colors? Stalks pige!"

"A good-natured girl, a bit wild-like but willing," amended her faithful aid and shadow.

"Wild! nu, da, it's wild you'd be yourself, Ragni, with only the winds for company back there in the crazy hills—and never a mother, God pity her soul! But what's to become of the wee one? It's no likely—"

"Tist!" interrupted Ragni, "the mistress has a quiet foot, and she's no too gay these days."

"Tish! 'Tis a bad conscience stirs her—the cold one, sending a woman creature up the pass at such a time."

"Tist, tist! Woman, you're daft—have you a mind to be cast on the town and winter nigh upon us?"

"Nu, da, I'll say my mind and no mistake, if she ask me, Fru or no Fru."

But Fru Lind had no intention of asking anything but obedience of her servants. And if these disagreeably persistent rumors disturbed her she never betrayed it by look or action. Though, to be sure, there was that morning when Herr Lind dashed home with a particularly fixed smile on his handsome face—that afternoon she kept the privacy of her chamber and her sympathetic husband told the maids she was suffering one of her frequent headaches.

There came a day, however, when the very servants shivered. It was the day following Hulda's funeral, when Pastor Hans sent word that he would expect to find Herr Lind and his lady home that evening. Herr Lind, in his usual nonchalant manner, told the messenger—loud enough for all listening to hear—that his was all the pleasure should the Pastor condescend to come in time for dinner.

The little maid waiting table that memorable night, confessed to her eager audience in the kitchen that she feared to drop every mortal thing. "It's awful in there," she whispered to Ragni and the cook, "awful—awful—the mistress sits like a thing of brass and Herr Lind keeps mocking the Pastor over his wine glass."

It was a dreadful dinner. Pastor Hans felt his anger rising in a smothering tide despite his determined effort

to be unbiased and sensible. Unrighteous or not, he longed to let fly at the man laughing so derisively in the face of tragedy. But the spell of Herr Lind's burning black eyes was upon him. He had a way, that man, of enslaving everyone! Fru Lind, with head high and spots of scarlet in her cheeks, added little to his comfort. Throughout the many years of their acquaintanceship he had always considered her the most righteous woman—given to charities and the well-being of her household. Now he saw her in a new light, a cold impartial light revealing much, and the poor fretted man found himself growing critical in that quarter also. Yes, he saw now that a little self-righteousness with more mercy. . . .

"You will have sugar, Pastor Hans?" "If you please, Fru Lind."

What may not the sound of the human voice embody! The poor man shivered, so steely chill and biting was the lady's tone. Herre Gud! How had he ever thought her kind?

"Not for me, my love," Herr Lind's velvety voice struck like a leopard's paw upon the hateful silence. "No coffee tonight, Milde, thank you. Red wine for me on all high occasions—some fly to women, Pastor Hans," he smilingly explained to the exasperated guest, "to warm the chill of life away, but I hold wine to be less treacherous and more constant."

Pastor Hans gasped, smiled feebly and mopped a perspiring brow. There must be an end to this, he admonished his shrinking courage, there must—he'd have to do his duty though he died for it. Thus fortified he drew a deep breath and burst forth: "Pardon, Herr Lind—Fru Lind, but I'm here on a difficult errand. A disagreeable errand, perhaps—yes, I'm sure of it—we'd better spare Madam—"

Herr Lind lifted his glass that he might better admire its shining contents through half-closed eyes. His face was an impenetrable mask; cold, passionless, irreproachably handsome. "Ah, you do Fru Lind an injustice, Pastor," he drawled at length, "unintentionally, of course. She, my good Shepherd of Souls, would be the last to leave the ship in stormy weather—I am right, am I not, Milde?"

Milde Lind tried to rise but meeting her husband's eyes thought better of it. Her face was ashen but she managed to smile as she poured herself a second cup of coffee. "Go on, Pastor Hans. Herr Lind is always right," she said.

"Thank you, my love!" he mocked her, bowing gracefully. "Well, then, suppose we proceed. The court is in session and the prisoner in the dock—"

"Herr Lind! Herr Lind!" the distraught pastor broke out imploringly. "Your levity has gone too far! I beg of you to refrain from further jest. The thing's indecent—you may know my errand—You know how a short while ago my duty took me to the grave of that most unfortunate girl—a death that might have been averted—and now her nameless infant must be cared for."

Fru Lind shot up from her chair, anger like a sword in her eyes. "Pastor, it is a weakness with your kind to presume—to expect too much. Are you not forgetting that we continually help toward such things?" Her voice was labored and her nervous fingers toyed with the heavy silver chain round her neck. "Surely," she resumed, trying to speak lightly, "the child will be safe in trust with the county."

"Madam, we happen to know that the father is more than able to provide—you know the law in those matters—it is strict."

"Quite so—naturally!" Herr Lind agreed blandly, "quite so, and justly."

Pastor Hans flushed hotly, scarcely able to credit his senses; unstrung by

Continued on page 54



Millions can't be Wrong

Join This Multitude of Happy Shavers—But
Don't Switch Till You Let This 10-Day Test
at Our Expense Prove Our Case to You

DEAR SIR:

Rarely is a new product received with such acclaim as has greeted Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Literally millions who have tried it have been won from lesser methods. Most of them accepted our invitation to shave ten days "on us" before they made a switch.

That test does the business. That settles all doubt. After ten days of perfect shaves very few ever return to old methods. Won't you, too, give us a chance to prove what we have done for you? Just mail the coupon for your free test.

The 130th Formula Won

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a triumph of one of the world's greatest soap laboratories. Sixty-five years' experience stand behind that name.

When we first set out we sought the advice of 1000 men on what they thought a shaving cream should be. They told us four things—we added the fifth. But not

until formula after formula had failed to satisfy in one way or another.

After 129 formulas were tested and rejected came the shaving delight you'll know when you get your free tube.

5 Remarkable Features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now Send the Coupon, Please

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience . . . to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg



Made in Canada

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
Dept. B-1468 The Palmolive Company of Canada,
Limited, Toronto 8, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)



FOR
COLDS

BAYER

ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try an Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

**Physicians prescribe Aspirin;
it does NOT affect the heart**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.



At your grocer's "OXO" Cubes in tins;
"OXO" Cordial in bottles and flasks.

OXO LIMITED 356 STANTOINE ST. MONTREAL

Johann Lind

Continued from page 53

sudden relief his retort sounded feeble and hollow.

"You understand, then?—there's no need to say more? The child can be christened publicly and before witnesses so soon as we can fetch him from the hills?"

Fru Lind could contain herself no longer. "What's all this nonsense, Pastor Hans? This mystery—these hints? Has it come to this that the very clergy runs about at the instigation of gossips? And what, pray, has this christening to do with us? Have we not suffered enough through our kindness to an unprincipled nobody?"

A surge of angry red swept across Herr Lind's face and the look he cast upon his wife was no gentle one. "Spare your judgment for the living, Madam, if you please," he said, the velvet of his voice not quite hiding the biting steel beneath. Then, shrugging his handsome shoulders, he got up and walked to the window. In the few minutes he stood there the minister heard, distinctly, the solemn ticking of the clock, and the distressing sound of Fru Lind's breath whistling through her teeth. He pitied them both just a little.

When Herr Lind faced them once again he was his usual enigmatic self. "So! You are naming the child—well, naturally I shall have pleasure in doing what I can."

"Herr Lind! I must confess my vast relief . . . my gratitude—yes, I am deeply grateful!"

"No need to be, Pastor; as I said before, naturally it will be a pleasure . . . One does not see a first and only son christened every day of the year!"

Good Pastor Hans felt himself turning a fiery red—oh, but the man was heartless—shameless—cruel! And his wife—poor, poor woman . . . Herr Lind laughed softly. "Why so doleful, Pastor? Surely you do not doubt that Fru Lind will make an admirable mother?"

"Herr Lind"! The agitated pastor leapt to his feet. "Herr Lind, you go too far, Sir—you do, indeed"! He might not think the lady altogether blameless, but to the simple country minister this refinement of cruelty passed endurance. He saw with rising pity how the stricken woman clutched the arms of her chair as though to save herself from falling—but what could he do? Herr Lind had the unholy power of freezing the words on one's lips!

Again that velvety voice taunted him gracefully: "Oh, why such haste, my dear Pastor. . . . But of course, I forgot a Shepherd of Souls is always busy. Allow me to help you . . . Ah, you have taken to seal, I see; there's nothing finer to break the wind . . . Well, ours is the loss, Pastor, but, as the saying goes, the best of company must part. You will find your horse at the east entrance—good-night!"

"Herre Gud! how he hates her"! gasped Pastor Hans, as he drew in the welcome freshness of the cool night wind. "Poor soul . . . I wonder why—a woman like that, well-born—rich—and the Factor himself a gentleman"! What was the reason of it? Where would it end. Round and round spun the troubled thoughts, arriving nowhere, availing nothing. As he told his solemn wife that night—it was all past belief and beyond human understanding.

HERR LIND forgot to reckon upon one established fact. Women are constant in their inconstancy. His wife had learned obedience; he had seen to that. But, she had never forgotten the smallest injury nor forgiven the slightest offence. All the wounded

pride, anger and pain of long-gone time still smouldering in her heart, burst into fierce flame at this fresh indignity contemplated against her. Never, not for a moment, did she intend to submit to it, nor entertain the least doubt as to her action. The habit of years fell away before the rising determination as if it never had enslaved her, and with a strength of purpose that even her husband might have feared, she began laying her plans.

The following day she went straight to the kitchen—a weakness she had never indulged—and frankly questioned the maids.

"Ragni, is it true that Helga left the dairy and is at Herman's farm?"

Ragni shifted about nervously, not knowing what to expect from this unaccustomed friendliness—'twasn't like the Fru to engage the servants in idle talk.

"Well"? Fru tried hard to keep her voice light and friendly.

"Yes—I—I—'tis said so," stammered Ragni, red as a beet and spoiling to be off.

"And is it true that she and Ole Boen are betrothed?"

"Yes—Fru."

Why didn't the woman stand still, Milde Lind asked herself impatiently, and why didn't she talk as though she had some sense! "And they are thinking of marriage, I suppose?"

Ragni sniffed at that and recovered some of her customary tartness. "Nu, da, what else, Fru Lind—not that 'tis said for certain."

Fru Lind smiled charmingly. "Thank you, Ragni, that is all I wanted to know," and away she went.

"Nu, da, can you explain that"? demanded Ragni of her friend the cook, who, during the singular interview had pretended an all-absorbing interest in her butter-making without losing a single word.

"A queer household this," was her cryptic rejoinder, "but good feeders."

Fru Lind's next move was to interview Ole. She found him even less inclined to humor her than Ragni had been. He refused to say whether his intentions were matrimonial or not.

"You know, of course, that we are very fond of Helga," the mistress began by way of encouragement. "We'd like to see her established in a home of her own."

Ole eyed the clock on the mantle hopefully. "There's driftwood on the shore," said he, "an' time's slipping."

"Let it slip," she laughed. "There are things I want to talk of—things that should interest you. Ole, have you never heard of the land they call Canada?"

"Yes, Fru Lind, often enough—who hasn't?"

"And did it never occur to you that there was a place for a young man's dream to come true? In a country where opportunities are so many and all men have an equal chance?"

Despite his distrust of the lady Ole grew interested. "Nu, ja, it sounds good enough, Fru, but there's money needed for such dreaming."

Fru Lind nodded, her sharp, bead-like eyes lighted by a strange exultant gleam. "True enough, Ole—but, some of us have money—others the dream. Well, what would you say then if such a one offered you the passage to that land of opportunities—and, say, two thousand kronen besides?"

Ole laughed loudly. "What'd I say to the like o' that? Nu, da, I'd say the hull had sprung a leak—ja, someone gone crazy!"

Madam's hollow face flushed faintly, but she smiled in determined effort to be agreeable. "That may be so, Ole, but listen carefully to what I have to say. For a little service—a very little

service, I offer you all that and more. Your passage, Helga's passage, and money to begin life for yourselves."

Ole's eyes bulged in his head. She was daft; that's what she was, clean daft and talking riddles. Fru Lind could have boxed his ears—the stupid clod!

"Well?" Her voice was slightly acid. "You've understood, I suppose?"

Ole squirmed, looked at the clock and down at his feet. "Ja, but the service—'tisn't likely I'll have the wit for it."

He won a more graceful smile for that. "I happen to think otherwise, my good Ole. As for your part it's simple to a measure. All I want you to do is to take that child—Hulda's child—away with you. And yes, you must go from the North—till then all of you had best keep to the hills."

"But Fru—"

"Ole, don't be a fool! Why hesitate? It's not likely such an opportunity will repeat itself. Away with you to your Helga. She, I've no doubt, will appreciate what I'm offering you."

He knew that she spoke the truth but doubted her word nonetheless. Why should she do this thing? What could be her purpose? What the good? Everyone knew the parentage of the child. And then his thoughts flew to old Herman, brokenhearted and disconsolate, clinging pathetically to the tiny infant—all that was left to him of the girl he had so loved. The poor old man would never give his consent to this crazy scheme, never!

"You're forgetting the old man, Fru," he blurted out roughly. "Tain't likely he'll give up the young one."

Fru Lind changed color. The old man? She had forgotten him! Well, no matter, nothing must, and no one should prevent the execution of her finely conceived plans. She frowned and, as was her habit when greatly annoyed, tapped the floor nervously with a neatly-shod foot. How disagreeable these common folk could be, she reflected irritably, forever precipitating chaos with their silly sentiments—always spilling over! Nevertheless she'd find a means to her end, she must, for never should Herr Lind bring that infant to her house! Never! never, not if it cost the peace of heaven and every penny of her private fortune! She was the more determined because of a small accusing voice haunting her from the long dead past.

In a terrifying flash she had understood her husband's purpose when he made that cruel statement to Pastor Hans. . . . More, for the first time she saw how insatiable revenge may be—yes, it must be that—Or, why, of all things should she have thought just then of that magnificent creature in the Copenhagen hospital? Fool that she had been to think that he had ever forgotten. No, though it had been for his best interest he had never forgiven her for disillusioning him about that penniless Madonna of the Wards.

And yet, how far would he have gotten even with his looks and breeding had it not been for Milde Andersen and her father's money?

No, for all that he owed her, his rise to wealth and influence, he had never forgiven her; nor punished her sufficiently. Funny how many things she remembered now—oh, long ago, in the days when he was still human enough to be honestly angry he had flung out viciously that to her he owed the death of his heart—she had robbed him of love and faith in virtue and honor!

Well, even if she had to buy off twenty old men, she'd do it. Herr Lind should never make an idol of that child just to torture her and bring the Andersen pride to the dust! She may have wronged him—but not enough for that.

Ole waited, shifting about uneasily whilst these reflections troubled the

high-handed lady. And at last she faced him, resolute once more. "Well then, Ole, if what you say be true we'll have to persuade Herman to go too. Yes, that's much the best way—best for him—best for the child, best for all of us. It's quite simple after all; I can arrange for the sale of the farm through my agents. All you have to do is to be ready when I send you the money . . . But, as I said before, you must leave from the North—no one on this side the mountain must know of your going."

Poor Ole was not accustomed to making quick decisions, but her fervor carried him off his feet. Yes, yes, he saw that she was right. It was all for the best and he would play his part to the utmost. He would be faithful to the last degree, and if she wished, would go at once to the hills. Fru Lind emphatically wished nothing so much.

All the way to the farm Ole rehearsed the tale, and the more he dwelt on it the better it became. But to Herman and Helga it seemed the maddest of fancies. For a moment Helga thought her hero had been drinking, but of that she was soon happily disillusioned. Just the same it was all incredible and wild. Why in the world should the woman want to spend so much money to get one poor little baby out of the country? Why didn't she ignore the whole affair, let the thing die down as many a better woman had done? After all, though Herr Lind should see to its maintenance, it needn't cause the mistress such alarm—that, too, had often enough been done by bigger men than he!

"Nu, da, it's a queen she thinks herself, that woman!" snorted Herman angrily; "a queen indeed, to exile us like that. Nay, I'll have naught to do with her tricks—enough I've suffered for her and her household. Yes, it's myself will go down and tell her so!"

"Hush, nu, Herman dear," cautioned the practical Helga. "Here, let me give you more coffee . . . more like my Ole's twisted in his speech but at that I'm beginning to see there's something to be said for the scheme—Ja, just think, what life will be for Hulda's wee one if the law gives it to the Linds? You know the mistress—" And Helga wiped a ready tear on the edge of her apron.

"Eh, what's that! What'd you say, woman?" Herman bawled out angrily. "Law? What law's to take my little one from me? Ja, tell me that, will you?"

"Nu, da, Herman, you know how it is. It's not yourself will live forever and these law-people have it always to please them, one way or another—Ja, Herman, 'tis true that's what comes of so much learning!"

That won the day; once convinced that in leaving the land of his birth and the solitude he loved meant safety and love for Hulda's baby, Herman submitted to the strange fate destined to change the course of life drastically.

CAME, then, a shining morning when the little party set out sadly from the small green valley hidden in the purple hills. Herman, turning for one last lingering look down its tender slopes, heard to his distress Gammur's mournful howl and imagined that old Fleetfoot shook his mane accusingly.

At the Northern Port everything was ready for them; Fru Lind had been better than her word. Once aboard the ship Ole and Helga flung off regret and gave themselves over to dreams and happy speculation. Helga beamed at her new husband—they had been married an hour before—and Ole felt his heart swell with exultant pride and rich new happiness. Life just then took on a roseate hue; the glorious sea lay ahead, a gleaming

Continued on page 56



Fox's trade mark, every 84 ins. on reverse of cloth, or on a label in clothes, guarantees pure woollen fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar grade cloth will be given as free replacement.

FOX
WOOLLEN FABRICS
Made in the West of England since 1680

Serges, Botanies, Tweeds (also Fox-Bliss Tweeds) and Cheviots, Saxories and Fine Worsteds, in "Superfine" and "Standard" grades. And Fox's Improved Puttees.

Manufactured by:
FOX BROTHERS & Co. Ltd.
Wellington, Somerset,
England.

Wholesale Agent:
J. H. SHAW,
1111 Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.



When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick, Easy
Way to Play the Piano
—without a Teacher

LESS than a year ago, I was friendless, lonely. Suddenly I found myself popular. Here's how it happened.

One night I was wandering unhappily through the deserted streets, when the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. Through an open window I could see Tom Buchanan playing the piano. How I envied him!

The next time I saw Tom I said, "I would give anything to play the piano like you, but it's too late now." Then Tom told me how he had learned to play through a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed that playing the piano was so easy. The course was as much fun as a game. And as the lessons continued they got easier.

Before I knew it, I was playing jazz, ballads, classical numbers, and all with equal ease.

Then came the party that proved the turning point of my whole life. There was no one to play the piano, so I said with confidence, "Let me try."

"Why, I didn't know he played," someone behind whispered, but as I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's "Narcissus," I held the party spellbound.

When I finished, you should have heard them exclaim! At last I was popular. You too can play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method—a method so simple you do not have to know the slightest thing about music.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful free book and demonstration lesson prove how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. If you want to learn to play, take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 123 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
123 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

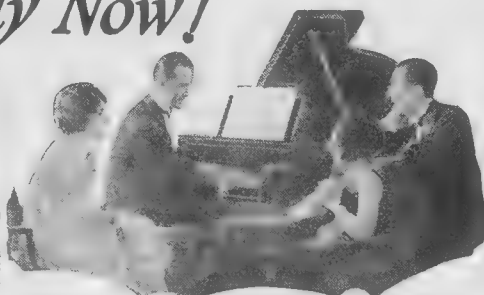
Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have You Inst?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Johann Lind

Continued from page 55

causeway leading to the land of promise, and beside him smiled the Helga of his dreams.

Nor did the little Johann detract the slightest from their simple joys. Why should he? Was he not their good angel? "Dear little Johann," his foster-mother encouraged tenderly, "look well now at the fjord and the hills—you'll not be seeing the land of your fathers for a long time to come . . . poor little man!"

"You'll need a weather eye for that one, my Helga," Ole warned her merrily as he thrust a huge finger into the soft folds of the baby's neck, "a weather eye and all sails tacking!"

"Oh, well, what could you expect?" his bride answered absently, her blue eyes misty and tenderly intent upon the majestic snow-encrusted Norway mountains. "What could you expect of Johann Lind?"

A little way off old Herman leaned upon the ship's rail watching the path the vessel made through the waves—for all its noise and tumult but a wavering ripple on the face of the sea—and to his philosophical soul it seemed significant of the transitory state of things. Life was no more than that—a ruffle on the deep of things—a passing illusion. Like an old Viking sailing from shore in his burial ship, Herman squared his shoulders, and baring his greying locks to the dear Norway wind, stood in dignified silence watching the purple slopes and jeweled peaks of the land he loved receding forever into the grey fringe of the ocean's mist. "Nu, da," he muttered to himself, "so it goes, ja, on and on forever."

For reasons best known to Fru Lind the exiles were bound for the new world via Copenhagen; the ship conveying them that far being one of Herr Andersen's Trading Fleet, a somewhat dingy merchantman, smelling strongly of sardines and cod liver oil. But, for her purpose, it served very well, and since the travellers knew no better they did not complain. At Copenhagen Herr Andersen's agents booked them to Liverpool on another trader and there left them to shift for themselves.

Poor Helga was overcome at the size and sounds of the great seaport. Such crowds! Such noise! And never a word of honest Norse in the whole babel! No wonder she clung to Ole like Aaron to his rod, for he alone could speak English of sorts. A queer jargon, picked up from the sailors who had made port from time to time when needing supplies from the Factor; but marvellously effective for all that. Never had Ole appeared in so fine a light, seemed so worthy of respect and worship. In fact, it was all part of a great adventure for, secure in their wealth, they experienced none of the privations and dark terrors that customarily fall to the lot of lonely immigrants. Ole grumbled sometimes over the exorbitant prices extorted by the steamship company's hotel, but enjoyed the expenditure nonetheless. It gave him such a delightful sensation of power to be able to pay as well as to grumble. Herman alone, hating crowds as he did, really resented the experience; bewailed the precious time lost at the amazing city.

But even this prolonged delay came to an end and, at last, they found themselves steaming away from the great harbor with its endless noise and nervous bustle, in the palatial ship—thus catalogued in the Trans-Atlantic company's beautiful pamphlets—guaranteed to provide all the comforts of home.

There was truth enough in the beneficent statement if not applied too literally where the steerage quarter

was concerned. There a very great deal depended upon healthy imagination. However, it must be owned the place was cleverly designed. It consisted primarily of dirty cabins of four bunks each, destined to accommodate as many families, no matter what their number. Needless to say the result was not always a happy one. Nonetheless, in pleasant weather this humble place had its better aspects, for then the crowded immigrants gathered in the open to sing and dance and recite their rosy ambitions one to another. Given good weather the joy of the journey depended the most on happy companions.

In this the Boens were destined to be lucky. They discovered to their immense relief that only two strangers were billeted with them—two most amiable Canadians, disposed to immediate friendship. Helga liked them at once, especially "Beel," as she called him, for his face was ruddy like her Ole's and had an honest, open look. Mike she wasn't so sure of, for he had an unfortunate habit of staring at the ceiling when addressing anybody; that impressed her badly. But of course she was ready to excuse him—it might be the custom among the folks "over there." Both Bill and Mike admired Helga profoundly—such a pleasant smile she had and such a maker of coffee! They were delighted to find that Ole could understand them fairly well and very soon took occasion to explain what to them was rare good fortune.

"Man, let me tell you," began Mike, staring hard at a greasestain on the ceiling, "'tain't often you travel steerage this way. No sir! Most times it's worse'n hell . . . 'Scuse me, missus." He darted a flying look at Helga and immediately returned to the grease spot. "'Scuse me, but them's the words. I've come afore across the pond. Yes, sir! Twenty men, women and young 'uns, there was of us that time. Yes, sir! and the weather like h— 'Scuse me, missus, but that sure was one messy corral for you, by gum! And I says to Bill: 'Now pard, this time we sticks for air, see? Sticks, strong as—well, good'n strong. And we did, by gum! Yes, sir! What's the good o' all this trappin', says I to Bill, if it ain't goin' to buy us a little air for oncel! Yes, sir! and here we is fine as fiddlin'."

To Ole it seemed just another mark of especial favor and, as he told his Helga, he entertained no doubts whatever as to the future. Everything pointed to happy Providence. They must be on the right road to fortune at last. And then, to his everlasting dismay and anguish, what did Helga do but lose all interest in the things of this life and, turning her face to the grimy wall, prepared to give up the ghost without a struggle. Seasick! His Helga was seasick, and that after only a few hours in a pleasantly choppy sea! Somewhere in the depths of his being he had nursed the notion that women were unaccountable creatures. Now he was sure of it. As he said to Herman: how on earth could anyone be sick on board such an elegant ship? Why, it was for all the world like being jiggled in a nice easy rocking chair!

With Helga so unpleasantly engrossed, the care of little Johann fell to the men, and each was fussily eager to do his best. Despite the best, however, it was just as well that he was a remarkably sensible baby, accepting their administrations with the humor of an optimist. Bill and Mike—no one ever troubled about surnames—grew extremely fond of their little charge as they jounced him about in their alarming fashion, and declared upon more than one occasion that he was

YOUR MONOGRAM

will show to advantage on the beautiful new Keystone pearl sets. Their brilliant beauty and graceful design give distinction to any bedroom and harmonize with any color scheme.

At all Jewellers', Drug and Departmental Stores in Canada.

Keystone

Natural Pearl
Rose Pearl
Blue Pearl

Tortoise Shell
French Ivory
Ebony

STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY LIMITED, PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO
Manufacturers of Keystone Hutax Tooth Brushes



CHAN
A HARDER MORE DURABLE WAX

The wonder of CHAN is that with much less time and energy, you get brighter, richer toned floors. This beautiful finish lasts longer and is practically waterproof.

CHAN is sold in 40¢ to \$3.25 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO

How About Your Subscription?

REFERENCE to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. Do it now.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

darn near as cute as a grizzly cub—yes, sir, darn near as spunky, too.

The only friction occurring between the erstwhile nurses came about through the heated argument as to which was better nourishment for babies, mashed potatoes or bean soup; throughout which heated fracas Herman stubbornly insisted that only over his dead body should either be fed to *this* baby—that milk and only milk should be fed to Johann Lind. On milk they therefore compromised. And it was just as well for the peace of their souls that Helga never knew what prodigious quantities they forced upon the helpless infant in the extremes of their enthusiasm. Truly, that was a nerve-wracking time for all concerned.

Nonetheless, in spite of these strange and absorbing duties, the new friends smoked many a fragrant pipe under a cloudless star-hung sky, for the weather continued remarkably good throughout the entire voyage. In these happy moments they made the most of the ancient habit of criticism. They marvelled at the follies and foolishness of other people. They wondered where on earth some of the outlandish passengers had come from; where they were going and what they could possibly be good for . . . narrow-shouldered, under-nourished, ill-clad men and women, most of them! Poor things, thought Herman, the like of them had never known the hills. Poor underlings, bred in tenements, their sallow skins having the unhealthy look of cellar plants. What was to come of them in that strange new country? But sometimes criticism took a milder turn, for here and there were men and women with the healthy glow of Nature's giving in their strong young faces.

In fact, the ship carried the usual medley of peoples, Britishers, Scandinavians, Germans, all alike in one respect, at least: their faith in the golden land ahead was similarly childlike and pathetic.

Mike shook his head, staring harder than ever aloft as he thought of it. "Poor devils!" said he, "none of 'em knowin' nothin'. Yes, sir! they're all like kids a-playin' button, button—and like as not none of 'em ever finds what they're seekin'! Yes, sir! Now look at them skinny women dewdaddled out in flimsy trumpery—much good it'll do 'em in Canada!"

Ole didn't know just how to accept these ruminations; he suspected that more was hidden than revealed; but of the climate he had no fear. Mike must have read the perplexity in his

face, for he removed his pipe from the brown stubs of his teeth and grinned good-naturedly. "Man, let me tell you, it ain't all paradise out there, nor it ain't all hell—a little of both, maybe. But don't you go a-worryin', you and your missus'll be all right. Scandinavians is mostly tough. Yes, sir! And by and large, it's a great country—ain't never see'd better wildcats in my life! Yes, sir! by'n large it's a great little old country but not for favoring weaklings. She likes 'em tough, does Canada, stuff to make men outo'—salt o' the earth like them Selkirk settlers—"

Ole had no difficulty in agreeing with his friend; in his secret heart he always had considered weaklings grave slips on the part of the Almighty. But of the settlers Mike so evidently approved he knew nothing. "Man!" began Mike, both eyes riveted on space, "man, you sure surprise me! Now, there was quality—but you'll have to read it yourself. 'Tain't in me to tell o' their likes. Kicked out, that's what they was, from their own Scottish hills . . . Oh, well, the ways o' Providence is doggone queer—'twas that injustice forced 'em away to become the builders of a great province. Yes, sir! You'll have to read about their comin', Ole—the like ain't ever to come again—Man, it'll twist the heart out o' ye—that trek from the frozen North—women a-followin'—little children stumblin' along—babies born in the snow—the dead left to the wolves . . . Yes, sir!" Mike concluded dramatically: "the fear o' the Lord was in their hearts and a piper led 'em—yes, sir! Nuthin' could stop them Scotchmen nohow!"

In this way Ole learned that his future country had her harsher aspects; that her need was for strong hands and stout hearts; that as yet external refinements were non-essentials. Patience, endurance, honest effort, that was the thing! To such as these she bared her bosom rich with life and latent glory. Pathfinders, adventurers, toilers—to these her first love—after them, whosoever might follow.

And so Ole, Helga and Herman bring the baby to Canada. To our beloved West they come at a time when Winnipeg was reached by steamboat and Regina and Saskatoon merely outposts of civilization. You will be thrilled to read of the tenacious spirit of the early settlers and their belief in the Prairies, next instalment in the April issue; or, if you prefer to read the story at one time, we suggest holding the next few numbers.

(Continued next month)

Winter Birds on the Prairie

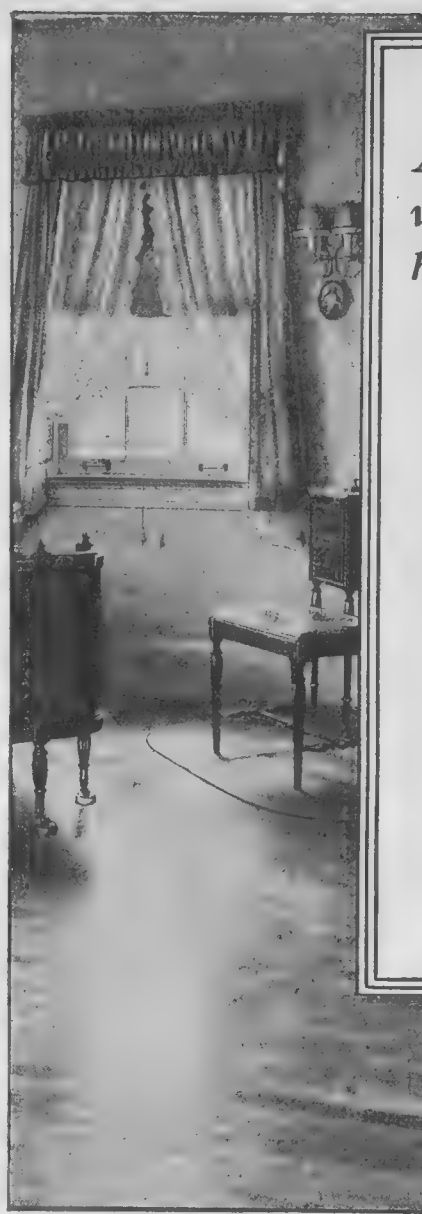
Continued from page 40

visitors. As the taller trees and other suitable building places have been destroyed, that district will probably never be able to call them a breeding species again.

The black-and-white woodpeckers appear at intervals all winter and, knowing their summer food, we wonder what they can possibly find to subsist upon. However they come and seem cheerful even when hammering away in some small willow or clinging to the slender branches of the dogwoods. If the observer is lucky he may see the rarer Arctic three-toed woodpeckers. They are often extremely tame which, I regret to say, is evidence of their ignorance of man and his ways in their northern homes. Northern birds which see human beings rarely and are practically never molested, are usually friendly, so that it looks as if we had to thank ourselves for the wildness of the feathered creatures.

Pinnated, sharp-tailed and ruffed grouse remain with us all winter on the plains. The sharp-tailed is the boldest and cheerfully feeds in the farmyards and round the buildings, even venturing up to the door-yards of the houses. Ruffed grouse are liable to appear anywhere for once these erratic birds start to fly they often forget when to stop and so turn up in the most unexpected places.

Pine grosbeaks, white-breasted nuthatches, northern shrikes, blue jays, goshawks and even gyrfalcons are on our winter bird-list so that although we are not likely to see all of them in any one winter the cold seasons on the plains are not so dead and silent as people living in more favorable spots seem to think. The keen observer can find lots to interest him even if the mercury is coyly hidden out of sight and his toes and fingers tingle.



**Ask the woman
who has it in
her home - -**

Ask her whether she would exchange the child's play of the dust mop for the drudgery of the scrubbing brush and the broom—

Would she exchange the charm—the refinement—of hardwood's simplicity and its adaptability to any color scheme, for the unchangeable colors and patterns of floor coverings, that in time begin to pall—

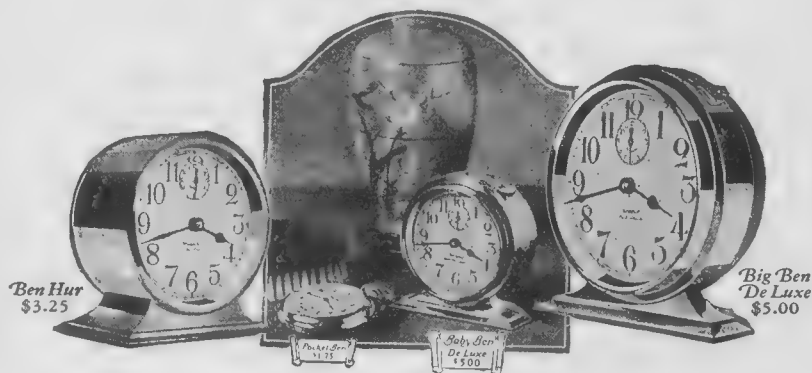
Would she exchange her Seaman-Kent Floor, with its perfection of material, craftsmanship and finish, for any other kind of hardwood.

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD FLOORING**

**SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD
FLOORING**

Westclox

Made in Canada



Correct time for millions

SUPPLYING correct time to millions of people is a serious business. The responsibility is fully appreciated by the makers of Westclox, whose task it is to build thousands and thousands of timekeepers every day—alarm clocks and pocket watches.

Every single time piece is rigidly tested and accurately adjusted before undergoing final inspection, so that the service it gives will be up to the high standard which has

been the heritage of all Westclox for over forty years.

These sturdy and unusually attractive new models are typical of Westclox workmanship and reliability. You can depend on the alarm clocks to wake you on the dot—and on all of them to tell correct time, day in and day out.

A variety of Westclox may be found wherever reliable time pieces are sold. Some have plain dials, others luminous dials that tell time in the dark. Prices range from \$1.75 to \$6.25.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.



VENUS PENCILS

*The largest selling
Quality pencil in the world*

17 Black degrees—3 copying

Try **VENUS B**—a soft pencil for general use.

Plain ends, per doz. \$1.25
Rubber ends, per doz. \$1.50

At all
dealers

The Lead is absolutely free from grit or even the slightest coarseness; remarkably smooth and long-lasting.

Each of the 17 degrees is uniform with every pencil of that degree—always.

The cedar wood is the highest priced and of the best quality obtainable.

Their perfection makes them economical; can be used to the last inch.

American Pencil Co., 215 Fifth Ave., New York
Makers of **UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored Pencils.**
12 colors—\$1.25 per doz.



DEMANDS OF GROWTH

Every young, living thing must grow. A child needs not only an abundance of foods to satisfy the demands of hunger—the diet must also provide materials for growth of body, bones and healthy dentition.

Every child should have a well-selected food-supply that will round out and balance the nutrition needs of the body so that growth and strength may go along hand in hand.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

COD-LIVER OIL MADE EASY TO TAKE

helps supply the particular needs of the body for vitamins A and D.

Many children take Scott's Emulsion regularly to enrich the daily intake of food with these essential vitamins. Give pleasantly flavored, easily assimilated Scott's Emulsion.



Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

27-49

Test Your Story Writing Ability FREE



Dr. Burton

If you have the proper natural qualities of mind, then under Dr. Burton's training you will be able to succeed in Short Story writing. Send for this interesting Analysis Test, and receive expert critic's frank opinion.

LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE
484 Laird Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Dawn Island

Continued from page 9

the buccaneers of old, for already they had begun to fight, and she was terrified of the pair of them. She began to creep away, with the intention of hiding somewhere; anywhere, then she realized that she could not live without these men, for there would be snakes; she did not know where the water was, she could not even build for herself a shelter. No, she would have to keep her courage, defend herself, for after all there was a chance of their being picked up, and she could hold the threat of retribution over them. Yes, retribution!—but the words struck her as a mockery, for what did retribution of that kind mean to such men as Sinclair?

But a little while later Sinclair himself came along—alone. He was carrying a large square of bark, which served as a tray, and on that tray, tastefully arranged on colored sea-shells, he had prepared *hors d'œuvre* for her. There were several different kinds of shellfish, a split coconut, one half full of milk, and some small yellow fruit which looked like marabels.

"You will be hungry," he said gravely. "When you've finished, you can come down and see your cabin, which is nearly finished."

He turned about to leave her, but she called him back, and motioned him to sit down. "Don't you think we ought to erect some kind of distress signal?" she asked. "Someone may come to look for us, and this headland is quite a suitable place."

Sinclair nodded. "I've been talking to the sergeant about that," he said, "but he argues that it is too soon as yet."

"Too soon!" exclaimed Vera. "Why?" Sinclair gave her a quick glance, then looked away. Again he flung out his hands. "Don't know," he answered with a short laugh. "I suggest two big fires—smoke by day, flames by night. We might even erect a flagstaff, and if you're of the same opinion we'll carry it by a majority."

"I am," said Vera, but just then the sergeant appeared over the hillock. He cut an almost pathetic figure, for one of his little pig-eyes was so swollen as to be almost shut. Vera had already noticed that one side of Sinclair's face was a vivid crimson, and there might have been some humor in the situation but for its very real grimness.

Vera explained briefly that she wanted the distress signals, at which the sergeant replied, with almost excessive politeness, that it should have his immediate attention. "By the way," he added, "you know, of course, who this man is, Miss? You know my position. I look to you to help me to uphold the law of your country. He is insubordinate."

Vera did some quick thinking. "I quite agree with you," she said. "Mr. Sinclair should do everything he can to make things easy. So should we, Sergeant, for while we are here we shall have to pull together, which can only be done by forgetting all ordinary distinctions. We are a very small community. Let us try to make it a peaceful and law abiding one till we are rescued, which, pray God, will not be long."

"I am not so sure about that," said the sergeant, "but anyway, if it is only for a week we've got to have a skipper. Someone must be boss. Who's to be skipper of us two, Miss? I reckon it's for you to decide."

"All right," said Vera, her eyes flashing. She rose to her feet, her cheeks crimson. "Neither of you is to be skipper!" she said. "I am! And first of all, Sergeant, you will please hand me that automatic pistol of yours!"

The sergeant chuckled and turned his back. "Not I, Miss," he retorted. "We may be shipwrecked, but I still belong to the police force. That's my job. Why, I'd be a fool to do that when in charge of this man." And he waved contemptuously towards Sinclair.

Vera looked at the latter, feeling that as a skipper she was not exactly a success, since her very first order had met with mutiny.

Sinclair passed it off with a laugh. "Perhaps the Sergeant's right," he said, "but nobody wants the wretched gun. Now, what about your cabin, Miss Wentworth?"

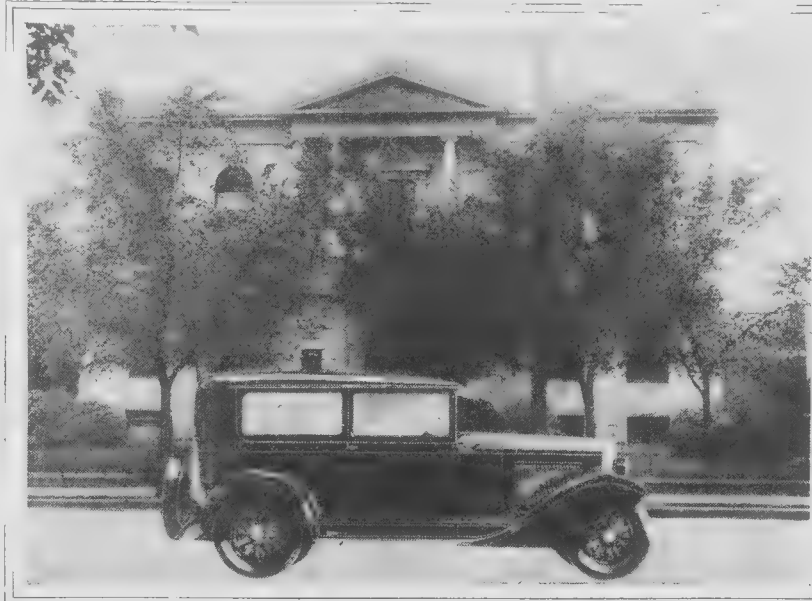
It formed a welcome diversion—quite a neat little cabin built of bamboo poles, the extremities of which protruded in all directions, for they had no means of cutting them short. To this framework they had attached long wisps of grass overlapping each other, with an outer cover, not yet complete, of leathery palm leaves. Inside there was just room enough to stand up beside the bed of brushwood, grass, and fern fronds, and at either end a stick stood upright in the ground for her to hang her belongings.

"We'll make it better in time," said Sinclair. "We'll even add a dining-room, but it will do for the present. Now we must go to work on our signals."

At this Vera's hopes rose. She was a strong, healthy girl, and already she had overcome the terrific buffeting they had endured. First they raised a flagstaff, attaching to its topmost extremity a huge bunch of trailing seaweed, which, caught by the wind, streamed out like an ensign.

"Now for the fires," said Vera. "We ought to get them going before night-fall."

Continued on Page 59



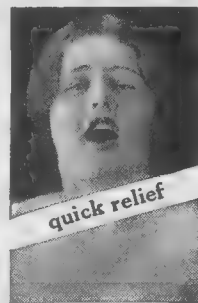
New Series Pontiac Six

A Raw, Sore Throat

Just Rub It Away

Eases quickly when you apply a little **Musterole**. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain, and won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Brings quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, cold on the chest. The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.



Gas In The Stomach Is Dangerous

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to
Overcome Trouble Caused By
Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bismarck Magnesia and take a teaspoonful or four tablets in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bismarck Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never in liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

To Stop a Gold in One Day



The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets will fortify the system against Grip, Influenza and other serious ills resulting from a Cold. Price 30c. (Made in Canada.)

The box bears this signature

E. W. Grove

Proven Merit since 1889

PILES STOPPED

Any druggist will refund your money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to stop Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. In tubes with pile pipe attachment, 75c; or in tin boxes, 60c. Just ask for

PAZO OINTMENT

FLOWER Collection



Easily grown. Sown direct in open ground. Flowering the first year.

7 PKTS. ONLY 50c Post Paid

Provides an abundance of lovely fragrant flowers.

Write for our 1928 Catalogue. It's free

John A Bruce & Co

Limited

Seed Merchants HAMILTON, ONT.

Tea for Two —or Three

IT'S so easy and convenient to bring out your Elite folding table when friends come in for tea. So handy too, for cards, sewing, writing and meals upstairs or out of doors.

The Elite folding table is handsome, strong and quite as wearable as a permanent table. Size 30 inches square. Tops covered with green felt, leatherette or green linoleum.

All leading dealers sell them.

HOARD & COMPANY, LIMITED LONDON • ONTARIO



THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. Noblister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 A free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

When writing advertisers please mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Dawn Island

Continued from page 58

"I'm afraid that isn't possible," Sinclair replied. "You see, we have no matches."

Vera stared at him, aghast. She had not thought of that.

"But," he went on with a laugh, it isn't an unsurmountable difficulty. I'm going to make something like an Indian bow, then by revolving a bit of wood along the string—anyway, you'll see. I think we shall get a fire all right."

It was not till now that Vera remembered the young officer who had been in the boat when they ran ashore. "What became of him?" she asked, choosing an opportunity when the sergeant's back was turned.

Sinclair shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "I didn't see him after we struck. He just seemed to drop out, though I thought I heard him calling. You see, the sharks were very much alive, and I was too busy getting myself ashore and then dragging you and the sergeant—"

He stopped short.

"It was you then!" Vera cried. "You rescued us? You rescued that man?"

"I pulled you out of the surf," he said quietly. "Naturally, I did. I had the luck. I was washed high and dry without a scratch."

Vera thought. There was something strange about this man, standing accused by his fellow men of a crime which would demand the law's extreme penalty. He could not have rescued them from the surf without great risk to himself, and—why had he rescued the sergeant? Without that man his own chances of escape would surely have been much enhanced. Had he done it when dazed by the storm, not realizing what he was doing? Why, moreover, was it Sinclair who had insisted upon the watch-fire, which the sergeant would readily have foregone? If there was one thing above another which Sinclair could not want at the present time it was to be taken back to the world of his fellow-men. Was it for her, then, that tomorrow he was to make that magic bow to kindle the distress fires? She wanted to question him, but she realized that the present time, with the sergeant's jealous glances ever in their direction, was inappropriate.

VERA slept in her little room that night, and the sun was well up when next morning she heard both men outside with her breakfast.

"There's a perfectly safe little lagoon over the bluff," they told her, if you want to bathe. We've already had a good swim."

She thanked them, saying that a bathe was just what she wanted, and when she got back and joined the men

she found Frank Sinclair busily sawing away with his bow and pivot. He sawed till his hands were blistered, explaining that he had not yet struck the knack, then he cut a fresh pivot and made more shavings, while the sergeant sneered skeptically. Still no results, so night came on again, and there were no fires. An hour or so after darkness had fallen Vera heard steps outside her cabin.

"Who's there?" she cried, her terror betrayed by the tremor of her voice.

"Sinclair," came the prompt but subdued answer. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Wentworth. I've brought you the sergeant's automatic. I couldn't bear the thought of your sleeping here unarmed." He was at the door, and he laid the pistol on the threshold.

"Why?" whispered Vera. "There are surely no wild beasts on this island?"

"No, but there are wild men—one at any rate!" he informed her grimly.

"The sergeant?"

"Yes, Miss Wentworth, the sergeant. He's a beast of a man, that! I think he must be out of his mind. Anyway, he's banking on our never being rescued, and if anything happens to me, you'll have to pip him straight away. I've had some trouble with him, but—anyway, here's his gun. I managed to pinch it while he was asleep, and if he knows you have it he may not feel so disposed to play any monkey tricks. I don't want to alarm you, but we're dead up against it, and you ought to know the facts."

Vera took the deadly weapon without a word. Was he speaking the truth to her, or was this some horrible scheme whereby he might get rid of the sergeant? Her mind was prejudiced by the circumstances of the moment. She listened to Sinclair's retreating steps, but ere they had gone fifty paces a horrible sound came to her ears. It was a murderous, guttural oath, followed by the sound of blows falling—of two men fighting as though for their lives.

Vera stole out, pistol in hand, trembling from head to foot, but determined to be brave. She must stop it for her instincts told her that it was to be a fight to a finish. One would murder the other, and somehow she recalled with a shudder of dread the gorilla-like physique of the police sergeant.

But when she saw, she shrank back terrified, for there in the brilliant moonlight, in an open patch at the jungle edge, in and out among the fantastic shadows, the two men fought for supremacy. She could hear the hiss of their breath between their

Continued on page 60

Get Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair —at Once!

Painless, Harmless, Inexpensive Method a Boon to Thousands

Free Book Tells Secret —Send for It!

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories and waxes I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

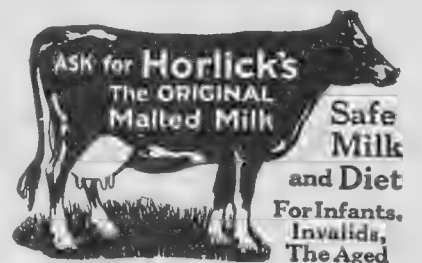
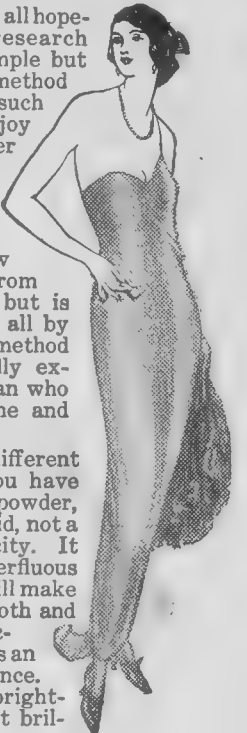
I thought it was all hopeless until my research brought me a simple but truly wonderful method which has given such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only free from superfluous hair, but is smooth and soft, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will send her name and address.

This method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

My method is absolutely painless and harmless—so simple and easy to use—so inexpensive that you will marvel at its efficiency. Thousands of women who have thoroughly demonstrated its merits are now loud in their praise.

But don't take my word for it—or even theirs. Send for my FREE Book and learn the secret. I want you to read this interesting and instructive book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly Superfluous Hair," in which my theories and my actual success are substantiated by genuine historical and scientific references. Postcard or letter brings your copy in plain, sealed envelope, absolutely without obligation. Merely address Mile. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. 116 Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



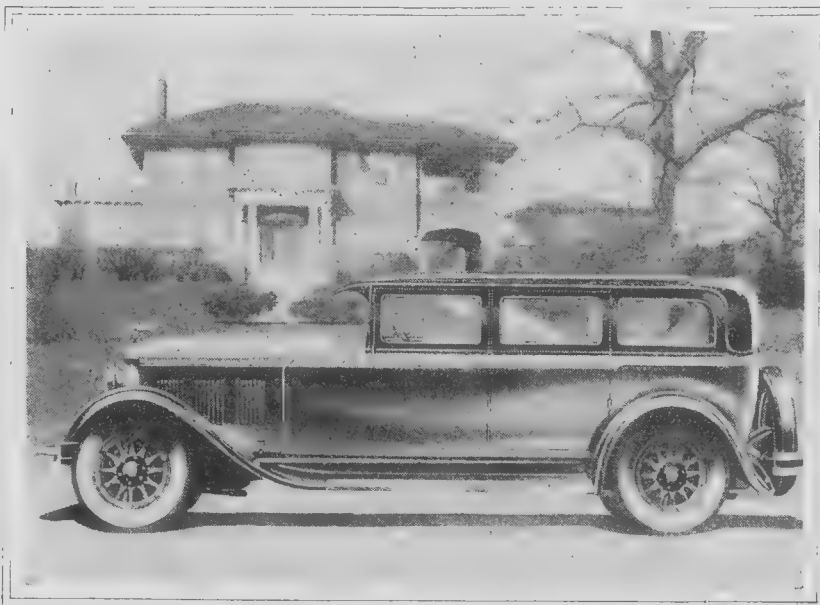
A Light Lunch at Any Time

For all members of the family, children or adults, ailing or well. Serve at meals, between meals, or upon retiring. A nourishing, easily assimilated Food-Drink which, at any hour of the day or night, relieves faintness or hunger.

Prepared at home by stirring the powder in hot or cold water. No cooking.



STAMMERING Swells, permanently corrected. With simplicity and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage. Learn how easy it is. 165 Stinson, The LEWIS INSTITUTE, Detroit



Velie "8-88" Special Sedan



She said, "It never fails to relieve pain"

324 FARM WOMEN SAY:

"This eases tired backs"

WE inquired around among farm housewives to find out what remedy they use to relieve the aching and stiffness in over-tired muscles—to take care of the many little hurts that are always happening around the farm home. 324 that we asked said they used Sloan's.

Sloan's is quick—sure—because it stirs up the body's own powers to heal itself. It stimulates the circulation—breaks congestion—stops pain by removing the cause. Get it today. It will not stain. All druggists—35 cents.

SLOAN'S

MADE IN CANADA

Endorsed universally by those who do the world's hard work

first thing
every morning

ENO'S

FRUIT SALT

End Coughs & Colds in a Night!

Don't take medicines that go to your stomach when coughs and colds are in your throat and lungs. Vapo-Cresolene treats coughs at the source. Complete with Vaporizer that lasts a lifetime, \$1.75. Extra Cresolene 30c and 60c. Write for booklet. Used for 50 years.



Vapo-Cresolene

"Used While You Sleep"

VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
274 Leeming Miles Bldg., Montreal

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information

Dawn Island

Continued from page 59

clenched teeth, she saw the savage moonlight glimmer in their eyes, and even as she watched one gripped the other by the throat, thrusting him back with cruel force, and ghastly sounds came to her ears.

A moment she stood, spellbound by the terrible reality of it. She had no idea that men could be so awful, for they were more like two ferocious wild beasts, snatching at each other's life blood, than human beings. With wiry swiftness they were now rolling towards her feet, interlocked, and she fled, panic-stricken—over the green rise and down the rocky incline to the shore, where she meant to hide among the boulders.

FOR nearly an hour she crouched, then, impelled by some strange force, she began to creep back. What had been the outcome of it? Dead silence reigned everywhere, and she felt sure that one had killed the other, but—which? If it were the police sergeant who survived, she must make for the jungle, but the other man—?

What did she know of him? He would profess to be fighting for her safety and honor, but how did she know? If he killed the police sergeant she only would remain to betray him, and perhaps he knew that she would never do it. What if it were not true that he had saved Nicholson from the surf, or had done it sub-consciously and since rued it? What if he were playing his cards with all the stealth and forethought of the accomplished schemer? The young officer was gone. She had only Sinclair's story to go by as to how he was gone, and if it was true that Sinclair was a murderer, surely he would not scorn such a process of eliminating evidence?

So one terrible thought after another flashed cinema-like through Vera's mind as she crept on, but withal there was an awful fear at her heart lest Sinclair had been overpowered. Reaching the crest of the rise, she thought she heard the sound of heavy breathing, and peering ahead into the camouflage of moonlight and shadow, with the sea murmuring musically on her right and the glittering waters from horizon to horizon—she made out at length the figure of a man, half sitting, half lying, one hand clutching his hair. The other man lay very still upon the ground, his white face toward the heavens, but presently the first man rose unsteadily to his knees, then upright, sagging from the hips. He took the prone figure by the arms and began to drag it away, yard by yard, while it hung with death-like limpness in his grip. Vera heard the rustling and thumping till both were lost in the shadows.

Again she crept back to her hiding among the rocks, where for long she strove to hide the visions of it. Dawn came at length with the screaming of gulls, thousands of gulls over land and sea—dawn so sweet and fresh and perfume-laden that it made her feel that life was starting fresh and new.

Presently she heard her name, but she did not answer. She crouched, waiting, and again the call—more eagerly now. Then the sound of hurrying steps, and—"Vera, in God's name, Vera!"

Sinclair came over the brow, running and stumbling, his face ghastly white, an expression of terror in his eyes.

"Here I am, here I am!" answered the girl with sudden, quick response, at which Sinclair stopped in his tracks and stood staring at her. A shade of color rose to his cheeks, and he tried to hide it with schoolboy bashfulness.

"I thought you were gone, Miss Wentworth," he drawled with assumed

indifference. "I only wanted to tell you that you're safe now, at least from that man." He laughed wearily, then added with devil-may-care recklessness: "He won't trouble us any more."

With an effort Vera strove for mastery of her feelings. "I think it is positively awful," she told him, meeting his eyes. "So far as we know, we are the sole survivors of the Tarantella. There were only three of us, and we lived together through that hell-pit of the sea—only to murder each other when God had spared us."

Sinclair made a wave of indifference. "I did it for you," he said. "To save your honor, perhaps your life. What does it matter? The man was a swine, anyway!"

"You don't seem to attach much value to life," she told him.

"Perhaps not," said he with a sigh. "A man's hardly likely to when his fellow creatures cease to value his. At any rate, Miss Wentworth, you need not be afraid of me, which is all that concerns you for the present. I'm going to get those fires going today so that if a boat comes—"

"If a boat comes," she interposed, "will you promise me this—to go back into the island and not let them see you? I shall not betray you—you've known that all along, I suppose!" she added quickly.

"I have not," he answered, giving her a quick glance. "How can any man know what is in a woman's mind? At any rate, I thank you for your advice, but if a boat comes I shall go with it."

"Why?" she asked almost incredulously.

"Why?" he fired the word back at her, and again she saw that steely glint in his eyes. "Because I'm sick of it, body and soul! They hounded me out of Australia into the Islands, and from there to Singapore. Yes, even Australia was not big enough! All these weeks I've been watching my back-trail like a hunted deer, but I've given them a run for their money—a glorious run." He chuckled mirthlessly, and clapped his bleeding hands. "I too have had a glorious run," he pursued, "but I'm broken-winded now. What would be the use of hiding on this accursed island—only to go mad of melancholy and loneliness? Thank you, no!"

"Are you sure it is an island?" she asked, striving to emulate his stony indifference of expression.

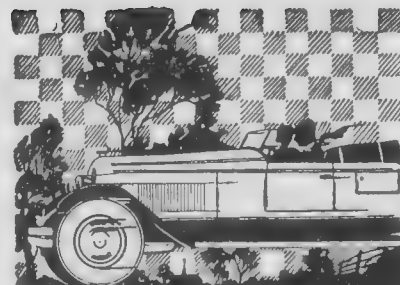
"Quite sure. I climbed to the top of that palm, and I could see the sea beyond. As for a boat, we are right off the Trade Route, and you mustn't build any false hopes as yet."

Then Vera began to cry. She did not know why, because she had not cried hitherto, and goodness knows, there had been good cause. But she did expect him to try to comfort her, and he did nothing of the kind. He turned on his heel and went quickly away down the incline.

That day Sinclair got his fires burning, and this went a long way in establishing Vera's faith in him. He showed her up and down the coast, took her to the lagoons, and taught her where to search for shellfish and where the fresh water was. He showed her one particular point beyond which the cliffs fell to the sea, where, he said, she must not go, because there were poisonous vines in the bushes all round, deadly poisonous, he said. Even a scratch from them would mean great suffering, and a prick from one of those hairy, spider-like thorns would mean certain death.

Day and night they kept the big fires going. Each morning he brought her the meal, and always had some new surprise for her in the way of a

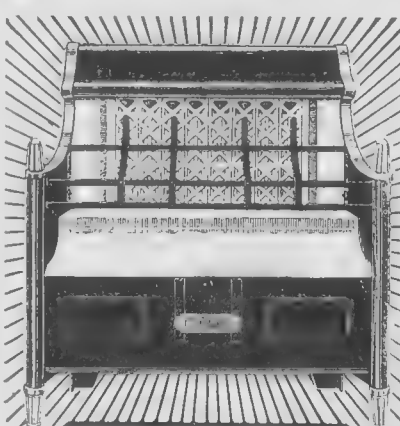
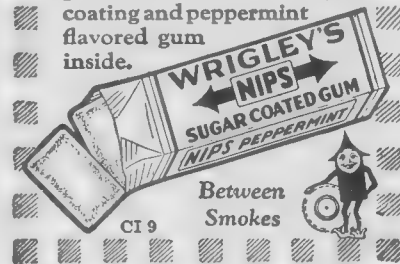
Continued on page 61



WRIGLEYS

Add to the joy of the open road—this pleasure-giving refreshment.

A sugar-coated gum that affords double value. Peppermint flavor in the sugar coating and peppermint flavored gum inside.



Gas Heat Wherever You Live

HERE'S the Coleman Radiant Heater—a complete, portable heating unit that gives you gas heat no matter where you live. Like Coleman Lamps and Lanterns, it works on the safety-pressure principle—makes and burns its own gas from any good grade of gasoline—no piping, no cost of installation. Starts quickly—easy to operate—use it anywhere.

Just the thing for the cool spells of fall and spring and for extra heat needed on severely cold days of winter. Radiates a penetrating fan-like zone of clean, live heat—like sunshine. Instant regulation. Steady even temperature. Hotter than city gas; no smoke, no soot, no ashes. A real comfort and economy. Model 2 price \$37.50.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the Coleman Radiant Heater. If he is not supplied, write us for full particulars. Address Dept. 3501

The Coleman Lamp Co. Ltd.
Queen St. East & Davies Ave.
Toronto, 8, Ontario

(H-1)

Coleman

TRADE MARK REG.

Radiant Heater

"LISTEN IN" is a phrase used today. But—the merchant says "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
An advertisement in The Western Home Monthly will prove this to your satisfaction.

Dawn Island

Continued from page 60

dainty dish or dainty serving. He was always chivalrous, always the soul of thoughtfulness, but he stuck rigidly to his "Miss."

"Why do you always call me Miss?" she asked at length. "It seems rather foolish after the old days—especially when I call you Frank."

She had flowers about her clothing, and she was wearing a pink flat shell he had cleverly fashioned for her as a hair slide.

"Do you forget the circumstances under which we met?" he asked at length.

"I do not," said Vera, "but please do not refer to that again. Looking back, it all seems like a horrible nightmare, so let's try to forget it and make the best of our imprisonment on this wonderful island."

"It is a wonderful island, and today you look like the queen of it," he said. "I wish it were my island. Why, if I had this place and a good motor launch and a little money, I'd drain those lower swamps and make one of the richest plantings in the Pacific."

"It is yours," she told him. "I'm the only other shareholder, and I will gladly give you my share." As she spoke she held out her hand to a white gull which was winnowing in the air opposite them. It came down and alighted on her fingers.

He laughed, looking out at the clear blue sea, with its white streaks of surf every here and there.

"If it were my island," he answered, "I might want you to remain a shareholder. But, you know, it isn't usual to fix up important business matters without making enquiries into the past."

She regarded him bravely. "Some day," she said, "when we see a white streak of smoke out there, perhaps I'll let you tell me, but at present I know all about you that I want to know. I would rather there were just one big blank space from the days we used to dance together in the dancing class till just about now. What are we going to call our island?" she added lightly.

"I know what I would call it," said he, flicking a pebble down among the wheeling host of gulls. "Perhaps some day I shall be able to tell you—the day when we see that white smoke rising over our horizon. Meantime your suggestion, please."

"I would call it Dawn Island," she said, "for it was in the dawn after the darkest hour that we found it."

There was a long pause, then he said: "I like the name. For me it has truly marked the dawn, so Dawn Island it shall be, and behold the Princess of the Dawn!"

So the days passed, but Vera did not fail to notice the strange drooping of her companion, which had seemed to begin that night when Nicholson had gone out of their lives. Always Frank was tired long before she was, and coming up the cliffs from the beach he would lag behind, breathing heavily. Daily he went off on mysterious exploits of his own, and always when he returned he was so weary that her heart ached for him.

"Reaction, I suppose," he enlightened her laughingly, "or perhaps the strange grub doesn't suit me. I always was a particular blighter about my grub!"

She said she was sorry, "but," she added, "remember this. No more breakfast hunting for me. Tomorrow I'll bring your breakfast down to your cabin for a change. Do let me. I'd love to do it."

So it was agreed, but when Vera got down to Sinclair's scrappy cabin next morning, she found it empty. She waited a while, then suddenly, to her horror, she heard two pistol shots

echoing through the jungle, though she could not locate the direction owing to the echoes. She hurried back to her own cabin, calling all the way. Yes, the pistol was gone, and she fled out panic-stricken, a cold fear upon her, as only the empty echoes came in response to her cries. She found herself running, falling, clutching at the timber, with a new fear at her heart, a fear for the future, and an awful oppressive loneliness descending upon her.

But—at length she saw him coming slowly towards her, coming out of the deadly vine—very slowly, step by step, and stumbling as he walked. She ran up to meet him and caught him by the hands. Next moment they were in each other's arms, showering hot kisses on each other's lips.

"Princess of Dawn Island!" he said. "Thank God it has happened at last!"

"But what is the matter?" she entreated. "Where have you been? You are covered with earth from head to foot."

"I've been over there," he said, swaying a little drunkenly as he tried to laugh down her fears, "digging a hole—an ordinary hole. It's finished now."

"But the poisonous vine!" she cried, her lips close to his. "Have you touched the poisonous vine?"

Again he laughed, but wholeheartedly now. "There's no poisonous vine," he told her. "That was only a fairy tale to keep you away. We must have a fairy tale on our enchanted island, you know—Enchanted Island. That's what I would have called it. The island of my Fairy Princess."

He seemed to be babbling, so she led him off to his own cabin and put food before him. He praised her handiwork, for she had placed blossoms on the table and made it a work of art, but he shook his head at the food.

"You see," he explained at length, "I didn't murder the sergeant. I thought at first that I had done, I believe I meant to, but when he began to come around I dragged him over there beyond the poisonous vine. The cliffs drop down to the beach, and there is a natural cave below, with green terraces and access to a little lagoon. It's quite a decent place, but there's no way to it except by using a pole as a ladder. So I excommunicated him—let him down and took the pole away, but I didn't tell you he was still living because I knew you would be afraid. I've had to feed him every day."

"Then is he living now?" Vera asked.

Sinclair shook his head. "He met with an accident on his own account—tried to scale the cliff but fell back with the rocks on top of him. I've been nursing him for days and nights. At night time he got delirious and I had to hold him. That was what made me kind of fagged. I've had some pretty rough times with him, but the days have made up for it."

"And where is he now?" said Vera.

Sinclair's eyes sought the clear horizon. "I tried to give him a white man's burial," he said slowly. "I got him up the cliffs, and dug a hole with a bamboo spade. I didn't know the burial service, so I borrowed your pistol for a farewell salute."

"I know," she said. "I heard the shots."

He smiled down on her. Their hands were on each other's shoulders.

"Vera," he went on, "as I'm not hungry, I'd like you to take this breakfast of mine, and with your own sweet hands place it on his grave with its flowers and its freshness. After all, he was a white man."

Continued on page 74



Crisp — Dainty — "More-ish" with a taste that is incomparable. Each a golden-brown bit of deliciousness, brim full of energy.

Try a sanitary package today.

5c.

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

TIRED?

Take a rest on the porch with a refreshing hot cup of "Camp" Coffee. It puts new life into you. Made in a moment.

"CAMP" COFFEE

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

Goddard's

Plate Powder For Polishing Silver

Used throughout the world
Sold in boxes: 25 cents

AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & Co.
270 LaSalle Street, W., Montreal

MEMORISE YOUR MUSIC

If you can play from the music write for my FREE BOOK THE MASTER-METHOD OF MEMORY-PLAYING (post free) and learn how YOU can play from memory with ease and certainty. No knowledge of Harmony required. Send p.c. to-day stating whether you play the Piano, Violin, Cello or Organ, and if a beginner, intermediate or an advanced player, to R. FOORT, F.R.C.O., 79 Beacon House, Hemstead Road, London, England, N.W.6.

THE DISTANCE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Send for Samples
Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, P.O. Box 2616, Montreal."



Little
Woolens

Downy Soft · Unshrunk

WHEN new, baby's little woolens are almost as soft as his precious, tender skin. But they can quickly lose their downy softness.

1 Rubbing with cake soap mats the sensitive wool fibres, makes them rough and shrunken. Then these tiny shirts and bands bind baby's little growing body, and restrict his breathing. Tight little socks cramp his feet and check their healthy activity.

With tissue-thin Lux flakes no rubbing is necessary. They whip instantly into thick, billowy suds that cleanse little woolens without shrinking or roughening them. After repeated Lux washings, wee woolens are still downy and unshrunk!

For diapers, too. Doctors say painful diaper rash often can be traced to the injurious alkali found in the soaps—flakes, chips or cakes—with which baby's diapers are washed. There is no harmful alkali in Lux!

Use Lux for washing all of baby's little clothes—be kind to his sensitive, rose-leaf skin. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Baby's bottles washed in Lux are so sparkling clean you know they are safe!





Remedy That Head Cold With Hygeol

COLDS, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Hayfever — these everyday complaints are the result of germ attacks. Hygeol, used as a mouth wash, gargle or nose spray affords quick, certain relief because this safe antiseptic destroys the germs and removes irritating obstructions from the nasal passage and throat.

You may use Hygeol freely about the nose, mouth or throat. Its germicidal action, while positive, is harmless to tender tissues.

At all druggists—35c and 60c.



Cleans False Teeth Without Brushing

Immersion in a Hygeol solution will clean the dentures thoroughly, brighten the teeth and burnish every gold part. No brushing is necessary. Same solution will serve for several days.

Send Coupon for Booklet and Trial Bottle

Henry K. Wampole & Company, Ltd.
Perth, Ontario.

Send me Hygeol Booklet and 10c. trial bottle, all free of charge.

Name.....
Address.....

WAMPOLE'S
HYGEOL
for Cleaning False Teeth
and 51 other uses
Made in Canada

Don't Miss It! Johann Lind

An intensely human story this; bringing together as never before Little Russia, New Norway, Holland, Germany — a dozen national offshoots planted here on the plains. A document of human hearts and devotion, neither too great nor too good for daily wear. The kind of loves we all know and a little, too, of the love we all dream of possessing.

Commencing in the March issue
of the
Western Home Monthly

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Timgad

Continued from page 11

together the object of the ancient edifice was not explained. Indeed, the translating of the words presented a five-fold solution. The finding of this additional lettering showed the building had been used for some purpose covered by a Latin word ending in the letters *othecae*.

The scientist now found himself faced with a real cross-word problem, a cross-word puzzle made some twelve hundred years before when the destroying hands of the Arab horde scattered the various fragments of stone.

"Find a word in an unknown number of letters to fit onto the word *othecae*, which means some kind of a building." That was about the way the problem might be expressed in puzzle terms.

Monsieur Ballu's immediate careful tracing of all Latin words that could relate to a building such as this soon narrowed down to a field of only five. The five possible words were: *apothecae* — a wine-shop; *zothecae* — an apartment with niches for statuary; *oporthecae* — a fruit storage; *pinacothecae* — a picture gallery; *bibliothecae* — a library. The shape and size of the remains of the building suggested that it could not have been a picture gallery, a wineshop or a fruit storage place. The ruins covered a rectangular space 77 by 80 feet. Its front consisted of twelve noble columns of white stone in the form of a letter U. There was a long principal chamber and many side ones with recesses where manuscript volumes of the time might have been placed. The great central hall, as the remains indicated, had once evidently been lighted by a large skylight in a vaulted roof, making the place especially adapted to reading.

In spite of all these indications, the scientist and his assistants had, after all, only conjecture to support their theory. And here the matter stood in the same uncertain condition while two more years dragged on, during which time the work of clearing away the ruins of Timgad continued. Then one afternoon a workman uncovered a fragment of inscribed stone far from where the other two had been found. But it was the missing piece, the completing letters of the cross-word puzzle upon which the investigators had been pondering for six long years. The third piece fitted on the right-hand side of the first piece found, and read as follows:

EX LIBERALITE
GATIANA C.M.V. QV
COLONIAE THAM
GAVIT OPUS BIBLI
CURANTERE REPUBLICAE

In triumph the archæologists assembled the three stones, and the pieces thus arrayed now made the following inscription:

"Ex Liberalite M Ivli Quintiani Flavi Ro Gatiani C.M.V. Quam Testamento suo Republicae Coloniae Thamugadensium Patriae suae le Gavit Opus Bibliothecae ex is CCCC Mil Num Curantere Republica Perfectum Est."

The reader by comparing the above given fragments, particularly if he be interested in cryptograms and cross-word puzzles and the like will have no difficulty in sharing the emotions of the scientists who spent years gripped by the wonderful fascination of the work. Their ecstasy when they placed the final fragment in its niche may be imagined, and they read the story written in stone two thousand years before.

The completed words set forth that in the third century a library had been built at Timgad at a cost of 400,000 sesterces from money willed to the city by Quintiani Flavi Rogatini as an appreciation to his home town.

The centuries rolled away. Whatever manuscripts existed of historical record setting forth at the time the gift to this ancient Roman's credit had been destroyed. Ruthless vandals sacked Timgad, and even scattered the fragments of the stone memorial once set up in front of the library in honor of this "Carnegie" of the time. The sands of the desert in this barren waste buried the once magnificent library. Yet Quintiana Flavi Rogatini's memory was not destined to be forgotten.

Chance and the curiosity of modern men, aided by the money of rich patrons of the present, went digging and delving in Timgad to unearth in this strange way a story which shows how little men have changed in two thousand years. Even as Carnegie in the 20th century built libraries and filled them with volumes, so this Roman senator did in his day in Northern Africa. I wonder if Carnegie's name will pop up in some such way to the

Continued on page 72



The unmarkable "cross-word puzzle" in stone finally restored after six years work by the scientists (compare with text)

Gray Hair

restored to natural color by this amazing scientific process physicians endorse as

SAFE

Keeps hair curly, live and lustrous



HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by friends.

This new scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. Some 10,000,000 women have used it.

It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

Test it free if you wish by writing for free outfit—or go to nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not delighted.

TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 166-G Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address

HEINTZMAN PIANOS



Shrewd buyers choose the Heintzman Piano. Its true singing tone, its responsive touch, and the distinguished roll of celebrated artists who prefer it, all add to its desirability as the instrument for the home.

Write for Catalogue and Price List.

HEINTZMAN & Co
TORONTO

Branches at
CALGARY EDMONTON
REGINA MOOSEJAW
SASKATOON

J. W. Kelly Piano Co., Vancouver, B.C.
Fletcher Bros., Victoria, B.C.
Geo. Fletcher, Nanaimo, B.C.
W. J. Pitman, Prince George, B.C.
J. J. H. McLean Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, soaps, masks, clay, ointments, plasters, bandages, make-up, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 333 Chicago

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 49

worth at least one hundred cents on the dollar. Later, when thinking the matter over away from the charm of his friend's language, he came to the conclusion that possibly the bargain was not as good as he anticipated. He thereupon brought the shares to the writer and unfolded his story. A moment spent in telephoning one of the financial rating houses disclosed the fact that the shares were absolutely worthless; that the Company had been in business some ten or twelve years ago, had acquired some property of a highly speculative nature and had then gone out of business. The only thing that the company now possessed was a charter, a seal, share certificates and a very obliging president who issued certificates upon request and at so much per. The president and the real estate agent are both financially worthless and the only remedy of the owner is to prosecute them criminally and in future to remember that buying stocks is a pursuit which requires skilled advice.

LAST October Mr. T. B. Macaulay, president of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, celebrated his fiftieth year of continuous service and it seems most appropriate that in presenting the Annual Report of the Company for 1927 he should be in a position to uncover to the gaze, not only of the policy holders of the company, but also to the general public, a state of affairs that is almost phenomenal in the assurance world. Figures are usually not easily comprehended by the average man but some idea of the great growth of this company can be gathered from the fact that the assets of the company are over four hundred million dollars; that the net assurance in force is almost a billion and a half dollars; that the surplus over all liabilities and the contingency reserve is over forty-five million dollars; that the total net income for the year exceeded one hundred million dollars.

The most remarkable thing, in our opinion, is the great increase in new business. Statistics show that the aggregate new business of all the companies in North America barely exceeds the total of the new business of the previous year but in this respect the Sun Life stands out most prominently. During 1927 it increased its business by over twenty-three per cent. over the business done in 1926.

The policy of the Company has been to build on the rock foundation of conservatism and the division of the 1927 surplus shows that this policy is still the governing factor in all of its relations. For instance, five million dollars has been deducted from the market value of the securities as a further provision against possible future fluctuations; one and a half million dollars have been added to the account to provide for unforeseen contingencies; one million dollars has been written off the Company's head office building and other property; half a million has been set aside to provide for the greater longevity of annuitants.

The Sun Life Assurance Company is a veritable Rock of Gibraltar in the assurance business. Its activities are not confined to Canada but it has stretched out into the United States, South America, West Indies, Great Britain, South Africa, the Near East, China, Japan, India, and the Far East. Its recent acquisition of a building site just off Trafalgar Square and adjoining Canada House in London, England, is typical of that spirit of far-sightedness and business acumen which the Company has the good luck to possess in the personnel of its directors. This report is one of the most interesting tributes paid to those who believe that Canada is destined to become one of the greatest financial countries in the whole world.

ANOTHER equally interesting report is that submitted by the directors of the Great West Life Assurance Company at its Annual Meeting which was held recently in Winnipeg. It affords another instance of the undoubted possibility of success when a conservative policy is united with breadth of outlook

Continued on page 97

PRICE
\$10,000

- (1) Payable in yearly instalments over as long a period as 35 years if you desire
- (2) No Interest Payments
- (3) If you die this house automatically becomes the clear property of your wife. No further payments necessary.



Would You Buy On These Terms?

Of course you would!

But the opportunity will never be offered you because no one could afford to sell a house on such terms.

Yet, a \$10,000 NORTH AMERICAN LIFE Endowment Policy offers you the same opportunity, except that you buy \$10,000 in money rather than \$10,000 in real estate.

You deposit money annually over a period of years set by yourself. When you have made your last payment you get the \$10,000 you have bought, plus profits.

If you die—even after only one deposit—your wife receives \$10,000.

You will find the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE Endowment Policy a most attractive combination of investment and protection.

We will gladly send you complete information regarding its generous features. Send the attached coupon today.

Please send me full particulars about your Endowment Plans.

51

Name _____

Address _____

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO ONT.

ASHDOWN'S

DIAMOND
A
Floor PAINT

Saves the Floor

Easy to Apply

from Traffic wear

Easy to Clean

Wears like Iron

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The J. H. ASHDOWN HARDWARE CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG

SASKATOON

CALGARY

EDMONTON

WHEN sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size required. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



CYRIL D. COLSTON. Age 18.

Saved by Virol

Cyril Colston, whose life was despaired of at the age of five, was brought back to health and strength by Virol. The life history of this boy proves step by step the permanent effect of Virol. It is remarkable evidence of the fact that Virol abounds in those vital foods essential to the development of healthy bodies and without which healthy life cannot exist.

MEDICAL REPORT:—

"... His parents describe the result as nothing less than a miracle. . . . I am fully satisfied that Virol was the factor which enabled him as a child not only to turn the corner successfully . . . but . . . enabled him to build up a healthy body.

(Signed) ———, M.D."

Cyril Colston is now 18 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, has taken certificates, medals, etc., for swimming, and has been passed for the Army.

VIROL

Sold in 16 oz., 8 oz. and 4 oz. tins.

Canadian Importers: BOVRIL LIMITED, Montreal.

Sales Representatives for Canada:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., LIMITED, Toronto.



Age 5 Before Virol.



Age 5. After Virol.

America and World Peace

Continued from page 16

by his method of dealing with war issues both before and after America entered the conflict. Vast numbers of Americans of both the Republican and Democratic parties were wont to exorcise the name of President Wilson for his attitude of neutrality and his method of expressing that neutrality during the first three years of the war. But much of this hostile feeling was wiped clean away by the truly magnificent manner in which President Wilson led his people into the war. For no single event in the war was more splendidly impressive than the Act of Conscription by which the total available manhood of America was marshalled for war.

Americans of a future age will find it hard to forgive those men who, for the sake of revenge and in the interests of partisan politics did to death the American whose name will stand in history second only to one other, and for a greater crime, namely, that of dragging their country from that position of lofty eminence, the position of the moral leadership of the world and condemning the vast majority of the American people, those who most nobly represent their nation, to accept the suspicion, the pity, not to say the contempt of the world, which they had not in the least degree merited. But thus it has ever been in history; peoples have been forced to bear shame and hate not for their own sins but for the sins of governments and leaders who did not in any real sense represent their ideals or their desires.

But America will find some way by which to realize what is after all the deepest desire of the American heart, the outlawry of war and the constructing of some instrument by which international disputes shall be composed apart from the arbitrament of war. The representative American is more and more becoming a world citizen, staunch in his pride in and devotion to his country he is coming to see that

his rights as an American world citizen cannot be secured by him unless he be prepared to assume his responsibility as an American world citizen. He is learning that to attain and to hold his true place in the esteem of the world and—never will America be content until she has won the esteem of mankind—he must serve the world greatly. He cannot hope to trade with the world, to take part in world movements and at the same time retain the self respect without which he cannot live unless he be prepared to play his part in the solving of world problems and in the maintaining of World Peace.

Some three months ago a distinguished Englishman, Mr. Wickham Steed, the Editor of the British Review of Reviews, touring in the United States under the auspices of The World Alliance of Christian Churches for World Peace, addressed a meeting of the Rotary Club in Buffalo when I was in that city. In his address Mr. Steed suggested that just as America had promulgated and maintained her Monroe Doctrine which undoubtedly made for peace in the Western Hemisphere, so she should promulgate and maintain her own doctrine of World Peace in which she would express her purpose to outlaw war and to sever all relations economical and political with any nation which would enter upon war without first exhausting all means of composing the dispute by arbitration or some like method. The storm of applause which fairly rocked the room and which was renewed again and again gave ample testimony to the desire lying deep in the hearts of those Americans that America should find a way by which she could take her place beside the most forward-looking and most highly moralized of the nations of the world in their determined effort to banish war from the earth and to bring in that peace for which men of good will the world over pray when they say: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth."

Praiseworthy Work of the Junior Red Cross Society

EDMONTON school children, marching under the banner of the Junior Red Cross Society, collected, during the past five years almost \$10,000 through the sale of Christmas seals, primrose-day tags, home-made candy, and garden fetes. Their money has built a new wing for crippled children at University hospital, and one evening last January, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Egbert opened the ward officially at a large gathering in the Red Cross Hut, University Hospital.

Each year Edmonton school children and those of adjoining districts have devoted their energies to the cause of little crippled children of the Province.

Inspired by the fact that the first hospital for crippled children was built in Calgary in 1922 under the direction of the Junior Red Cross Society, they have struggled on toward a similar goal. And on the opening night their dream came true.

Spading up their gardens, both at home and in their school grounds, raking and weeding and painstakingly caring for their little plots on hot days when they might have been playing in cool spots under the trees, these young philanthropists have made an enviable name for themselves.

On Saturday mornings, before they started off to play, their first thought, for five summers and winters has been for their Junior Red Cross work.

Entertainments in their mother's attics; summer garden fetes, iced lemonade stands on the street corners near their own homes, or on shady parts of the boulevards where they were not in danger of passing traffic during summer holidays, have all been means of swelling the Crippled Children's Fund.

Friday afternoon concerts in their schools to which mothers and friends have been invited, and a thousand and one ways and means have been adopted by the

youngsters, one of the profitable means of raising money having been the annual Primrose Tag-Day held in early Spring. For this, each year, school children have vied with each other in making the yellow paper flowers, and their skill and ingenuity has extended to the decoration of family automobiles with posies, for the day. Last year Jasper Avenue was a pretty sight on Primrose Tag Day, in spite of inclement weather, primrose-wreathed cars testifying, as they slid around in the snow and the sleet, to the industry of Edmonton's younger generation.

And, in their hospital cots, the white-faced children for whom these healthy boys and girls are working, help too, each year as Primrose Tag Day approaches. Baskets of primroses fashioned by thin, blue veined hands, come from the cots of children who like to help. They, too had a part in providing the new wing, and in helping to swell the fund that will help other little unfortunates to regain health and strength.

The new wing, which has accommodation for thirty-two patients, is equipped with all the latest scientific methods for the successful treatment of orthopaedic cases, and has a number of endowed cots, among them being one from The Dickens Fellowship, which has been aptly named the "Tiny Tim Cot." Every possible inch of wall space is devoted to windows, and a wide sun porch will provide facilities for sun baths.

The children at present undergoing treatment in University Hospital, in a temporary upstairs ward, will be moved as soon as possible to their new quarters, and are as happy over the prospect as their school children friends are in the thought that, penny by penny, they collected the funds for this fine new hospital wing.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



At the First Sign of Spring

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING & SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Bedroom of Character

Continued from page 72

silhouettes in their wide black frames. The pair of lamps, with their plain cream shades, are quite exquisitely a part of this successful grouping.

The window treatment will appeal, I am sure, to everyone. It is worth while either as an all-year-round treatment for a room which is naturally bright and sunny, or for a summer treatment where heavier draperies are put away for the warm months. Against the window, there are straight-falling curtains of plain fine marquisette, made with a rather deep hem. Over these are outer curtains of marquisette with a colored spot—it might be either rose or mauve. Two ruffles, one narrower than the other, are used at the edge and they are bound with sunfast organdy in the same color as the embroidered spot in the marquisette. The valance has three graduated ruffles, bound in the color, shirred, and mounted on the plain material. This treatment would be appropriate in bedrooms of several types—wherever a light and airy effect is desirable.

As for the background—the paper has a cream ground, with floral stripes featuring rosy pinks. Apart from the fact that the wall-treatment carried right up to a moulding at the ceiling, is exceedingly good form in itself at present, it is to be commended in this case because it adds to the apparent height of the room, aided still further by the stripe; this height is valuable on account of the high bed—it helps to create that feeling of good proportion, which, as I have said, is particularly well maintained in this room.

The all-over carpet is plain—a warm shade of taupe that seems to have a cast of the wistaria in it, just enough to relate it to the color scheme. Small patterned rugs may always be placed at special points in the room, if one desires to introduce them.

Another important unit in the furnishing of this room (which, owing to the limitations of the camera, could not be shown) is dominated by the dressing-table. Its design is as restrained as that of the chest of drawers. A mirror on a stand is, of course, its perfect complement and in the slender posts which support the glass, one sees the bed-post again, reproduced on a miniature scale. Another mirror that might well be used above this dressing table would be of the hanging type—perhaps one of those with the painted band of color on the edge of the glass itself, with a little floral spray decorating the arched top. These and other types of hanging mirrors are always

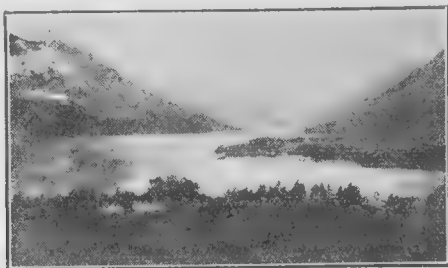
happily associated with furniture of this particular type. If a second mirror were desired in the room, one of those on a stand might be given a place on the chest of drawers; this would usurp the position now occupied by the bookshelf, but another very charming way of completing the group would be to have two sets of shelves, built on the same light lines as the one shown, but narrower, so that one might be given place on each side of the mirror, their tops sufficiently lower or higher than the top of the glass to make a pleasing group.

AS I have hinted, many of the ideas in this room could be used with equal success in a room of quite different character. Swinging to the other extreme, let us picture a quite modern suite painted in delicate color. I saw one at the furniture exhibition finished in a shade of green that was particularly lovely. It could be dropped into this particular setting and look as though it had grown there from the beginning. I think that my preference would be for a very quiet tone of green in the rug, instead of the taupe; this, with the foliage which naturally appears in the floral wall-paper and the chintzes, would bind the room together charmingly.

Of course the bed would not be a four-poster—at least, not the high curtained type of four-poster shown; very modified posts appear in some of the designs for painted furniture as well as for those developed in the polished woods. The chest of drawers, dressing table, pretty mirrors on their own stands, or delicately framed for hanging on a silk cord, even the little sets of hanging shelves, may all be found in the colored finishes.

The colors most favored, by the way, are the deep ivory, very light blue, powder blue, the palest of yellows, soft greens, rather dull light rose, exquisite grey and occasionally a sort of greyed mauve tone.

One excellent plan that seems to be followed pretty generally by our manufacturers is to make up bedroom suites in such a manner that one may choose those pieces which will fill one's needs most directly. For instance, the essentials are often added such incidental pieces as bedside tables, writing table, chairs of the straight or more casual type, a long cheval glass. Thus one may study the size and requirements of the room in question and furnish to its best advantage—or one may begin with one or two pieces and add the rest as the exchequer permits.



MOONLIGHT ON WATERTON LAKE

Where else on earth is such a scene
Of limpid beauty, calm, serene,
Transcendently sublime?
The dying sun still stints the west,
The moon steals o'er the mountain crest
At hush of vespers time.

The sylvan lake, with wave-kissed shore,
Reflecting all that lies before,
Enchants me and entralls;
In crystal depths the stars shall see
Their part in heaven's pageantry
When night-time's curtain falls.

O peerless one, of mystic spell,
The lapping waves thy praises tell
In lullaby and song.
What else beneath the sky so fair?
What other can with thee compare?—
Such charms to thee belong!

The Rockies mirrored in the deep
Are sentries watching o'er thy sleep,
Unceasing vigils share;
Rest then in peace, unravished maid,
Thy cloistered shrine none dare invade—
Sleep on, thou virgin fair!

The amorous moon with glances bright
Casts o'er thy breast a beam of light—
A shimm'ring silver band:—
Such pathway nymphs and fairies tread,
Elysian realms lie just ahead,
It leads to spirit-land.

O mountain spirit, bewitching elf
That lures me from my other self,
And on my heartstrings play!
Though I must wander far from thee
Thy siren call will follow me,
Thy slave I am away.

E. Gardner-Smith



Stucco cuts cost of upkeep on the home

In every town and city in the Dominion, stucco construction is noticeable among the finest homes in the best residential sections. Stucco is here to stay and is becoming more popular each year. It is a finish, not only attractive, but durable and economical, especially when plastered over a METAL Lath Base—which is a better method where a permanent finish is desired. Stucco on Metal Lath cuts the cost of upkeep on the home because it does away with the annual painting so necessary for other types of home. The small home owner finds this combination ideal because of the low cost. METAL Lath construction means increased protection from fire, better resale value and permanent beauty in exterior stucco and interior plastered walls.



Specify Pedlar's Expanded Metal Lath when you plan to build. Write for our Lath Booklet.

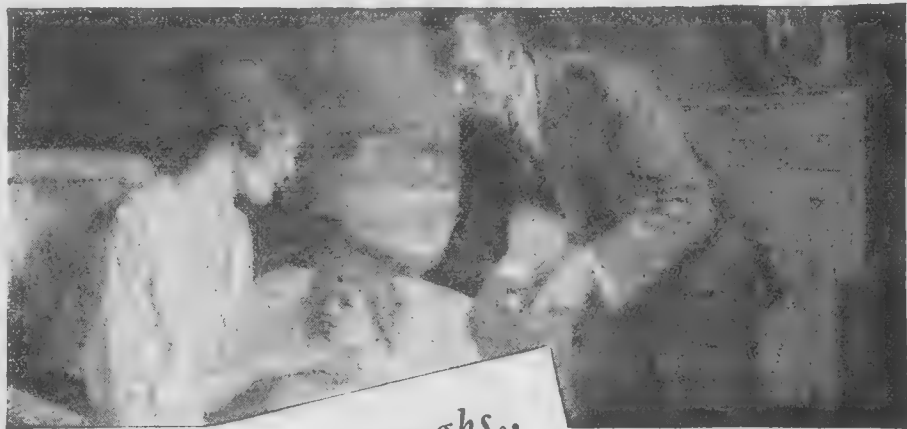
THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

Head Office - Oshawa, Ont.

Factories: OSHAWA MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Branches: Montreal, St. John, Halifax, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Vancouver.

PEDLAR'S METAL-BUILT PRODUCTS



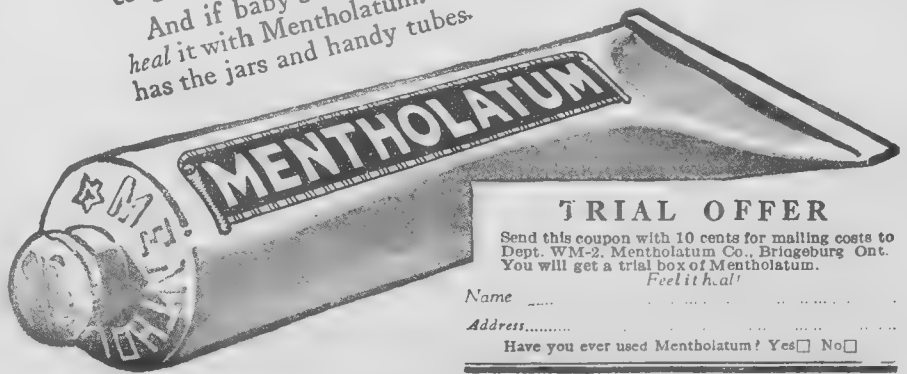
When your baby coughs.. DANGER

HERE is the first thing to do when baby has a cold. Rub plenty of Mentholatum on baby's chest, and cover it loosely with a warm flannel cloth. This permits the healing vapor to be inhaled into the congested breathing passages.

And if baby's nose is red and sore... heal it with Mentholatum. Your druggist has the jars and handy tubes.

MEN!

Be sure and use Mentholatum Shaving Cream—you'll say it's a grand and glorious feeling!



TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 10 cents for mailing costs to Dept. WM-2, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg Ont. You will get a trial box of Mentholatum. *Feel it!*

Name

Address

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐



Travel with a LANGMUIR HARTMANN

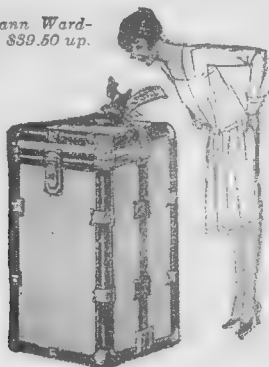
WARDROBE TRUNK

... and always
look smart!

At the most fashionable resorts, where people foregather for pleasure and where appearance means so much, those who are the "smartest of the smart" are likely to be owners of Langmuir-Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks. Folks who circle the Globe on business—who insist on well-dressed clothes for any occasion on a moment's notice, know from experience that a Langmuir-Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk gives them the utmost in clothes-carrying convenience.

See the genuine Langmuir-Hartmann at any good luggage store, or write direct for Trunk Catalogue "W.C."

Langmuir-Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks from \$39.50 up. F.O.B. Toronto.



Langmuir
Manufacturing Co.
of Toronto, Limited

When sending for Patterns
of Fashion Plates
Remember to state the
size required.

A Roof Top Romance

Continued from page 13

The next day there was a note. "Why do you want to spoil it? Now I am the girl unknown on the roof, and you are the editor who lives in a window. You find me amusing; I enjoy you, as I enjoy your magazine, from afar. No, I was not sick, except of New York. You don't know anything about being lonely in New York. No man ever does. Men can always find enjoyment in watching crowds, women only in being of them. But what if I shouldn't like you, out of your window, or you me, off my roof? I am not so literal as you—or is it confident?"

Peter read this note over twice. "Now, what on earth can a girl be doing over there who can write a note like that?" he said to himself. Then he tried to write an answer, but he couldn't—not one which would both satisfy him and be light enough to get across the chasm. So he simply said:

"I can't answer you. The popgun won't carry all I have to say—half I have to say. I shall be at your elevator shaft at 5.30 and wait there till you come, even if it's off and on for days, and days, like the Frog Footman."

She came to the roof that noon, but she did not look at him. He sent the message over, and, by some freak of luck, it fell squarely in her lap as she sat in the hammock, passing under the awning, striking her shoulder and toppling over. He saw her take it, finger it for a moment, and then read it. He watched with breath half suspended. Very slowly she turned and looked at him. She did not smile—her face was grave. Her eyes seemed to be questioning. He made his lips form the word "Please," but she neither nodded nor denied. Only she folded the note carefully and tucked it in her dress.

AT 5.30 he stood at the foot of the elevator shaft in the adjoining building and watched the crowds coming out. Presently she came, and their eyes met, close for the first time. He was a little pale, and she a little flushed.

"Do—do you go uptown or down?" he asked.

"Down," she answered, and her voice was low-pitched and pleasant.

"So do I. I live on Washington Square."

"I live near there myself."

"It's the nicest part of the town to live in."

"I like it best, too."

"Have you lived there long?"

"Ever since I came to New York."

"And that is—"

"Two years."

"I've been here six."

They were out on the street now, crossing through to Fifth Avenue. Peter suddenly laughed. "What a way to begin!" he exclaimed, "and I am not even thanking you for your goodness! I was terribly afraid you wouldn't come."

"I was terribly afraid I wouldn't, too," she smiled.

"You wanted to, then?" he spoke eagerly.

"I was curious about you," was her answer. "I've always wondered what kind of men edited the kind of magazine you edit."

"Oh!" said Peter. "But I'm not the real editor," he perked up. "I'm not a bit like him. To be quite frank with you, I don't care much for our magazine myself."

"But I like it," she smiled. "I read those lovely tales about lovely ladies with lovely lingerie who are always almost getting caught by wicked men while they are swimming in crystal-clear Adirondack lakes, and are always being rescued by clean-limbed young Americans who pass them their clothes

while gazing nobly in the opposite direction. I think they are perfectly thrilling. I love the pictures, too, especially when the clean-limbed young Americans rescue the girls from watery graves and emerge from the pages of your magazine in perfectly dry clothes. I think you editors over there have real genius!"

Peter laughed a little uncomfortably. He had, after all, a certain masculine loyalty to his job. But her satire hit home so true that he had to laugh.

"I wonder what the magazine would be like if you edited it?" he said.

"Now you are angry with me," she answered rather gravely. "Please don't be. I am the only girl on our roof who doesn't think your magazine is the best published." Peter looked at her sharply. This was hitting harder yet.

"You have the better of me," he said. "I don't know what you do."

"You know I raise radishes and try to make a few silly little stenographers breathe properly and get some fresh air," she said.

"Yes; that's the second thing which made me admire you."

"And the first was—"

"The way you stretched."

The girl laughed. "I don't know whether that is a compliment," said she. "I've read somewhere that when Cleopatra yawned she made men mad. Yet I should hate to emulate Egypt's queen."

Peter did not reply to this. He felt curiously less able to cope with the adventure than he had expected, and he found her, too, more provocatively pretty than he had guessed from a distance. "Please tell me who and what you are," he said bluntly.

"You really want to know? Oh, you men! You are never able to play the game for the game's sake!"

"Not when the game is so close to reality," said Peter earnestly.

SHE darted a quick look at him.

"My name is Mona Hazen," she answered. "I am the far-from-proud holder of a Master's Degree in Anglo-Saxon and Old English. At present I am connected with the textbook department of Dole, Meadows & Co. It is very dull and stupid work at times, not half so much fun as being almost discovered bathing in crystal-clear Adirondack lakes. The pay is not magnificent and I don't like motion pictures. I think New York a shoddy and overestimated city. There—now you know all!"

"I shouldn't be so foolish as to think that I knew all if I had been acquainted with you from the cradle," said Peter.

"You have the beginning of wisdom," she smiled.

They reached Washington Square, with its green buses and red houses and pansies around the fountain jet, as the low sun was striking through from the west, and sat on a bench, talking familiarly. They both loved Washington Square. "An oasis of permanence in a desert of change," Peter called it. They spoke of home presently, for one of them New Hampshire, for the other a prairie town in Illinois. And when Peter proposed dinner at the Breevort, the girl made no objection.

"I'm too lonely and tired to spar," she said suddenly. "I'd love to go. Take me!"

Peter refrained only by a heroic effort from patting her hand as it lay on her lap. He felt confident again now. He was the guide and protector.

The next day it was a different girl who came on the roof at noon and a

different man at the window. She looked up at once with a smile and a wave of the hand, and she picked up Bobo and made him shake his paw. Peter unblushingly got out the pop-gun and sent across a note.

"Seats to the theatre tomorrow night. Will you go?" She read it and nodded.

The next day he sent another note: "I'll call for you at your house at 6.45. I could have said so yesterday, but it's more fun to send a second note."

He watched her read this and smile. She had just time to wave to him before the other girls arrived.

They went to dinner together, they went to the theatre together—and were bored, and left when the show was half over, strolling in the summer night through the lover-lined walks of Central Park and riding home on the top of an avenue bus.

It was but the first of many meetings, of many walks, even of Sunday excursions into the country or to the shore, all of them invariably arranged by the popgun method—or at least suggested by that route.

Then one day a dreadful thing happened. Peter learned the news when he met Mona at the foot of the elevator, to walk home with her.

"We are going to move," she said, to larger quarters."

"Not out of the building!" he cried.

"Yes, out of the building. We start moving tomorrow. We'll be gone by next Monday. They sprang it on us out of a clear sky. Oh, my poor radishes!"

"Oh, your poor Peter!" said he gloomily. "Do you think I can stand it looking out on that roof when you are gone? I, too, shall have to move. Guess I'll have to take the job that was offered me on another magazine."

"What magazine?" she asked eagerly.

He told her. "It's a bit more dignified, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, good, good! Do take it!" she cried in such a tone that he suddenly looked at her, sobered, and said very quietly: "I will."

The next day she appeared on the roof at the usual time. He stood at his window and shot over the expected billet. She tried to catch it in her hands before it fell, and, laughing, she succeeded. He watched her open it and read. He saw her face go white, her hands go up to her cheeks for a moment, and then she raised her face, looked quickly along the wall of windows opposite to make sure that Peter alone was watching her, and for just a second both her arms rocked out toward him across the yawning chasm of the canyon street. Then she dropped them and watched him while he, with great deliberation, broke the popgun across the window ledge and dropped the pieces into the basket inside. For an instant longer they stood smiling into each other's faces, and then she turned and fled—fled to avoid the chattering group of stenographers who would be coming in a moment.

This was what he had written:

"This is my last note across the sundering canyon. Dearest, tell me there will never be a sundering canyon any more. I leave here next week. In a month I go to the new place. Between, let us go together into Paradise and the hills. Hold out your arms if I may hope."

When they returned to town they began to hunt for a little house on the top of a sky-scraper which they could rent and where they could grow vegetables in boxes and keep a dog. Does anybody know of one?

The Difficult Season

Local Ad—Wanted a salesgirl: must be respectable, till after Christmas.

—Lehigh Burr

A Forgotten Island of Romance

By D. L. English



TRISTAN DA CUNHA

A typical inhabitant of the island showing characteristic bullock cart

THE gracious solicitude of their Majesties King George and Queen Mary for the welfare and comfort of the inhabitants of the least-known and loneliest island colony in the world, has recently aroused interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The open-heartedness of various organizations throughout the Empire was fittingly illustrated when the Empress of France sailed from New York recently carrying over three and a half tons of radio equipment and other gifts to be landed on the Island of Tristan da Cunha, a port of call on her South American-South African cruise specially arranged for the purpose.

Romance blows with the wind from every solitary island; and the romance of Tristan da Cunha is its grandeur of isolation, the struggle for existence of the few inhabitants of its rock-bound shores and the experiences of an old sailor who left as a heritage to the island the belief that somewhere amid the rocks is to be found a wealth of pirate treasure. About the island has been written an almost unknown page in the history of the scattered outposts of the Empire.

The island is distant from its nearest neighbor, St. Helena—isle of Napoleonic memories—by 1,500 miles and is far from the path of ships, rarely indeed receiving a visit from the busy world beyond the horizon; a world which, marching along the highway of progress, has all but forgotten this outpost of civilization in the desert of the South Atlantic Ocean.

In 1814, an English garrison occupied this strategic Island. There they found three Americans, one of whom, Jonathan Lambert "of Salem, a citizen and mariner thereof," is reputed to have sailed the seas as a buccaneer. As a pirate he ran untrue to form, somehow escaping the yard arm and public hangings that have been their traditional fate. The story goes that he came to Tristan, to hoard secretly the booty of many a rich prize seized and plundered on the roaring Spanish Main.

Thus the place is invested with the magic spell of a treasure island, and to this day, the islanders believe that within its bounds are doubloons, moldores, pieces of eight, or louis d'or. Whether this be true or not has yet to be proven, for Lambert, when found by the English, was engaged in the peaceful occupation of preparing the skins and oil of seals with which the shores abounded. These were exchanged for provisions from any passing ships and the trade appears to have been so lucrative that Lambert is said to have issued a proclamation inviting all the world to trade with the island. Of it Lambert declared himself the sovereign lord, "Grounding my right and claim," as he is recorded to have said, "on the rational and sure ground of absolute occupancy."

The continuous occupation of Tristan da Cunha began, however, in 1817 when, on the withdrawal of the garrison, William Glass of Kelso, a corporal in the Royal

Artillery, was left on the Island at his own request with his wife and two soldiers who had been induced to join them. The real discoverer of the Island was a Portuguese navigator whose name the Island bears. This took place in the year 1506. Later it was visited by Dutch East Indiamen and still later by American whalers.

Of Lambert's occupation little is known, but strangely enough his name is recalled by an old fisherman in the Georgian Bay region. This old man, according to a disconnected story had boarded a merchantman in his early days bound for Cape Town. The ship was blown off its course in a heavy storm and when dawn broke and the sea subsided, the huge cliffs of Tristan could be seen some miles off. The old fisherman and his fellow sailors landed and heard of Lambert's occupation, but details were lacking. Nevertheless this old man's story proves that Lambert, the American miser-pirate, and his life on the Island, are not myths.

From the tiny settlement founded by Glass, which was increased from time to time by ship-wrecked sailors, a few settlers from Cape Town, and diminished again by the exodus of a few restless ones, the present colony of 140 souls has sprung. Though drawn from many races, the settlers are mainly Anglo-Saxon. Striving with the unfertile soil and frequent unkind elements, their hardihood and moral fibre are as strong as those of the pioneers of civilization on the North American continent.

The people are self-governing and self-supporting. Cattle and sheep are raised but owing to devastation by rats, first blown ashore from a derelict in 1885, wheat can no longer be grown. The men are daring seamen and clever carpenters and masons; but there is a touch of the primitive in their work as can be seen in the odd bullock carts, and the cottages built of huge blocks of stone. The houses are well-constructed and comfortable. No mortar is used, the blocks being hewn with such care that they fit together perfectly.

Physically the island is entirely of volcanic formation. High cliffs circle the lonely spot and are lined with ravines, the walls rising like ramparts to the sea to a height in many places of over 1,000 feet. They are topped by a central cone that stands out amid the surrounding cliffs at a height of 7,640 feet, snow-capped and symmetrical as the Peak of Teneriffe. Here in the largest crater is a fresh water lake which, it is said is never frozen. On the northwest of the island is the sole access to the sea—a narrow plateau where the settlement is scattered.

It is the social existence of the inhabitants that has attracted the sympathy of the outside world. Life in such a spot is apt to become drab and monotonous, for few of the distractions of the outside world are there to be found. The radio equipment to be landed from the Empress of France will bring the joys of this

Continued on page 93

Are Your Teeth standing the test of time?



In years to come, what kind of teeth will your smile disclose? . . . lustrous teeth that glow with health? Or—what?

If you are anxious to preserve the flash and charm of your smile, anxious to keep your teeth healthy and lustrous through the years, visit your dentist twice a year and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day!



There is no safer guide in the selection of a perfect dentifrice than the experience of thousands of Canadians who attribute their exceptionally sound and beautiful teeth to the fact that for ten, fifteen, even twenty years they have used nothing but Colgate's—the dentifrice recommended most frequently by dentists.

Made in Canada by Colgate & Co., Limited.
Montreal.

*Ask your druggist today
for Colgate's.*

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



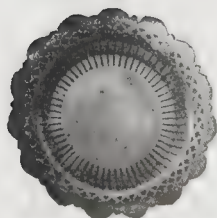
Bridge Accessories and Favors for the Party



2622



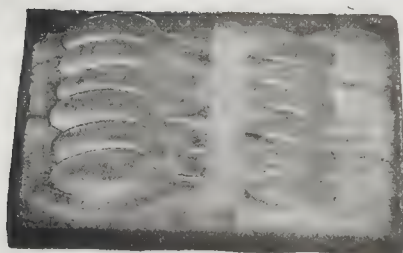
6361



2503



2527



2518



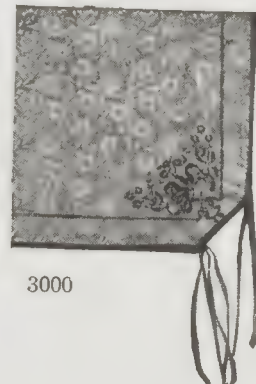
3730



2506



6429



3000

Bridge! Everyone plays bridge these days. What better way of passing hours of congenial friendship than at an interesting, pleasurable, game of bridge. With this idea in mind we undertake to bring before you this month a few bridge accessories and a small collection of bridge prizes that would be useful to the winner. Too often it happens that the prizes are useless; the main reason for this is because the cost of nice prizes is generally thought prohibitive. To amend this you will see illustrated below five gift suggestions at one dollar, which anyone will admit is very reasonable. What hostess would not be happy to give such pleasing and inexpensive gifts for prizes? Good cards are so necessary to any card game that we show here three different styles. The double decks are very popular. Then here is a bridge table cover of waterproof, brocaded cloth, which may be wiped off with a sponge or damp cloth, it is so convenient. The table markers are always a necessity at the correct bridge game and these metal markers are useful as well as ornamental. There is a pencil conveniently attached to each, and the markers are all different in color. No difficulty in picking the right table when playing progressive games.



Prizes for the Winners

No. 2527, \$1.00—What home or room could not but be improved with a pair of English Cast Brass Candlesticks, complete with candles? Surely a splendid prize.

No. 6429, \$1.00—Attractive, useful Perfume Spray in rose-colored crystal glass. A splendid Bridge Prize for the young ladies' parties.

No. 2503, \$1.00—This daintily pierced Bon Bon Dish, finished in Silver Plate, 5½-in. in diameter, will grace the table of some lady winner in Bridge.

No. 6367, 75c.—A bottle of delicately perfumed Talcum Powder is always an acceptable and welcome addition to Milady's toilet accessories. Why not include one of these as a gift?

No. 3000, \$1.50—Brocaded waterproof bridge Covers, colors Gold, Green, Light and Dark Blue, with stencilled design.

No. 2518, \$1.00—What prize winner won't find plenty of use for half a dozen Silver Plated Tea Spoons in lovely presentation box?

No. 2506, \$1.00—A useful Bridge Prize is this finest quality Silver Plated Tea Strainer and holder.

No. 2636, \$1.00—Two packs of Gilt Edge Playing Cards in pocket case.

No. 3730, \$1.25—Exceptionally attractive Playing Cards, finely colored on high class linen cards.

No. 2622, \$1.00—These new, enamel Table Numbers, four in number, are very necessary to the smooth running Bridge game. They come, each a different color, with pencils attached.

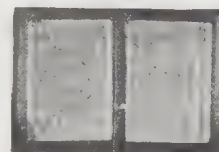
No. 3705, \$2.00—Two packs of Gilt Edge, Fine Quality Playing Cards.

No. 6406, \$3.50—Always a welcome gift or prize is a Sterling Silver Vanity Compact on a chain. This one, at \$3.50, is an exceptional value.

No. 6361, \$2.00—A bottle of exquisite perfume in a leather purse size case never fails to be greeted with enthusiasm by the fortunate winner.



6406



2636



6367



3705

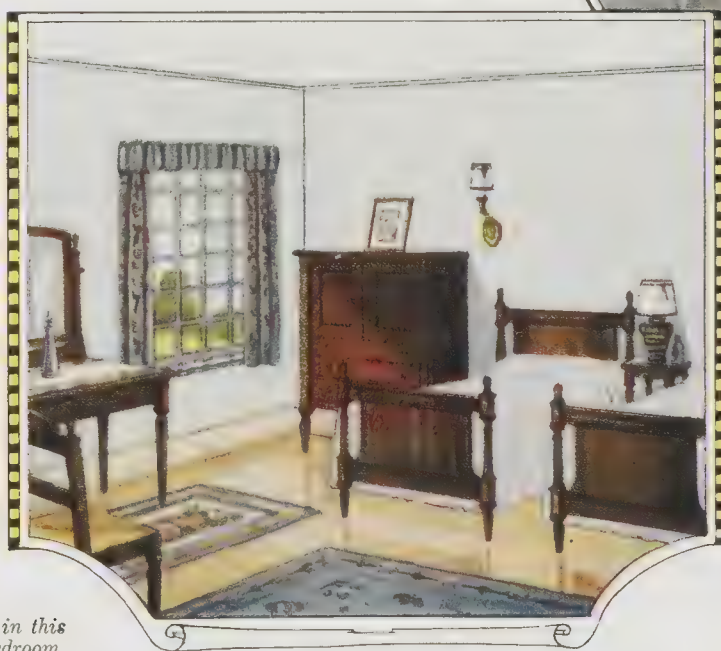
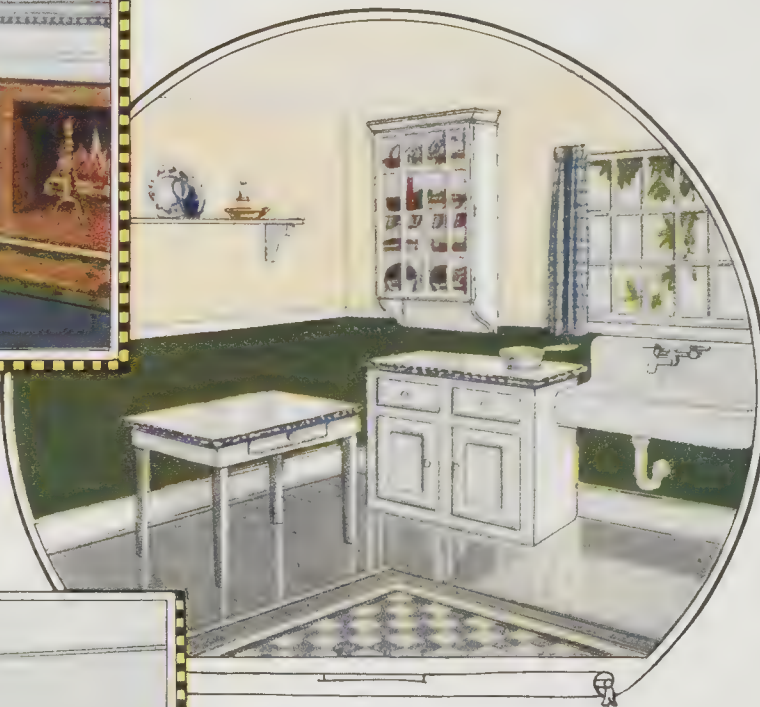
The WARMTH & CHARM of COLORFUL ROOMS

The Comfort of Lighter Housework



The charming colour blending in this well-appointed Living Room is secured wholly with *Stephens' Paint Products*. SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colours—No. 28 on the Ceiling—No. 1 on the Walls—SILKSTONE IVORY GLOSS ENAMEL on the trim—and *Stephens' GRANITE FLOOR VARNISH*.

The colour composition of this beautiful light Kitchen consists of SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colours—No. 6 on the Ceiling—No. 9 on the Walls—No. 12 on the Wainscoting—Trim, SILKSTONE WHITE GLOSS ENAMEL and *Stephens' GREY FLOOR PAINT*.



Note the tone values in this artistically decorated bedroom. The Walls are covered with SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colour, No. 25—Ceiling, No. 27—Trim, SILKSTONE CREAM GLOSS ENAMEL—and WA-KO-VER Stain (Light Oak) on Floor.

Generally speaking, shaded rooms need warm colours which will give the effect of the sunlight which seldom enters—light rooms (usually the Southern exposure) should be decorated with softened colours that are restful. Bright sunlight and bright colour do not make a livable combination.

The pictures on this page show the practical application of colour harmony in relation to light and function. In the Living Room two different upholstery fabrics and chintz curtains, with a blue-brown background and a decorative floral pattern, repeating the other colour tones used in the room, complete the harmony of the whole.

The correct combination of colours for different rooms is the most difficult problem presented to the home decorator. But few people have an instinct for colour.

Stephens'
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Silkstone
Flat Wall Colours

(Smooth as Silk—Hard as Stone)

Solve the Problem!

SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colours are adaptable to every room of your home. Manufactured in 24 attractive shades—giving you a wide choice of soft, rich tones. It produces a smooth surface under which germs cannot breed and is easy to apply.

Lightens Housework!

Housekeepers, everywhere, acclaim SILKSTONE; a blessing in disguise. Dust and dirt will not readily lodge on it—soap and water will keep it fresh and clean.

Consult Our Service Department

If you are living in the most remote place you can now have colour harmony which will equal any city home. WITHOUT COST—WITHOUT OBLIGATION our Service Department will be pleased to help you choose the most suitable colour scheme for any number of rooms in your home. When writing, please state the point of the compass each room faces and the number of windows per room. Also indicate Living Room, Bedroom, Kitchen, etc. G. F. STEPHENS & CO. LIMITED, 170 Market Ave., E. Winnipeg, Canada



PAINT MAKERS
Since
1882

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Always Reliable

Made In Canada - Contains No Alum

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS





Your Children's Lunch Box

AS SPRING approaches, packing the school lunches becomes one of the worst tasks of a busy woman's life. There have been several months of it, five times a week, and perhaps several of them each day. She has used up all her ideas, her supply of certain foods has become exhausted, and the appetites are growing rather finicky, which makes it even more important to have the lunches more attractive than earlier in the winter.

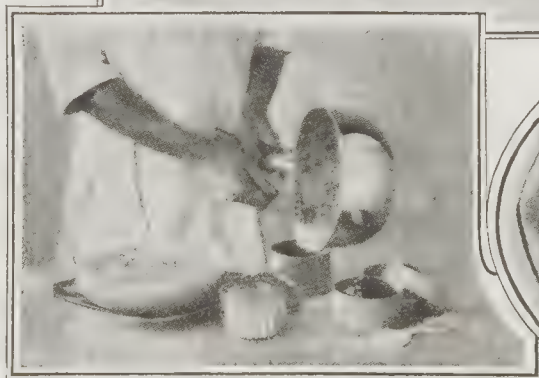
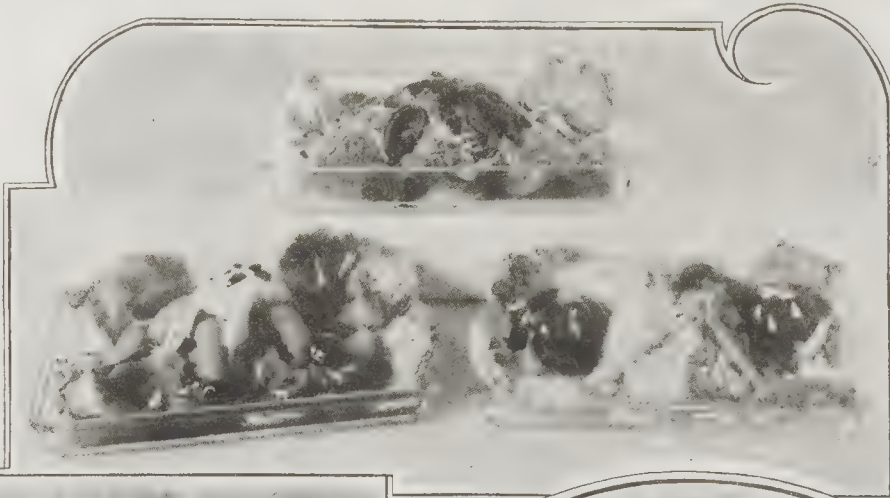
The lunch will be more appetizing if it is not packed by the person who is to eat it, as then it will be an adventure to open it. A special place for the essentials for lunch packing will lessen the labor considerably, pails, baskets, boxes, bottles, little jars, waxed paper, paper napkins, string, etc., should be kept here, ready for use. Food materials for lunches should have a place sacred to that purpose, and should not be used for any other occasion, salad dressing, nuts, sandwich fillings, dried fruits, jelly, fancy biscuits, perhaps a few candies.

An attractively packed lunch is sure to taste good, and need not mean any extra labor. A supply of waxed paper, a large bundle may be bought for a very few cents, is ideal for wrapping each individual article, especially sandwiches, in. Flavors will not mix, and food is kept from drying out. Stickers, those left over from Christmas time or any other holiday, are useful for fastening the little bundles.

Some form of bread will provide the main part of the meal, there should be some dessert, something to drink, and something moist, because at best, a lunch, eaten in a dusty school room, several hours after it has been prepared, is not an ideal meal. Fortunate indeed are the children who have one hot food at school at noon, whether it is a bowl of soup, a cup of cocoa, a hot baked potato, etc. The mother's task in sending the remainder of the lunch from home, will be very much lessened. Everything will taste so much better, and the meal is always more readily digested if part of it is warm. Good drinking water should be provided by every school board. It is always possible to have it taken from a farm in the district in some suitable, covered container, as often as necessary, if there is no other available supply, but it is essential to the well-being of the children as desks or other necessities of school life. Cold milk may be kept real cold in a thermos bottle, if possible to provide the child with one. But little people are not as careful as they might be and so many mothers find that the bottles are broken so frequently.

A lunch of bread, either as sandwiches or not, cookies, cake, or pie is inclined to be constipating, and will pile up trouble for the child throughout his future life. For this reason if no other, there should be some portion of the meal of a moist nature, fresh fruit if possible, stewed or canned fruit, salad or a dessert in a little covered container. Pie tastes good, perhaps owing to its moist nature, but is not good for children, and is one of the very most difficult things to carry satisfactorily. Cold cream jars with screw tops, or tiny glass jars may be bought nowadays with metal screw tops, containing all sorts of prepared sandwich fillings, cheese mixtures, salad dressings, etc. Not that we recommend the buying of such fillings for

regular use as they are usually too expensive, but one might buy enough of them to provide each child with one for his lunch basket. On top of the basket may be a paper napkin or one very simply decorated with a little colored embroidery, and made of a flour sack, to lay on the desk before taking out the lunch. Washing and ironing are hard work, but economy in labor pays better in any other aspect of life than where the training of children is concerned. Far better a simple



A little planning and forethought will insure appetizing lunches. Dainty salad and dessert dishes are innumerable and when making these, enough extra quantity may be put on one side in tiny jars or glasses for the next day's lunches. Cookies are usually a first favorite with children



meal of bread and butter and tea, out of a reasonably pretty cup, with a tablecloth and a real napkin, than an elaborate banquet on a glary porcelain-topped table, with thick white cups, and slippery paper napkins which slide on the floor. The most happy-go-lucky boy enjoys a dainty lunch just as much as his little sister does, even though he won't say anything. There should also be a napkin to spread on the child's lap.

A little planning when doing the other cooking will insure something for the lunches. When making pies, two or three turnovers may be made for the boy who is big enough to have his digestion uninjured by them. The cookie jar should be kept partly filled at least. When making desserts, enough extra may be put aside in the covered glasses for tomorrow's baskets. If the meat chopper is being used, grind some of the cooked cold meat for one or two day's sandwich filling. If grating cheese for macaroni and cheese for supper, grate some extra for a jar of sandwich filling. When baking bread, make part of the dough into some sort of fancy bread. These, buttered, may frequently take the place of sandwiches. Raisin bread tastes so good, and is more moist than plain white or brown bread. Buns may be made in varying fancy shapes, rather than in one's ordinary manner. Then there is the big family of "quick" breads.

Coffee Cake

Spread bread dough in a shallow greased pan; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and dot with butter; let rise till light, then bake in a moderately hot oven. It will require about 18 or 20 minutes.

Finger Rolls

From the dough for rolls, pinch off pieces about the size of a small egg, roll between the palms of the hands into a ball, then lay on the bread board, and roll out into a stick, about 4 or 5 inches long, tapering at the ends. Put on buttered pans, not less than an inch apart, let rise, brush with milk and bake in a moderate oven.

Crescents

After making finger rolls as above, twist them into crescents, let rise and bake after brushing with milk.

Parker House Rolls

Roll the bread dough out in a sheet half inch thick, and cut in circles then, brush with melted butter, crease through the middle with the back of a knife, and fold over, pressing down the edges. Let rise till double in bulk, then bake 20 minutes in a rather hot oven.

In any of the above recipes, sugar, melted butter, and if one likes, beaten eggs are added to the bread dough.

Coffee Cake II

Flour, 3 c.
Baking powder, 5 t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, 1 t.
Cinnamon, 1 t.
Raisins, 1 c.
Milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg, 1
Melted butter, 3 tb.

To the sifted dry ingredients add the beaten egg, milk, raisins and melted butter. Let rise in the pans for about 10 minutes, then bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. At the end of 10 minutes, sprinkle with

cinnamon and sugar and finish baking.

Fruit Rolls

Flour, 2 c.
Baking powder, 4 t.
Sugar, 2 tb.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Shortening, 2 tb.
Raisins or dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Sugar, 2 tb.
Melted butter
Milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, rub in the shortening and add enough milk to roll out the dough. Pat or roll to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with the cinnamon and sugar mixed together and the fruit, cut in quite small pieces. Roll up like a jelly roll, and slice in pieces about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, lay on a pan, and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven, taking care that they do not burn.

Nut or Fruit Bread

Flour, 2 c.
Baking powder, 4 t.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Salt, 1 t.
Egg, 1
Milk, 1 c.
Nuts or fruit, 1 c.

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and sugar, add the beaten egg and milk, and the broken nut meats, or fruit cut in pieces, or half a cup of each.

Continued on page 73



Healthful

Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser

CHASES DIRT

MADE IN CANADA

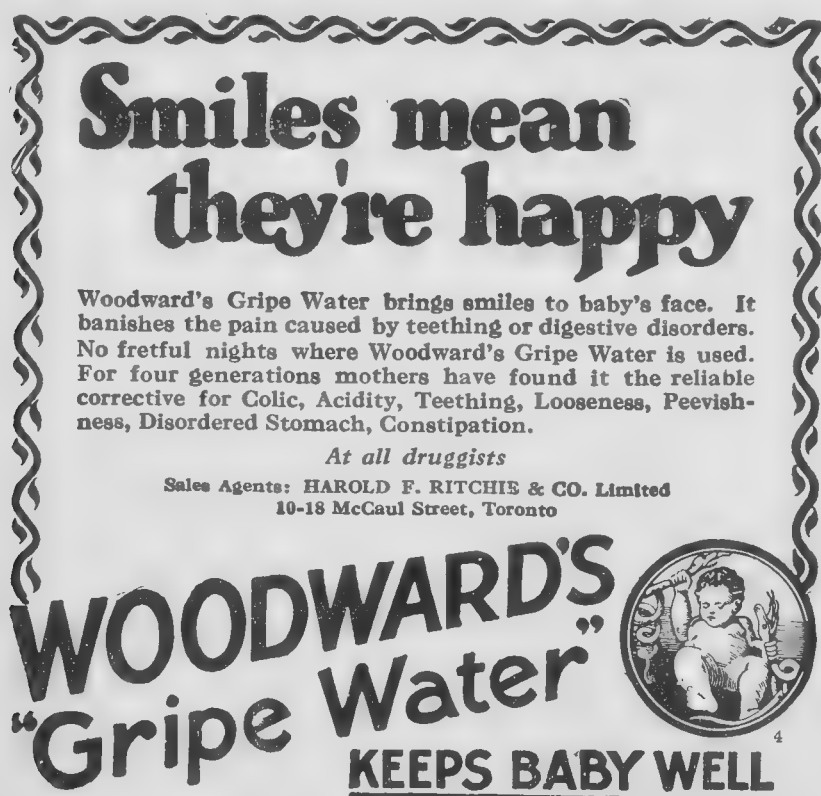
THERE is nothing like Old Dutch—the safe and economical cleanser for removing all impurities, visible or invisible. It contains no lye, acids or hard grit and will not injure the finest enamel surfaces. For Healthful Cleanliness all through the house—use Old Dutch.



PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry too

USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING.



Smiles mean they're happy

Woodward's Gripe Water brings smiles to baby's face. It banishes the pain caused by teething or digestive disorders. No fretful nights where Woodward's Gripe Water is used. For four generations mothers have found it the reliable corrective for Colic, Acidity, Teething, Looseness, Peevishness, Disordered Stomach, Constipation.

At all druggists

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Limited
10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

WOODWARD'S Gripe Water

KEEPS BABY WELL

Timgad

Continued from page 62

attention of the people of the year four thousand.

Timgad is little exploited as a visiting place for tourists, and so no swarm of professional guides hover to pester the visitor to this tragic city of the past. It is one blessing indeed, for guides are notoriously incorrect in the information which they unload upon trusting sightseers, as for example the Paris guide whom I overheard one day on the Place de la Concorde. He had in tow two dear old ladies that by their dress and manner might have stepped out of the Victorian era, simple, kindly souls, probably from some little English village, having the adventure of their lives. "And here," said the guide, pointing with a flourish to a spot, "is where Marie-Antoinette was electrocuted." And the old ladies in unison said: "Poor dear." But in Timgad there is no guide to point out to you where the electric light plant of the Romans stood. The place is desolate and still; too still. I think it is not good for a modern man to linger too long in Timgad or any dead city. For there creeps over you a heavy weight born of the sense of your own littleness in the scheme of things. Even as these mighty Romans passed, so will you, and perhaps without having accomplished half as much. But it is all the same in the end. Only for one's happiness and peace of mind it is well to be proud of one's activity, and glow with self-satisfaction at whatever you have accomplished. And walking in the ruins of Timgad for long comes dangerously near to upsetting this state of mind.

RETURNING to Batna I moved on to Biskra, a matter of some 110 kilometres by road. For the sake of any reader who is planning a journey in this region on foot or by motor, I beg to inform them that a kilometre is .6214 of a mile. So you can figure out the shoe-leather or gasoline necessary. Midway between the towns the high-road proceeds through the famous gorge of El Kantara called "The Gateway to the Desert," "that just divides the barren from the sown," to paraphrase old Omar. Through this notch in the Aures mountains slides musically a little river to water the oasis of El Kantara before it runs on its way to disappear in the sands of the desert. At El Kantara there are three native villages. Two of these are named, one the red village, the second the black. Just why they never christened the third is a matter of conjecture. They lie within a few hundred yards of each other, and look very much alike, mud houses terraced up the river bank, one level roof above another. The red village draws its name from the cliffs behind which are a somewhat darker red than the houses. These villages can probably lay claim to more guides per capita than any place in the world. In fact that seems the only occupation. They do not do much guiding, however, but are indispensable to the visitor who wishes to get from the red to the black village, which are separated by a narrow stream. Across this the natives carry all comers. They are stout fellows. And, indeed, they have to be. The day I went, there was a very large Dutch lady, also sightseeing. She must have weighed two hundred. But one big fellow gamely accepted her as a passenger. It was a sight for the gods. He got down on his knees. The lady tucked up her skirts and surrendered herself to the care of his brawny back. He wrapped his arms about her stout limbs and then after swinging her clear, rose to his feet. It was an exhibition of strength. But in mid-stream he slipped, and down came man and lady. Fortunately the

water is only about waist-deep, and they floundered to shore. I do not understand Dutch. But the lady was very fluent. Fortunately the guide did not either. He was a very black man. Perhaps that is why they call the second village black, on account of the color of its inhabitants.

A day is all too long to spend in these villages. But that's the usual thing. And in this region you are in the heart of the most tourist-ridden part of Africa, the capital and chief show-place of which is Biskra, with its three miles of date-palms. These African oases are so much alike in most respects that the descriptive writer soon faces a problem in seeking variety of scenes to tell about. Each one has the same avenues of date palms, walled off by high mud barriers. Perhaps the only difference, or the chief difference is that Biskra has more guides than any place else I visited. The old saying to "fight the devil with fire" comes true here. To protect yourself you hire one and he keeps off all the rest, though you can find most of the things worth seeing yourself.

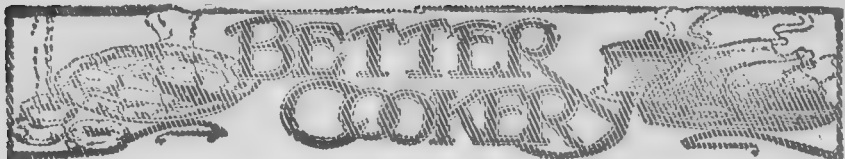
The first homelike sight which strikes the eye of a visitor from Canada as he walks through the native quarters is five-gallon gasoline tins. Just as the farmer on the prairie, the homesteader in the newer wilderness and the fisherman and lumberman of British Columbia turn these tins of the Standard Oil Company, which cost him nothing, to good use as pails, kettles to boil feed and fish. So has the Arab come to cherish them as cooking utensils or as containers of various kinds. Proving once again that men in parts of the world thousands of miles apart adopt the same methods.

BISKRA'S attractions are those of any city of civilization: big hotels and bars, casinos, and cafes. Everywhere you see gatherings of Arabs seated on the terraces of the Moorish cafes. There are so many of them, and they seem always to be in the same place all day long, smoking, talking, playing dominoes or just sitting, that one wonders how they all manage to make a living. Then you go through the big hotels and see fat women and thin women and men, mostly middle-aged, for the most part sitting, or playing at bridge. They are of the white race. But most of their time seems spent in sitting. Biskra is a "sitting down" town if ever there was one. The spirit of the place is best expressed by a Frenchman I talked to. "It's better here than in Paris," he said. "In Paris you can only sit outside on the boulevards six months of the year and be comfortable. Here you can do it all the year round."

In the native quarter and the main Casino you can nightly see the dances of the Ouled-Nail girls. This word, by the way, can be spelled three different ways. The girls dance only one, which I have previously described at another oasis.

In a house in a side street not far from the Hotel des Ziban, I did find something really fascinating: a little gathering of people. It is a wonder some astute vaudeville magnate like Pantages or Martin Beck has not hired them. At one end of a big room half a dozen of these people called Aissaouas first pretend, or actually do, sniff some kind of drug from their palms. They then proceed through a series of bodily contortions to the tune of a drum. Having reached the proper pitch of excitement, or affected excitement, these performers thrust hat-pins through their cheeks, play with deadly scorpions, touch red-hot irons with their bare tongues, and pass blazing tapers of straw under their arms and

Continued on page 74



Continued from page 11

Bake an hour in a loaf pan, in a moderate oven. Raisins, currants, or dates may be used. Whole wheat flour may be used.

Orange Bread

Orange juice, 1 c. Melted butter, 2 tb.
Sugar, 4 t. Salt, 1 t.
Compressed yeast, 1 cake.
Lukewarm water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Grated rind of 2 oranges
Flour, about 4 c. Egg yolk, 1

Soften the yeast cake in the warm water, add to the orange juice, grated rind, sugar, butter, salt, and beaten egg yolk. Stir in the flour, knead till smooth, then cover and set to rise in a warm place till doubled in bulk. Knead again, shape in leaves, put in two pans or one large one, let rise again till doubled in bulk, and bake an hour.

Peanut Butter Bread

Peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Egg, 1. Baking powder, 4 t.
Salt, 1 t.

Cream together the sugar and peanut butter, add the well-beaten egg, and the milk alternately with the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Bake in a loaf pan for an hour. The amount of peanut butter may be varied according to taste. This bread is better the day after it is baked than when too fresh, and cuts more readily in dainty slices. Most children enjoy plain sandwiches made of this bread with just butter.

Cocoa Bread

Flour, 3 c. Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Baking powder, 6 t. Milk, 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Honey, 4 tb.
Cocoa, 2 tb. or a little more.

Three tb. of cocoa may be used if the children are fond of the chocolate flavor. Sift together the flour, cocoa, salt, cinnamon and baking powder. Mix the honey and milk, and add the dry ingredients, put in a loaf pan, brush the top with melted butter, and bake in a moderate oven till done, which will require about 35 minutes.

Any favorite muffin mixture may be baked in a pan, then sliced.

Cheese Muffins

The boys will be sure to like them.

Flour, 2 c. Egg, 1
Baking powder, 4 t. Milk, 1 c.
Melted butter, 2 tb. Salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 4 tb.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add alternately with the milk to the beaten egg, add the grated cheese and the melted butter, and bake in hot greased muffin pans till done. One cup of white flour and one cup of graham or whole wheat flour may be used.

Dark Date Bread

Graham flour, 3 c. Dates, 1 pkg.
Baking powder, 3 t. Melted butter, 2 tb.
Salt, 1 t. Molasses, 1 tb.
Brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Sour milk, 1 c.
Walnut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking soda, 1 t.

Mix together the Graham flour, baking powder, salt, sugar, and soda, reserving a little of the flour to mix with the dates. Add the walnuts broken in pieces, the dates, pitted, cut and flour the molasses, melted butter and sour milk. Knead lightly till it forms a soft dough, put in a large bread pan or two smaller ones, let rise about 20 minutes, and bake for an hour in a slow oven.

Prune Bread

Sugar, 1 c. Stewed prunes, 1 c.
Butter, 2 tb. Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg, 1. Graham flour, 1 c.
Sour milk, 1 c. Soda, 1 t.
Baking powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t. Prune juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Nut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, 1 t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, nut meats and prunes, cut in pieces, sift together the white flour, soda, baking powder and salt and mix with the graham flour. Add alternately with the prune juice and sour milk, beat well and bake in a buttered pan in a moderate oven, for about an hour and a half.

A Few Sandwich Suggestions

An extra bread knife to keep with the lunch supplies, is a good investment.

Sandwich-making is no task at all if a good sharp knife does not have to be hunted for. We have seen some very good fifteen-cent-store ones.

1. White bread with a filling of cream cheese and orange marmalade mixed together.
2. Bread with pimiento cheese and chopped nuts.
3. Bread with chopped dates, raisins and figs, mixed with orange juice.
4. Boston brown bread with cream cheese.
5. White bread with minced chicken, salad dressing and celery salt.
6. White bread with minced cooked ham mixed with a little finely chopped mustard pickle.
7. White bread with chopped hard-boiled eggs, cream cheese and salad dressing.
8. Toasted bread with finely chopped cooked bacon and salad dressing.
9. Graham bread with chopped celery, nuts and salad dressing.
10. White bread with very thin slices of chicken salted with celery salt.
11. White bread with cream cheese and very finely chopped candied orange peel.
12. White bread with apple jelly mixed with finely chopped meats.
13. Bread with thin slices of cold boiled tongue.

Occasionally the children would enjoy a slice of cold meat with bread and butter or buns, instead of having it in the form of sandwiches. Cold roast beef, turkey, chicken, boiled ham, tongue or meat loaf, would be good, but would mean putting knife, fork and small plate in the lunch basket. Older children enjoy an occasional pickle which may be eaten in the fingers. Devilled eggs are liked by most people. Whenever possible the children should be given such fresh vegetables as celery and lettuce.

The little jar may contain a salad such as chicken, potato, egg, cabbage, celery and apple, etc.

Oranges and apples, if they can be afforded, should be given to the children. If not, then very frequent use should be made of stewed dried fruits or canned fruits in the little glass jars. Baked apples can be carried easily in custard cups.

All kinds of milk and cereal puddings are good. Anything with gelatine in should be avoided, as it is almost sure to melt in the not very cool place the lunches are sure to be kept after the child reaches school. Cookies are always good, especially if they are some filled variety. Cake should not be too rich, neither should it be mushy.

Cocoanut Tapioca Custard

Milk, 1 qt. Cocoanut, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{7}{8}$ c. Egg yolks, 3
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Egg whites, 3
Sugar, 2 tb. Cocoanut, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Minute tapioca $3\frac{1}{2}$ tb.

Make a custard of the milk, salt, sugar, tapioca and egg yolk, in a double boiler, cooking till it coats a silver spoon, stir in the first $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cocoanut, and when cool, 1 t. vanilla.

Make a meringue of the remaining cocoanut, beaten egg whites, and the 2 tb. of sugar, drop by spoonfuls on a pan of water, set in a cool oven and brown, then pile on top of the custard.

Peach Rice Custard

In the bottom of the desired number of custard cups, place a half of a canned peach, or a few slices. Over this pour the following rice custard mixture, and bake till set, about half an hour.

Milk, scalded, 2 c. Cooked rice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 3 tb. Eggs, 2
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Lemon extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Add the sugar and salt to the hot milk, stir in the rice and heat, then pour over the well-beaten eggs. Add the lemon extract, and pour over the canned peaches.

Prune and Raisin Pudding

Milk, 1 qt. Cornstarch, 4 tb.
Brown sugar, $\frac{7}{8}$ c. Prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, 1 t. Raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Scald $3\frac{1}{2}$ c. of milk, add the sugar, salt, and the cornstarch mixed with the rest of the cold milk, stir till thick and smooth,

Continued on page 75

86%

of these Domestic Science Teachers

say:

"I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"



Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste



Made in Canada



Rich Chocolate Cakes—You'll find dependable recipes for several kinds in the Royal Cook Book

ORANGE SPONGE CAKE: Beat the whites of 3 eggs and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cream of tartar until stiff and add the yolks one at a time, beating well before the addition of each yolk. Then add 1 cup granulated sugar gradually, still beating with the egg beater; remove beater. Add 2 tps. grated orange rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice. Fold in $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups pastry flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt sifted together. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) in two-layer pans for about 18 minutes. **Filling:** Put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt in top of double boiler and mix together thoroughly; add 2 tps. grated orange rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice. Add 2 tps. butter and 1 egg yolk and cook until smooth and thick. Remove from fire and add 1 tsp. lemon juice. Spread between layers and ice top and sides of cake with the following icing. **Icing:** Place in top of double boiler 1 unbeaten egg white, $\frac{7}{8}$ cup granulated sugar, 3 tps. cold water. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 7 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. flavoring and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Royal Baking Powder; beat and spread on cake. Grate a little orange rind on icing before it cools. Makes 1 two-layer cake using 8" tins.



Free!

Royal CookBook with 350 recipes

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
Dept. C, 8 Saint Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal

Please send me my free copy of your famous Royal Cook Book—over 300 recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Prov.....



Many a marriage ship has gone on the rocks because of soggy doughnuts. Why experiment with flour when it is so easy to make doughnuts the delicious way with

Robin Hood FLOUR

Positive "MONEY BACK" Guarantee in each bag.

CHASE & SANBORN'S
HIGH GRADE TEAS

Seal Brand Orange Pekoe—for those who want the Best Tea, regardless of price.

Superior Brand—for those who want Moderate Priced Tea that has the quality and the reputation

IN-QUARTER-HALF-AND ONE POUND AIR-TIGHT PACKAGES



For Better Sandwich Flavour!

The spicy flavour of a dash of fresh mustard will blend with almost any sandwich filling — and add to it new zest and flavour. Next time you make sandwiches for afternoon tea or bridge, remember

Peanut Butter Sandwich

½ cup peanut butter, ½ cup chopped pickle, 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 3 tablespoons hot water, ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat all ingredients together until light. Spread between slices of either white or whole wheat bread.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst St., Montreal

BOVRIL

IT TAKES A JOINT OF BEEF TO MAKE A bottle of Bovril.

Timgad

Continued from page 72

across their bare stomachs with apparently no ill-effects. Just how this is accomplished, is difficult to say. There seems no doubt that they do it, for the onlookers are very close to them, not at a distance as in the audience from the stage in a Canadian theatre.

While on the subject of mystery and magic, the Arab sand diviner is worthy of attention. These old fellows, usually in dirty burnous, are to be found at every oasis, with their magic stick.

Edgar Saltus once wrote, apropos of man's remembrance: "That injuries are written in iron; kindnesses are scrawled in sand." The sand diviners of North Africa claim one's life story to be written in sand. Other fortune tellers claim it is written in the palms of the hand. Both kinds succeed yearly in extracting a goodly sum of money from people desirous of peering into the future. I wonder if it is wise to peer into the future? Long before I ever saw one of these Arab sand diviners, I had read a very curious account of one by Frederick Collins, an American writer who spent some time studying different fortune tellers in many parts of the globe. The sand diviner told him some queer things that afterwards came true.

Before me the diviner squatted on the sand. He drew some lines in the yellow dust. Then he erased them, drew some more. This performance he repeated several times. The gentleman who accompanied me afterwards translated what the Arab said. It was all very queer. While it is yet too soon to say whether he predicted truly, he certainly knew more about me than he could gather from a casual glance. So regarding fortune-telling:

I have to keep an open mind. Life is very strange.

In a journey of twelve hundred-odd miles accomplished in a few weeks' time one sees a tremendous variety of things, many of them very interesting, particularly the remarks of fellow-travellers. But to do all justice only a book would suffice.

So in these briefer stories set down here, I have endeavored to select most carefully those things of outstanding interest, and in the doing following no set tourist schedule, and following no regular order of procedure.

In closing this instalment mention can only be made of one more unique thing: the "Hammam Meskoutine," off the main line to Biskra and some three hours by rail to Constantine. To anyone who has ever witnessed Niagara Falls in winter the hot springs of Hammam Meskoutine will seem like a miniature edition of the frozen cataract. The hot spring issues from the ground by a number of small geysers and yields 25,000,000 gallons daily of boiling water. The water, giving off clouds of steam, runs in a series of cascades over a wide ledge of rock which is thickly coated with dazzling white and pink deposits. The water is highly calcerous and petrifies everything with which it comes in contact. Around the spring are a number of huge cones formed by concretions left by the escaping water. According to legend these cones represent certain people who violated the moral code. Beyond the cones about a mile is a large cavern with an underground warm water lake which can be explored by boat. The spring likely will soon be medically exploited on a large scale now that North Africa is becoming such a mecca for tourists from all parts of the world.

(To be continued.)

Dawn Island

Continued from page 61

FRANK SINCLAIR was ill for a few days, and nursing him Vera forgot to keep the fires burning. The wind bore the seaweed ensign from the flagstaff, but it was too much trouble to restore it. Soon he was well again, and the wonderful days came and went. They lived simply in the moment, with no word of the past, no thought of the future—lived in supreme childlike happiness, which took count only of the hour, spearing the huge conger eels that came up with the tides, hunting for fruits, adorning themselves and each other with the wonderful flowers which grew in the shady places. The birds had no fear of them, and would accompany them on their exploits, and take food from their hands. Why, then, in that Acadia of theirs, should they trouble to re-light the wretched fires?

But one day when they were searching for shellfish, a big white yacht appeared around the headland and came to rest in the cove. Vera fled to the woods, dragging her lover after her, but in the darkness beyond he held her tightly, and they conversed earnestly.

"It may be our last chance," he said in a whisper, "and we must go. Listen, Vera. We aren't really wild people, and we can't live indefinitely without the ordinary necessities of civilization.

We may think we've become wild, that we care nothing for yesterday and less for tomorrow, but I should be afraid, horribly afraid to face the future if we threw this chance away. God would punish us. He would leave one of us alone—and, think of it, year after year—alone!"

So they went down to the beach together and met the party from the yacht. It proved to be a private yacht, the property of a pearl king and island trader, who was out prospecting the islands. When Sinclair gave his name the trader raised his bushy brows. "Sinclair of the Melbourne Bank murder! I know your name well," he said slowly, at which Vera caught her hands to her face.

"He is innocent!" she cried. "I should know, if anyone on earth can ever know!"

The trader looked her up and down. "Yes," he admitted, "I reckon you should know as well as any other body. But to think that Heaven should have spared this fellow. Truly life works in mysterious ways! But, don't worry, Missie; white men's justice does not claim two men for one crime. The Melbourne murder is now solved—the real culprit has been discovered and has confessed, so your man can be considered as clean as a washed pearl."

"He is my man," said Vera, simply.

Pansies

Bright, and beautiful and still,
Sweet and soothing flowers;
What a perfect life is yours,
What a tangle ours.

Velvet fragrance, year by year,
From the broken sod;
Brief and perfect loveliness
Satisfying God.

J.B.B.



Continued from page 73

in the double boiler, add the raisins, and stewed prunes, (drained of juice), cut in pieces. Cook over hot water for half an hour, add the vanilla, and put in the glass containers. If there is no danger of cream souring a spoonful of whipped cream may be put on top, otherwise, use a spoonful of custard sauce.

Caramel Tapioca

Milk, 4 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Eggs, 3
Granulated tapioca, 4 tb.

Scald the milk in the double boiler, and cook the tapioca in it till clear. Caramelize the sugar in a frying pan and add to the tapioca and milk. When the tapioca is clear, pour the hot liquid on the well-beaten eggs, return to the double boiler and cook till the mixture coats a spoon. Add the salt, and when it cools, the vanilla.

Fruit Fluff

Fruit pulp, 1 c. Sugar to taste
Whites of eggs, 3.

Beat the egg whites till stiff. Fold in the fruit pulp, which may be mashed apple sauce, stewed prunes, apricots, canned peaches, etc. drained. Add sugar to sweeten. Serve in the glasses, with or without custard sauce.

Apple Sauce Cake

Sugar, 1 c. Butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Apple sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Raisins, 1 c.
Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cinnamon, 1 t. Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Soda, 1 t. Baking powder, 1 t.
Molasses, 2 tb.

Brown sugar is better than white, and the applesauce should be unsweetened. The peel may be omitted if a less expensive cake is wished. Cream the butter and sugar, add the applesauce and molasses, the peel and raisins mixed with part of the flour, then the rest of the flour, soda, baking powder and salt sifted together. This is a specially good cake for lunches, because it is moist without being difficult to carry, and is not at all rich.

Hermits

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, about 2 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Baking powder, 2 t.
Eggs, 2 Milk, 1 tb.
Chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, beaten eggs, raisins and one cup of flour sifted with the baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of salt, then add as much more flour as will make a drop batter which will flatten out slightly in baking.

Sugar Cookies

Flour, 5 c. Eggs, 5
Sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Soda, $1\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Cream of tartar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs, then the sifted flour, soda and cream of tartar. Roll quite thin, and cut in any desired shape. This makes a large batch of cookies. Small children will like a big fat raisin stuck in the middle.

Soft Molasses Cookies

Sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Soda, $3\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses, $2\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Shortening, $2\frac{1}{4}$ c. Ginger, 4 t.
Sour milk, $1\frac{1}{8}$ c. Cinnamon, 2 t.
Flour

Heat the molasses, melt the fat in it (chicken fat is good), add the sugar, cool, add the sour milk, then three cups flour sifted with the soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon. Then add enough more flour to roll the dough out. If it is chilled for an hour or longer, it can be handled more readily. Roll out about one-third inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven. These cookies are crisp when fresh, but soften later.

Oatmeal Drop Cookies

Shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Soda, 2 t.
Brown sugar, 2 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Eggs, 4 Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Rolled oats, 4 c. Cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Raisins, 2 c. Chopped nuts, 2 c.

The nuts may be omitted to make a cheaper cookie. Sift the soda, salt and spices with $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. of the flour. Cream the fat, (crisco, lard etc. may be used with the butter, and will make softer cookies than if all butter is used) and the sugar, add the beaten eggs, milk, rolled oats and flour, and the fruit mixed with the remaining half cup of flour. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan, about 2 inches apart.

Filled Bran Cookies

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg white, 1 Baking powder, 2 t.
Soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Bran, 2 c.
Molasses (light), $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cream the butter and sugar, stir the soda in the molasses, add the milk, flour and baking powder sifted, fold in the stiffly beaten egg white, then the bran. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and cut in rounds. On half of them put a spoonful of cooked fruit filling, either date or fig or raisin, and cover with other rounds, press together, sprinkle with sugar and bake. Bran is used to roll the cookies out instead of flour.

Peanut Cookies

Flour, 2 c. Shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, 1 t. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder, 2 t. Syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Egg, 1
Peanuts shelled, 1 c. Milk

Cream the shortening, sugar and syrup, add the beaten egg, the flour sifted with the soda and baking powder, peanuts and salt, then enough milk to make a batter which will drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven. The peanuts should be blanched, and crushed with a rolling pin or a bottle, rather than put through a meat chopper.

Nora Has A Party

What more delightful day of all the year is there to celebrate than the seventeenth of March? It maybe a party for the children, a very jolly dance for the young people, a dinner, tea, or card party for their elders. No other anniversary offers so many opportunities for decorations, games, and interesting refreshments. Variety and interest may be given to the ordinary home meals by celebrating whenever we have a chance, whether there is company or not. Green and white is one of the prettiest color schemes we have. Shamrocks, clay pipes, pigs, hods, harps, green candles, white linen, the napkins tied with green ribbons, offer suggestions.

Green food is quite safe to use now-a-days, with such harmless coloring matter as spinach, pistachio nuts, etc. As far as possible, the food should be green and white. Among vegetables we have green peas, spinach, potatoes, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, green beans, olives, green pickles, lettuce for salad. Green jelly may be either salad or dessert. Cookies may be cut in shamrock shapes, and have a little green frosting on top.

Pork in some form seems to be the logical meat to serve if the meal is of such a type as to call for meat. Ham or cold roast pork may be used in sandwiches.

Irishman's Broth

Potatoes, 3 Flour, 2 tb.
Milk, 4 c. Salt, 1 t.
Onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ sliced Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Butter, 2 tb. Parsley

Cook the potatoes in boiling water to cover, till tender. Rub through a sieve using the water as well as the potato. Scald the milk and onion together, then remove the slices of onion. Add the potato, salt and flour mixed with a little cold milk, cook till thick, stirring to prevent lumping, then add the butter, more salt and pepper if needed and serve with chopped parsley on top.

Emerald Brew

Clear hot bouillon served with thin slices of bright green pickle floating on top.

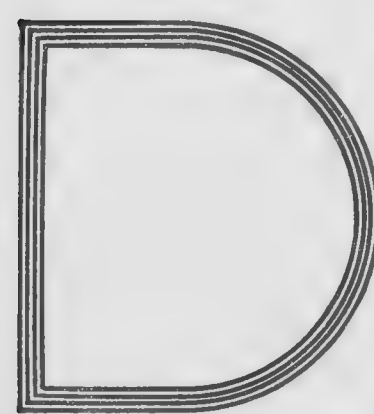
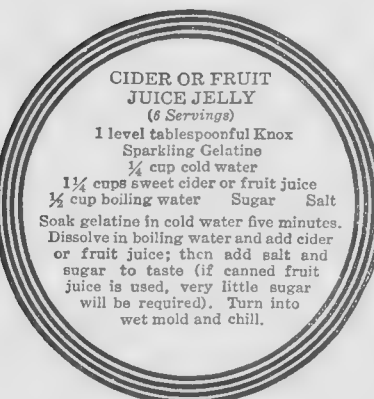
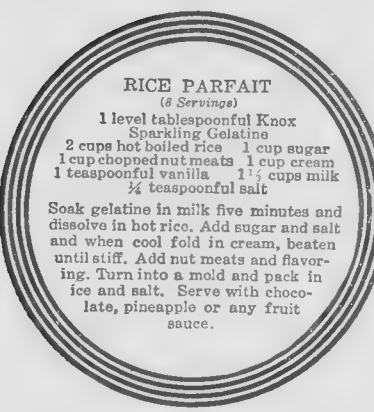
Shillelaghs

Are merely bread sticks, or fingers of toast or fried bread, to serve with soup or salad.

Paddy's Pig

May be either roast pork or baked ham.

Continued on page 76

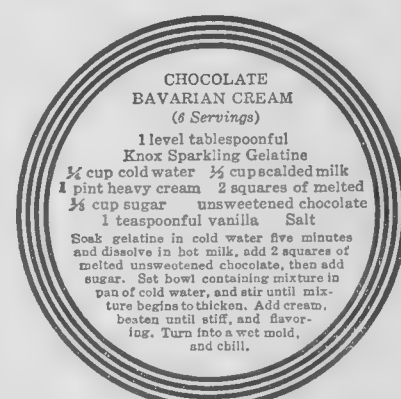
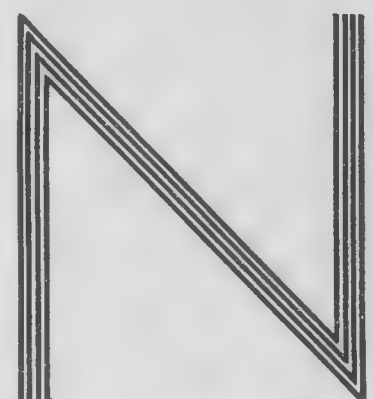
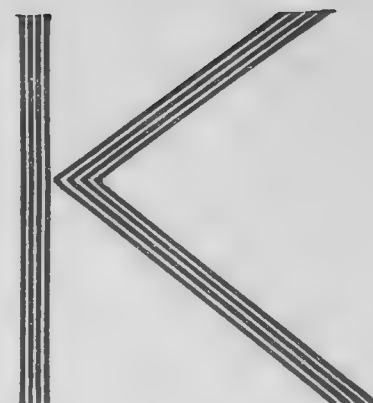


THERE'S good health, not only in Knox Sparkling Gelatine itself, but it's there, too, in the real fruits and vegetables you put into Knox Desserts and Salads!

Why not try Knox Gelatine, using the recipes above? See for yourself how much table happiness and health there is in it for your family. And be sure to write for Mrs. Knox's New Recipe Book, a valuable aid to successful entertaining, for improving daily menus and for economizing in the kitchen. Free—if you mention your grocer's name.

KNOX GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.



KNOX
Sparkling
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

—it's the best of gelatine because it's the purest, because it is plain, without flavoring, coloring or sweetening. You add *real* fruits or vegetables to make Knox Desserts or Salads—and they have *real* food value. Knox Gelatine is best, too, because it is so economical—one package makes four different dishes, six generous servings of each. Why not try the recipe above? Other recipes in every package.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

INSOMNIA



Drink Ovaltine - sleep soundly

OVALTINE soothes and nourishes "fretty" nerves, promotes normal digestion and brings sound restful sleep. Bodily vigour for tomorrow's demands is restored.

Ovaltine contains no drugs

or sedatives. Its action is entirely natural—the result of ripe barley malt, fresh eggs and creamy milk scientifically blended into a perfectly balanced tonic food. Delicious. Easily digested. Readily assimilated. Ask your doctor.



OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
ENSURES SOUND, NATURAL SLEEP

Made in
England by
A. WANDER
LIMITED

Drink Ovaltine for health the year 'round. At all druggists, 60c, 90c, \$1.50, and \$5.25 special family size. It's economical to buy the larger tins.

The coupon is your opportunity to try Ovaltine at our expense.

A. WANDER LIMITED,
455 King St. West, Toronto.
Please send sample of Ovaltine. 10 cents is enclosed for packing and postage.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....Prov.....

172



More
Smiles and
Better
Health

when you bake with

OGILVIE'S

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

FLOUR

The very first time you bake with Royal Household, you'll make a discovery that will mean better health and greater happiness for all your family. Bake with health-giving Royal Household Flour.

Remember to ask your dealer for this better flour

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG MEDICINE HAT EDMONTON

Dangerous Varicose Veins Reduced or Money Back

This Simple Home Treatment is giving Amazing Results

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart as Blood in the Veins Flows That Way

If you or any relative or friend is worried because of varicose veins, or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give you is to ask your druggist for an original two-ounce bottle

of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and apply as directed night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. So penetrating and powerful is Emerald Oil that even Piles are quickly relieved. All druggists sell lots of it.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



Continued from page 75

Irish Pigs

Wrap thin strips of bacon around plump oysters, and fasten each with a tooth-pick, and cook in frying pan till the bacon is browned; it will not be crisp owing to the juice from the oysters. Serve hot on toast.

Shamrock Salad

Cut the stem end and remove the seeds and membrane from fresh green peppers, or use canned ones. Pack full, but do not tear them, with cottage cheese, and set away till ready to serve. With sharp knife, cut in slices, and serve on lettuce with salad dressing, with finely chopped green pickles in the dressing.

Saint Patrick's Salad

In a green jelly powder, mold celery rings, slices olives, green peas, slices of pickle, shredded cabbage, in any combination liked, and serve with salad dressing. If green jelly is not obtainable, lemon jelly may be used with the green foods molded in it, and green pickles chopped, in the dressing.

Good Luck Cakes

Bake a white cake in a large shallow pan, so that the finished cake will not be more than three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut out with shamrock cutter, (cookie) after it is baked and cooled. Spread each piece with pale green frosting. The rest of the cake can be used in a dessert next day. Serve with white ice cream sprinkled with chopped pistachio nuts.

Fairies Dream Potion

Is coffee or tea, which should be green.

Praties

Make white uncooked candy, and shape like potatoes, making "eyes" with the point of a paring knife, and roll in cocoa to make the brown, and to serve, pile in an Irishman's hat made of cardboard covered with green paper.

Or make the candy into little flat patties, coloring half of them green, leaving the rest white.

The Pleasantest Tonic

This is just the high tide of the orange season, and since oranges, like rhubarb, are an excellent spring tonic as well as a most delicious fruit, the wise housewife will buy them in quantity for the next few months, and regale her family with orange juice or sliced oranges for breakfast, orange salads and desserts for luncheon and dinner, and let the children have them for an after-school snack. From now until about the middle of May the California navels are at their best, and these, due to their entire freedom from seeds, are really the aristocrats of the orange family. They are not expensive just now, and this year's crop is unusually sweet.

Perhaps you have been accustomed to

look upon oranges as a luxury, something rather nice to have in the house at the holiday season, and when there are guests, but by no means an important item of the diet. If so, do not "hold that thought" any longer, because the medics and the diet experts all assure us that oranges give many decided benefits to persons of all ages, from infancy to old age.

The fact that strained orange juice is given to babies from about their third month on, is proof enough that oranges are easily digested, and that their mild acid will not cause undue curdling or produce sour stomach. As a matter of fact, hospital patients in the most weakened condition, feeble old people, and the frailest babies and children are usually given oranges or strained orange juice on the advice of attending physicians, because it is so easily digested, because it contains a slight amount of nourishment, and because it is distinctly palatable, appetizing and invigorating.

Lemon Fluff Pie

Lemon pie—lemon meringue pie—is one of Canada's greatest institutions. Everybody, young and old, loves it. It is good enough, and good-looking enough, to grace the finest "company" dinner, yet inexpensive enough to serve often just for the home folks. But no housewife can deny that the meringue is a nuisance. Leave it in the oven ten seconds too long and instead of the "delicate brown" which the cook-book recommends, the meringue is a limp, flat piece of dark brown leather.

So here is a new kind to save the housewife's time and make her lemon pie better than ever. Beat up the egg whites as stiffly as possible with a pinch of salt and a few drops of vanilla for flavoring. And then, instead of spreading on top, stir this beautiful white froth into the yellow mixture just as you take it from the fire, and pour into your baked pastry shell that is ready and waiting. Then set aside to cool before serving. No time spent watching for the meringue to brown, and the fluffiest textured lemon pie you ever ate. Orange pie is made the same way, using orange juice instead of water.

Lemon Pie

2 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1½ tablespoons flour
1 lemon juice
1 cup cold water
1 tablespoon butter
Grated rind 1 lemon
Pinch salt

Mix sugar, flour, salt and grated rind in a saucepan. Add well beaten yolks and cold water and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler stirring to prevent lumping. Add butter when mixture begins to boil. Remove from fire when it looks clear. Add well beaten whites and pour into baked pie crust. Cool and serve.

Facts About Honey

By Phoebe Cole

Although honey has long been used as a food, little is generally known of its constituents or of the many varied uses to which it may be put.

Of the two forms marketed, comb-honey and extracted honey, the latter, the liquid honey, is the more generally produced. Though liquid at the time of extracting, it is not long before movement and change of temperature cause extracted honey to become solidly granulated. One frequently hears granulated honey condemned as adulterated. This is entirely wrong. Though solid, granulated honey is in no way inferior to the liquid form, in fact, many prefer it granulated. It may, however, if desired, be quickly brought back to the liquid form by immersing the honey container in hot water. Care must be taken that the temperature of the honey does not exceed 150°F., otherwise, loss in flavor will occur.

Honey is a concentrated solution of several sugars in water, besides which there is a small percentage of other food elements. These latter elements give it its aroma and flavour. The sugars in this

solution are cane sugar and invert sugar—the latter a mixture of grape and fruit sugar—and their ratio to water is approximately five to one.

As a food, honey is a valuable energy producer, since sugar is its principal constituent, and it is also a wholesome, natural sweet.

As it is a highly concentrated sugar solution it will, with proper care, keep well for a long period. One must remember, however, that it will absorb moisture readily, and that if much moisture is absorbed, fermentation will follow. It should be stored where the air is fairly dry and care taken to see that the cover of the container is tightly closed. Honey should never be placed in a refrigerator.

Uses for Honey

Of its uses, there are many. Comb honey is generally used as a spread on bread, and extracted honey, too, may be used for this purpose. As a spread it may be substituted for jelly, jam or preserves. In cookery, it has a great variety of

uses. Having sugar, water and a slight amount of acid in its make-up, it is very similar to molasses, and may be readily substituted for it. When using it, since the amount of acid in honey is less than in molasses, less soda will be required to counteract the acidity. It is stated that one-quarter to one-half a level teaspoonful of soda is about right for each cup of honey.

Comparing honey and sugar, we find that a cup of honey weighs twelve ounces, one-fifth or 2.4 ounces of which is water, while a cup of granulated sugar weighs eight ounces; from this it will be seen that a cup of honey contains slightly the more sugar. In substituting honey for sugar in a recipe, reduce the liquid constituents by one-fifth for each cup of honey used.

In cakes and cookies, it is used with more success in the small cakes than in large ones. These cakes have excellent keeping qualities, keeping fresh for a period of over twelve months.

In bread making it is used to supplant sugar, as in canning, preserving, and jelly and jam making. In canning, the cold pack method of canning is used. This consists in packing the fruit in jars, covering it with honey syrup and processing it in a water bath for the required time. The syrup used for strawberries, pineapples and cherries is two parts honey to three parts water; and for peaches and plums two parts honey to two parts water.

Honey may also be used in making preserves and jam. In general, it is found that preserves and jam containing honey have good keeping qualities and appearance, and that when used for this purpose the same amount of honey as sugar is used.

Finally, two precautions should be observed: (1) Honey has a tendency to foam and boil over so watch it at first carefully, and (2) it contains water so it is necessary to cook products made with it slightly longer than those same products when made with sugar.

GIVE THOUGHT TO BREAKFAST Teachers Set Hard Classes For Forenoon

"IT IS generally accepted by school men that in the morning hours the students are more responsive than they are in the afternoon," says Charles Edgar Pence, head of the Harvard School for Boys, Chicago.

"For this reason, in building our schedules we try to put the heaviest subjects, that is, the subjects that require greater mental energy and alertness in the forenoon, reserving the afternoon, if possible, for subjects that are somewhat less demanding on the student's efforts in attention."

Mr. Pence is one of the 200 prominent educators who have given consideration to the recent investigation regarding the question of diet as it affects attention and alertness of mind in the classroom.

In the opinion of these school authorities, remarkable improvements in classroom work have been experienced through the planning of the school curriculum with this factor of attention in mind. Physiologically and psychologically, the child is prepared for the day's program by the proper amount of sleep. To supply the energy necessary for the day's achievement he must have the right kind of breakfast.

Acting upon the advice of school physicians, who claim that it is in the morning that the digestive system is best prepared to convert food into energy, school authorities are advising parents and pupils of the need of a substantial breakfast.

A normal amount of sleep and a well-balanced menu are the two stipulations made. Such a morning meal should include fruit, preferably orange juice or grapefruit, a slice of toast, cereal, such as rolled oats, a glass of milk and a slice of toast.

After a brief morning exercise, the food consumed at breakfast will have been converted into energy which will allow the greatest amount of benefit from the heavy morning schedule, observation in these 200 schools has shown.

Rush Breakfast Will Wreck Stomach

One important reason for eating a good breakfast is that most people are more sociable and in a better frame of mind after eating than when hungry. The original "how-to-start-the-day-wrong" man never ate breakfasts.

The lack of time and rush in the morning need not be an excuse for going without something to eat. For this we have that great modern invention of cereal breakfast foods. These foods combine convenience in preparation, saving of time in serving and eating, palatability and above all real nutritional values, especially when served with milk or cream and sugar, fruits or (and) nuts.

Cereal breakfast foods are easily digestible with or without anything. They are compatible with everything except nuts, the two-legged variety, the food faddists. A government bulletin on cereal breakfast foods says that the oat breakfast foods contain perhaps the largest quantities of important nutrients.

Clean Teeth Versus Sound Teeth

SOME years ago there was a campaign in most of the schools of the country to teach children the importance of brushing their teeth regularly and thoroughly; the slogan taught them was "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

Any dentist can tell you, however, that decay is as frequently a matter of an inner weakness in tooth structure as it is a matter of surface erosion. In other words, many a clean tooth *does* decay just because it is not a strongly built, sound, durable tooth. Nowadays we know that unless children are given the proper diet during all their years of tooth-building, they will not have sound, strong teeth, and that no matter how faithfully they brush and scrub, decay will certainly take some or all of their teeth before they reach old age.

For building sound teeth and bones, children need from their infancy a diet that is rich in calcium and mineral salts. Milk supplies much of this calcium (lime) and milk should be a regular daily beverage through the entire childhood and adolescent period, until the last permanent tooth is cut. A quart a day is not too much.

Bran, whole-wheat, gluten, graham or rye breads should always be given to children instead of white. Toast, zwieback, and crusts are recommended, as they must be chewed vigorously and this exercise is good for the teeth. Many children do not care for certain vegetables and prefer a simple diet of meat and potatoes and gravy; the vegetables should be eaten every day, however, as they contain valuable mineral salts that the child's system needs for its bone and tooth building.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of giving the child fresh fruits daily. Canned and preserved fruits will not fill the bill, though they are wholesome, if served in judicious amounts. But fresh fruits, especially the citrus fruits, oranges, lemons and grapefruit, are now known to be highly important, because of their high percentage of mineral salts—the salts the child *must* have for tooth building. It is not a mere fact that every child specialist in the world always prescribes orange juice in the daily food ration of infants and children; it has been definitely proved by scientific experiment of the most careful sort that when orange juice is taken daily in the child's diet, he not only gets the salts from the orange juice, but actually retains more of the mineral salts eaten in his other foods.

Fortunately, oranges are in market twelve months a year, and if the thrifty mother will buy the small, cheap sizes, which are perfectly good for squeezing, she will not find her fruit bill too burdensome. It is certainly cheaper and pleasanter to spend money for pure milk, fresh vegetables, and oranges, than to pay big dental bills.

"Marie and I agreed that after we were married I should decide all major questions, and she would decide the minor ones."

"How has it worked out?"

"We have been married three years, and I am grateful to say there have been no major questions."—Tit Bits



KWAN YIN
The Goddess of Mercy, Kwan Yin, is depicted with a vial in her hand. According to Chinese legend, this contains the waters of life. In another sphere, the pure, delicious stimulation of "SALADA" Tea contributes greatly to the pleasure of life of millions of tea-loving Canadians. Gold Label Quality "SALADA" is 53c. per half-pound. Orange Pekoe Blend, 43c. per half-pound.



**Canada's Choicest Products
go into these Delicious Soups**

**Start the meal right with a plate
of Clark's soup.**

It is a welcome appetiser and can be relied upon to be tasty, nourishing, true to its name. Not only is it inexpensive (approximately three cents per serving) but it avoids all the work and worry which the making of soup involves.

CLARK'S SOUPS

Serve Clark's Soups for any occasion. There is a choice of all your favorite sorts: as a special treat try the Chicken Soup, real chicken broth with rice—a most tasty, appealing soup; costs a little more, but so nice!

"Let the Clark Kitchens Help You"
**W. CLARK LIMITED—MONTREAL, St. Rémi,
P.Q., and Harrow, Ont.**
Packers of "Clark's" Celebrated Pork and Beans, etc., etc.

This Charming Dress

is only one of the many stylish and beautiful garments illustrated in Hallam's Spring Fashion Book No. 75, which is sent to you

FREE

for the asking.

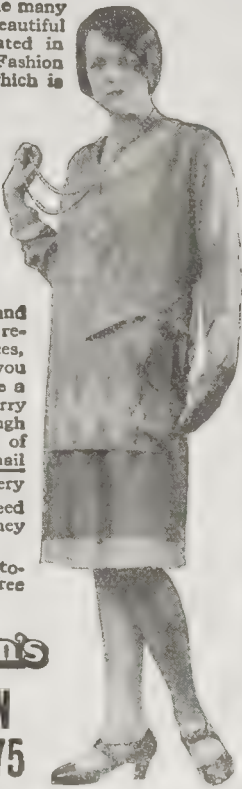
This book contains over 300 illustrations of the coming modes in Spring and Summer Coats, Dresses, Hats and Hosiery, all at remarkably low prices, and will prove to you that you will save a lot of money, worry and trouble, through Hallam's method of selling direct by mail to wearer. Every article is guaranteed satisfactory or money returned.

Send a postcard today for your free copy of

Hallam's
FASHION
BOOK NO. 75

Address as below
HALLAM MAIL ORDER CORPORATION, LIMITED
2468 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

(Established over one third of a century)



A Message to Underweight Men and Women

The one supremely good health building tonic that is also the one great weight producer known to modern science the country over is McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets.

They build flesh where flesh is needed — sunken cheeks, neck and chest — and many a man and woman, skinny and scrawny, have thanked McCoy's after a few weeks treatment for the decided improvement in looks and figure.

Many times the increase in weight is astonishing—one exceedingly thin woman gained 10 pounds in 22 days.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health — your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

EVAN WILLIAMS "Camomile"
Gives to fair hair the glorious sheen of spun gold.
Six distinct Shampoos—for every need—for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

day this has been extended into an intense jealousy of any new oil concessions to British interests. The paramount interest of the United States is recognized by Article XXI of the League of Nations Covenant, which declares that the League will not interfere in matters pertaining to areas under existing regional understandings such as the Monroe Doctrine.

Within this exclusive sphere of interest the United States has established control over several states that are protectorates in all but name; she is pursuing, notably in Mexico, a rapid process of economic penetration; and she is pushing vigorously in connection with at least two of these states policies of control for strategic reasons. National defence based on the value of the inter-oceanic canal lies behind the American thought about the Caribbean and Central America, and this has been greatly strengthened by the remarkable increase in United States investments in Latin-America since the war. In 1914 the United States owed foreign countries about five billions of dollars, and had about half that sum invested abroad, mostly in Cuba, Mexico, and Canada. At the end of 1926 her foreign investments amounted to nearly thirteen billions, of which nearly half has been invested since 1922. Naturally, then, business interests give the strongest possible support to imperialistic advances in Latin America which appeal to other sections of national opinion on grounds of humanity, or of national defence.

MEXICO'S vast mineral wealth: her oil deposits, her extensive forests and grazing land, have long presented an invitation to economic penetration. Probably only the strong anti-imperialistic sentiment of the people prevented the United States from swallowing the second half of Mexican territory in the latter part of the 19th century as she had acquired the northern portion in the earlier decades. During the comparatively stable government of President Diaz (1884-1911) foreign capital flowed steadily into Mexico, the bulk of it from the United States. Today American investment there totals about one and one-quarter billions, the chief items being as follows: Railways, \$160,000,000; Mining and smelting, \$300,000,000; Plantations and Timber, \$200,000,000; and Oil, \$478,000,000.

The desire to guard these investments, the struggle to oust British oil interests, which had in 1910 controlled fifty-eight per cent. of Mexico's oil production, and discussions regarding the enforcement of the land and subsoil nationalization clauses of the constitution of 1917 compose the thread of Mexican-American relations since the flight of Diaz to Europe in 1911. The Cowdray interests (now the Royal Dutch Shell Oil) bowed to political exigencies and more or less graciously withdrew application for further concessions in 1913. Obregon and Calles, the sitting president, have been between two fires. They dared not provoke armed intervention by their powerful neighbor, yet they desired to lead the rising tide of national feeling in Mexico.

The whole discussion with the United States since 1917 has fanned the fires of nationalism, and forms one of the causes for Latin-American fear and distrust of the United States. It has materially aided Mexico to achieve no small measure of success in her effort to acquire leadership amongst the Central American states; an ambition at least as legitimate as the insistence of the United States on sole control wherever disturbance threatened stability of government. Being on its face an endeavor to unite Latin-America on a cultural basis, Mexico's effort has been free from suspicions of self-interest. Thus Mexico illustrates American Imperialism as economic penetra-

Republic or Empire

Continued from page 42

tion of a backward country too strong to be easily transformed into a virtual protectorate.

Certain other states were not, however, in so strong a position. American sugar investments, moral indignation against the cruel methods of Spain in dealing with the Cubans, and a humanitarian desire to clean up a plague spot of tropical diseases at her very door, were the mixed motives which drove the United States into war with Spain. At the close of the war Cuba remained in the possession but not the ownership of the United States. Roosevelt in 1901 was authorized to hand the island over to the Cubans on the conditions known as the Platt Amendment. The United States was to supervise the foreign relations of Cuba to prevent the impairment of her independence, or the intrusion of any foreign power into Cuba; she was to have the right to intervene in domestic affairs to maintain a government adequate for the preservation of life, property and individual liberty; and Cuba was to sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling and naval stations on the island.

A committee of the Cuban Constitutional Convention protested that "these stipulations impair the sovereignty of Cuba . . . and if we bind ourselves to ask the Government of the United States for its consent to our international dealings . . . never would we be independent." In spite of such vigorous protests, however, the Platt Amendment was incorporated in the Cuban Constitution. In 1902 a Reciprocity Treaty gave the Americans a decided advantage in all the trade of the island. In 1906 the United States intervened with armed force in the internal affairs of the republic, and has used other means of compulsion on occasion. American investments have increased from the paltry fifty millions of 1893 to 1,250 millions, and it has been stated that "the ownership of Cuba lies almost completely in the hands of the National City Bank of New York." Yet Cuba has her independence.

A SOMEWHAT different treatment was accorded to the two republics on the island of Haiti, just east of Cuba. Haiti is a negro republic with a French-speaking upper class, while Santo Domingo is a Spanish mulatto state. Both were subject to the unstable governments, frequent revolutions, and corrupt politics characteristic of Latin-America through the 19th century. This instability and corruption in Santo Domingo were intensified after the death of dictator Heureux in 1899, and foreign loans were endangered. In 1903 Roosevelt refused to agree to joint control of the customs of the republic with Germany, France and Italy, the principal European creditors. Their plan was to take over the customs collections and after handing over a percentage to run the government, to use the balance to pay the principal and interest of the debt. But in 1905, Roosevelt did alone, by executive order, what he had refused to do by international co-operation in 1903. United States marines remained until the Senate finally sanctioned arrangements in 1907. Haiti, in the west of the island, in 1914, refused to sign a treaty giving United States control of customs collections. Advantage was taken of internal disturbances in 1915 to land marines, and take over the customs, although no American lives had been lost and no American property damaged. In September of that year the desired treaty was signed. It

stipulated that the United States should aid Haiti in developing her resources, appoint a Financial Adviser for the government, organize a constabulary, and have the power to intervene when necessary to preserve individual liberty, life, and property. Haiti was to make no new loans or changes in her tariff, and should not lease any territory to foreign powers without United States consent. Meanwhile New York banks bought the National Bank of Haiti, while United States capital bought land, sugar mills, railways, etc., and the marines pushed forward roads and sanitation works.

Meanwhile in 1916 a revolution in Santo Domingo brought in a new President. American marines were landed, and recognition was refused until he signed a treaty similar to that in Haiti. With more patriotism than prudence he refused, and in November the American commander assumed the administration. The marines not only occupied but governed the republic until the required treaty was accepted in 1924. The National City Bank of New York has seven branches in the republic and one-third of the sugar industry is owned by American interests. But the two republics are independent except for such trifling matters as constabulary, internal financial control and limitations on their international dealings. The casual observer may perhaps be excused if he falls into the error of calling these states protectorates under the United States.

In American policy in the Caribbean strategic motives have been even stronger than economic considerations. A glance at the map will show that Florida, Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands (purchased from Denmark in 1916) form a line almost entirely across the Caribbean, protecting the approach to the Panama. The United States has always been keenly aware that not one but two continents separated her Atlantic and Pacific defences. Hence her absorbing interest in the building and control of the Isthmian canal. In 1835 negotiations were begun with Colombia, of which Panama was a province. In 1846 a treaty was signed guaranteeing an open and free right-of-way across the Panama by both present and future modes of communication. In 1850 the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Britain ensured that America's greatest potential rival should not secure exclusive control; but American opinion always chafed under the fact that the United States was also bound by the treaty. When the Spanish-American war threatened, and the U.S.S. Oregon was despatched from the Pacific, America trembled while she steamed the extra 7,000 miles to Cuba lest she be too late.

American national sentiment, alarmed by this object lesson and exuberant at the speedy victory over Spain, loudly demanded exclusive control over the projected canal. Feeling against the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty rose higher than ever, and Britain during the Boer war consented to a new agreement. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901 agreed to exclusive United States control, provided that the canal was open to the ships of all nations without discrimination or inequality of tolls. The Venezuelan crisis the following year emphasized the growing aggressiveness of Germany. Roosevelt felt that speed was essential, and perhaps by this incident convinced of the wisdom of securing the Panama route at once, leaving the Nicaraguan route, which was favored by American engineers, for later consideration.

Hence, while Roosevelt's attitude toward Cuba was that of benevolent paternalism, and towards Santo Domingo that of a reluctant policeman, in Panama he came perilously near swinging the Big Stick of aggressive imperialism. At a later date he prided

Continued on page 90



DRESDEN-CHINA BLONDE

Quaint and flirty, young and alluring. Her skin is white with the faintest pink shining through. Her eyes are blue and wide and round. (For her—White Pompeian Beauty Powder with Light tone of Bloom.)



SPANISH BRUNETTE

She has the clear olive skin and dark eyes that are so picturesque. Her lips are curved and red. Her cheeks seem to burn with an inner fire. (For her—Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder with Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom.)



COQUETTE

Her skin is neither light nor dark, but is smooth, and "takes on" different coloring depending on her mood and the clothes she wears. (For her—the soft Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder with the Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom.)

BLONDE BEAUTY · DARK BEAUTY · TITIAN · BRUNETTE WHICH TYPE ARE YOU..?

By
Madame Jeannette de Cordet

SO many blondes! So many brunettes! And Canadian women are the result of infinite combinations of blondes and brunettes. Behind us is a pageantry of colorful races that have produced this inexhaustible variation of types we find among Canadian girls.

So just to say "I'm a blonde" because your hair is more golden than raven will never answer the important question of your *type*! It is the coloring of your *skin* that proclaims your type. The delicate pigmentation that you see when you study your skin closely in the light—that is your real color note.

Always accent that natural color that is yours—for it is the one thing that will make you distinctly individual, that will make you stand out above all others. Select your hats and frocks and jewels so that they blend in with your skin coloring. And above all do not disguise this lovely coloring of yours be-

neath powder and rouge that do not match your skin. The selection of "just the right shade" of powder and rouge is essential to your beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom are the chosen favorites of modern women. The Bloom comes in five beautifully clear tones—the powder in five perfectly natural shades—that exactly match the typical skin-tones.

But to match even the rarest skins—fifteen other beautiful shades of powder can be created by mixing combinations of the five primary shades.

Thus, among the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and the tones of Pompeian Bloom are the exact complements for your skin. Use these to increase your loveliness—to make the utmost of your natural charms!

Powder and Bloom each 60¢



ORIENTAL BRUNETTE

Her hair is black, and so are her eyes! Her skin is creamy, like the rich thick petal of a magnolia. Her lips should be rich in color, like a ripe pomegranate. (For her—Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder with the Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom.)

SEND FOR BEAUTY SAMPLER
DISCOVER YOUR TYPE

My fascinating Beauty Sampler contains five little vials of the five perfect shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder with my new twenty-page booklet showing twenty-four types of lovely women, in natural colors. You will find your type among them. If there's any question about the care of your skin, write me. I am anxious to help.

Jeannette de Cordet

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Co.
Dept. 805-C, 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal, Que.
I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for Beauty Sampler and Booklet, "Your Type of Beauty."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

**POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER
and BLOOM**

New Fashions for the Spring Season



The suit will rank first in importance during the coming season, in both three quarter and jacket length styles. A suit is always a comfortable style, and moreover attractize, and often chic.

It lends itself well to the fur neck-piece, kerchief, or scarf, and is a fitting setting for pretty blouses, gilets, jabots and collars which add to its dressiness.

The new two-piece suits are shown in wool crepe, homespun, checks and plaids. Taffets also is considered for these suits.

There are wonderfully attractive sweaters also jersey and crepe de chine blouses to be worn with sports suits.

The coat linings of suits are often repeated in the blouses worn with the suits. Dressy suits show crepe de chine blouses, in white or contrasting colors. With a suit of gray a slate blue blouse could be worn. Gray and beige also combine well.

One sees lovely blouses in two or three colorings; alternating stripes or applied bandings or motifs in complimentary color are placed on a cream or putty background.

Sports frocks are usually shown in two-piece effects. Sometimes the skirt has a yoke fitted with an elastic band, or shaped and buttoned at the hips.

Jersey is combined with silk.

One sees cloth skirts and silk blouses, or the reverse in sports clothes for youthful figures.

The new ensembles have shorter coats than those of last season and when composed of three pieces, the coat lining and the material of the blouse are alike.

Peter Pan Grows Up

Continued from page 20

hollow of her hand. Suddenly he gave up. He couldn't go on. Go on? Go on for what? More pain? He believed his pain to be intolerable. Peter was very young. No one had warned him that he could, quite conceivably, awake to heartache, work with heartache, eat with heartache, sleep and dream with heartache—and still live on.

Peter fiercely determined that he wouldn't go on. Going on was silly. On and on and on—too horrible with pain like this!

He would run away from pain! Nobody had warned Peter about that, either. How was he to know that, seeking forgetfulness thousands of miles from the scene of sorrow, it is quite usual that one may wake and find pain leering, saying: "Hello! Surprised? I came along with you, large and cruel as life!"

Peter planned to go home tonight, secretly pack his belongings, leave a note for his people—then run! Run away from his own heart. Run and run and run. Till pain was left behind.

But he wanted to see Lucille a moment. Just once. Not to speak to her. Just to look at her. Just to remember—remember—while he ran!

No. He wouldn't look at her. What good would that do?

He drifted back again, down the corridor. Where was the elevator? Where was the natural place for it? He was a little dazed. Well, of course! The white arrows along the wall, guiding him, to the turn in the corridor. Plain as plain.

He wondered how soon Lucille would learn that he had gone. Would she care? She would, of course, a little; she was human; he was a sort of habit by now. The crowd would miss him a little perhaps. But probably not; probably they'd all think he'd be back soon. Well—let them think it. Let them wonder why he went so suddenly. Whose business was it, that he could not bear the pain of loving Lucille when she had hurt him? It was not even Lucille's business. She didn't love him.

The elevator was around a second turn; he remembered now. For once, a slang expression occurred to him which was both timely and appropriate. "It won't be long now," thought Peter; and he wavered a little in his forward march at the thought.

Around the corner of the corridor, he came upon a deep chair. In the chair huddled a girl's figure. Lucille. He knew her little dark brown head with its sleek straight sides.

She looked up, and saw him. Impulsively she held out a hand to him, but on second thoughts she withdrew it before he could reach her. Her face was streaky, red, rather dirty, indeed. She had been crying, and crying hard.

"Lucille," he said, a little weak with too much feeling. "Lucille, you're crying. Has someone made you suffer?" He could not say it; people didn't talk such mush. "What the hell's the matter with you?" said Peter, as he believed a man should say, quite rudely.

She tugged at her hands, freed them from his, covered her face with them. "Go 'way," she mumbled. "I hate you, Peter Pond!"

"I know," he said. "Sure; I know that. But tell me who has hurt your feelings. I'd like to bust his face!"

"Then bust your own," she told him savagely.

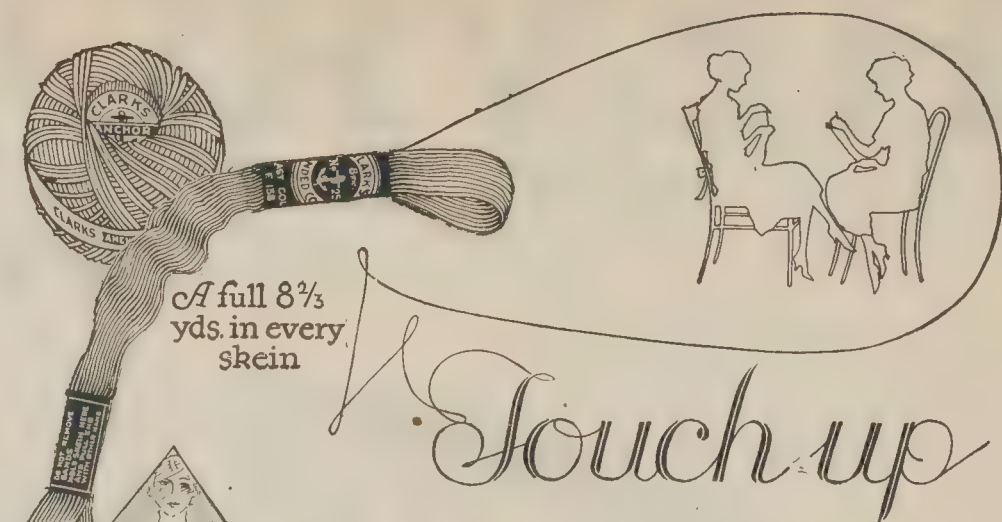
He couldn't grasp that, at first. Me? Me, hurt you? I'd lie down and let you trample on me first!

"Then why—" she blazed at him, "why didn't you wear my onions? Why didn't you read my card?"

Suddenly Peter Pan grew up.

Pain ran away from Peter, and left him in her arms.

CLARK'S "ANCHOR" COTTONS *for Embroidery*



A full 8½ yds. in every skein

your wardrobe with Embroidery
—the hobby that helps the purse

BRING individual smartness to dresses made at home, or common-place frocks bought ready-to-wear, with embroidery. There are chic monograms for your blouses or pull-overs, effective motifs for the shoulder or waistline of your frocks, bright designs in peasant embroidery for interesting sleeves. You yourself can add the artistic little touches that distinguish "models" from clothes. Needlework is a sociable occupation for odd moments that often hang heavily, and will bring you modish becoming things you long for—lingerie sets, handworked in pastel tones, that cost much to buy but little to make, an exquisite embroidered shawl for the evening, picture frocks for the children, distinctive linens for the house, beautiful and useful gifts at negligible cost for "showers," anniversaries, bridge-prizes, etc. Embroidery is very easy to learn and the simplest stitches are often the most effective.

Send for Beginner's Outfit

Includes CLARK'S EMBROIDERY BOOK No. 2, containing fifty designs, hot-iron patterns, monogram alphabet, etc., with full directions and explanations of stitches used and a non-tangle skein of CLARK'S

ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON. To obtain it, the coupon below and ten cents may be mailed to us direct or presented at one of the stores that sell and recommend Clark's Anchor Stranded Cottons for Embroidery.

Clark's "Non-tangle" Skein

Stays put to the last loop and every bit of the more than 8½ yds. runs freely as you require it. No knots and kinks and maddening unravelling. Just pull and cut as required. The smooth, durable thread of Clark's Anchor Cottons, Stranded (skeins) and Pearl (balls), covers the pattern rapidly and lends a laundry-proof lustre and rich finish to the design. Guaranteed fast-to-washing in a wide range of exquisite shades.

- 7-28

CLARK'S
ANCHOR
PEARL
STRANDED
COTTONS
for Embroidery
FAST-TO-WASHING

MADE IN CANADA

by THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL
makers of COATS' and CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON



The Canadian Spool Cotton Co.
21 Read Bldg., Montreal

Herewith 10c for Clark's Embroidery Book No. 2, and a free "non-tangle" skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton.

Name

Address

WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER!

ROYAL CROWN FLAKED LYE

You can't lie about Lye—100% Pure.

An expert soap maker's recipe for soap making on every tin

Use for—Softening the hardest water.

- Disinfecting, cleaning sinks, drain pipes, etc.
- Cleaning and sweetening milk cans, etc.

A Tin in your house is essential.

ALWAYS USE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS



THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED

STUNNING SILK REMNANTS 12 YARDS \$5.00

From Leading Mills we purchased Remnants of Lovely Rayon Silks in all the newest stunning designs. Each Remnant measures not less than 4 yards long, 34 to 38 inches wide. We picked the choicest weaves, the prettiest patterns, and the very best quality. We bought these Remnants at a clearance at a remarkably low price, and are putting them up in packages of 12 yards consisting of three Beautiful Dress Lengths, 4 yards each, Lovely Rayon Silk Crepes, Silk Broadcloths and Rayon Printed Silks, for \$5 and postage. And that is not all—Send No Money—when parcel arrives pay your own Postmaster \$5 and few cents postage. If you are not satisfied that this is positively the very best and biggest value in Rayon Dress Silks, return them and get your money back at once. Just write letter, but do it now while full assortment on hand. And please show them to your neighbors.

CANADIAN REMNANT MILLS

420 St. Paul West • • Montreal, Que.

CHEVROLET



The **HIGHEST VALUE** in a Low Priced Car

The "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet marks the supreme achievement of thirteen years constant progress.

It embodies the matchless technical skill of the world's foremost automotive engineering staff—it incorporates the priceless scientific facts discovered in the vast General Motors Research Laboratories—into its building have gone the great practical lessons learned in millions of miles of testing at the General Motors Proving Ground!—and into its **VALUE** have gone the savings and economies made possible by General Motors combined purchasing and manufacturing power.

Chevrolet's leadership in the field of the low-priced car—Chevrolet's association with the great General Motors organizations—these are responsible, not only for the most remarkable car in Chevrolet history but also for the Highest Value in all the Low Price Field.

Ready for Prompt Delivery

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

WINNIPEG

OSHAWA

VANCOUVER

107" WHEELBASE, 4 INCHES LONGER
BIGGER, ROOMIER FISHER BODIES
NON-LOCKING FOUR WHEEL BRAKES
NEW SHOCK-ABSORBER SPRINGS
INCREASED SPEED
34.6 PER CENT. GREATER POWER
MOTOR ENCLOSURE
THERMOSTAT CONTROLLED
COOLING SYSTEM
NEW DUCO COLORS
INDIRECTLY LIGHTED
INSTRUMENT PANEL
EASIER STEERING
LARGER, DEEPER RADIATOR
LONGER HOOD
CRANKCASE BREATHING SYSTEM
ALLOY PISTONS OF "INVAR-STRUT"
CONSTANT CLEARANCE TYPE

AT NEW and LOWER PRICES

Roadster	- - \$625.00	Commercial	
Touring	- - 625.00	Chassis	- - \$470.00
Coupe	- - 740.00	Roadster	
Coach	- - 740.00	Delivery	- - 625.00
Sedan	- - 835.00	One-Ton Truck	
Imperial Sedan	890.00	Chassis	- - 635.00
Cabriolet	- - \$835.00	Roadster	
		Express	- - 650.00

Prices at Factory Oshawa—Government Taxes Extra

The GMAC Plan of Deferred Payments Makes Buying Easy.

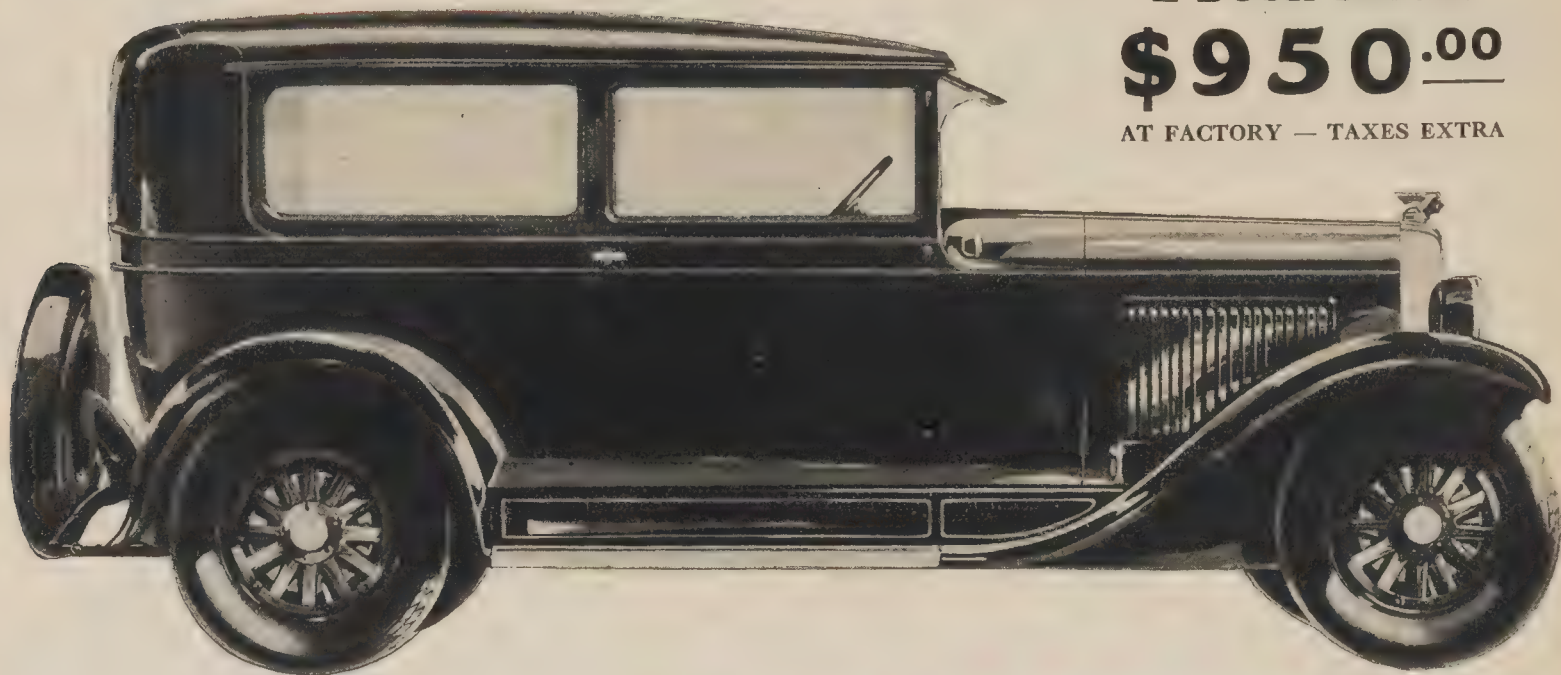
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

The New Series PONTIAC SIX

2 DOOR SEDAN

\$950.00

AT FACTORY — TAXES EXTRA



The **HIGHEST VALUE** in a Low Priced Six

After two years of the most spectacular success ever accorded any new car, Pontiac Six is now bidding for even greater success.

The New Series Pontiac Six is vividly and vitally new—with a tremendous reserve of power—with a compelling beauty, ultra stylish yet not extreme—with new elements of comfort, luxury and safety—and priced to represent the Highest Value in the field of the low-priced six

Conceived by the engineering staffs of Pontiac and General Motors—reflecting the utmost in Fisher craftsmanship—tried and proved on the General Motors Proving Grounds—the New Series Pontiac Six demonstrates by its amazing value the General Motors policy of passing along to the consumer, the economies of volume purchasing and production.

LOVEJOY
SHOCK
ABSORBERS

FOUR-WHEEL
BRAKES

GMR Cylinder Head
Crankcase Ventilation
New Fuel Pump
Thermostatic Water Control
Greater Power

*and Scores of Other
Refinements*

See this remarkable car TODAY

The GMAC Deferred Payment Plan makes buying easy

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Pontiac Division

WINNIPEG - OSHAWA - VANCOUVER

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

pneumonia



may often be avoided - - by checking colds promptly

PNEUMONIA nearly always starts with a cold. It is, therefore, advisable to treat all colds at the first sign—especially at this season of the year when pneumonia is so prevalent.

When you feel a cold coming on, the safe and effective thing to do is to rub the throat and chest with the modern vaporizing ointment, Vicks VapoRub. Vicks acts two ways at once in bringing relief:

Inhaled and Absorbed

(1) It is vaporized by the body heat and inhaled all night long, direct to the inflamed air passages and lungs, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

(2) At the same time, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" the tightness and pain and thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.

Mothers especially appreciate Vicks because it relieves colds overnight without the use of internal medicines, which so often upset children's delicate stomachs.

acts 2 ways at once

VICKS
VAPORUB
OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



Famous Beauties

and Society Leaders the World over secure that bewitching, attractive touch to their complexion thru

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM

Made in White - Flesh - Rachel
In use over 85 years

Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

Perfect Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment, Price, \$1.25. Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by a \$275.00 machine. Pay postman. Money back in five days if not more than pleased.

Hemstitcher Co., Box W, Georgetown, Ont.

Federated Women's Institutes

Alberta

Agriculture in Sunny Alberta
By Elizabeth Bailey Price

THREE members of the Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Clubs will have a chance to get a trip to Toronto this year and be a part of the world's largest annual exhibition, or the Canadian National Exhibition, which is held in that city, the latter part of August. These girls will be the members of the winning team in a contest on "Agriculture in Sunny Alberta," which competition is now going among the Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Clubs.

Each demonstration or talk is to be one-half hour in length and the following suggestions have been offered by Mrs. J. McGregor Smith, Edmonton, provincial supervisor of G. C. work:

1. Women engaged in agriculture in Alberta.
2. Different phases of agriculture in Alberta.
3. Alberta's 1927 crop.
4. Alberta's success in exhibiting at the International Hay and Grain Show in Chicago, and the Royal Show in Toronto, in the past.
5. Alberta's winnings at the Live Stock Show in Chicago and Toronto in the past.
6. Alberta's Dairy products, exports, etc.
7. Agricultural Education in Alberta agricultural schools and colleges, school fairs, pig clubs, poultry work, fox farming.
8. Follow the talk by a short demonstration pertaining to the subject such as wool, poultry, dairying, canning, grain (bread making), nature study, beet sugar, etc.

The judging will take place in Calgary and Edmonton during the Easter holidays. Clubs competing must attain a good standard of work in the judgment of the local supervisor, who will testify that at least sixty per cent of the members have worked on this problem.

To the team coming second Hon. George Hoadley, provincial Minister of Agriculture, will give one week at the School of Agriculture, when the winners of the school fairs attend to compete. The winner of this competition will receive a scholarship—a term at her nearest school of agriculture.

Wembley has been arranging that hot lunches be served at the school.

Wainwright presented copies of old masters to the school, to grades I to IV; also donated \$5.00 in prizes for the school fair.

Delia gave \$10.00 to Ida Woods, a pupil of the Delia High School, who obtained an average of some seventy-seven per cent on her final examinations.

Sunshine (Coutts) has been sponsoring a series of home-nursing classes.

Dinton has been doing relief work in the community.

Munson voted \$30.00 to the G.W.V.A. skating rink.

Rugby collected \$42.75 for the Didsbury Hospital.

Vegreville has a "relief" cupboard, and each winter looks after the needy families in the community.

Westlock, last year, spent \$50.00 in flowers for the sick and those bereaved.

Didsbury had a novel programme recently, when the meeting was turned into an old-fashioned school class of thirty years ago.

Ribstone W.I. has purchased a piano for the hall.

Burdett is buying a cook stove for community use.

Pincher Creek has been raising a swimming pool fund during the past year.

Patricia is arranging for the building of a cupboard and coal bin in the community hall.

Redlandview reports a very successful basketry course recently, a class of fifteen taking it.

Three Hills had such a successful baby clinic last year, there being 41 babies examined, that it has applied to the government for another.

Ft. McMurray gave necessities to two large families, supplied two water coolers,

and purchased a basket ball outfit for the school.

Lougheed is giving four prizes to the Lougheed public and high schools for the most efficient and punctual pupils.

Drumheller is active in seeing that women school trustees get elected on the School Board. A prize is also being offered to the best student in English in the High School.

Busby had the organ repaired and placed in the church.

Lockhart had a fruit and vegetable shower for the Bentley Hospital.

Mirror Library is planning that the children will plant trees on Arbor Day.

Cremona has been studying Canadian authors.

Scollard enjoyed a visit and talk by Mrs. Nellie L. McClung of Calgary.

Standard sponsored a community Christmas tree, 160 children attending.

Vulcan is furnishing a room in the new municipal hospital.

Social Plains gave a fine donation of linen to the Empress Hospital.

Hillsdown Valley is arranging that one member visit the school each month.

Lanfne members are getting up a play.

Rosedale is arranging a home nursing class, to be conducted by Mrs. R. Alder, a graduate nurse.

Hope (Warner) is helping with the serving of hot lunches at school.

British Columbia

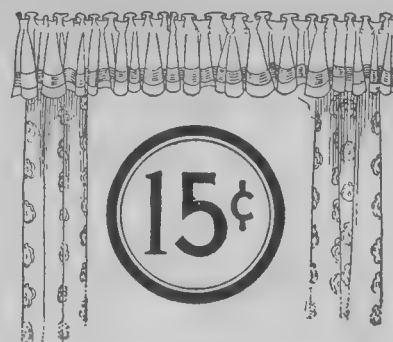
Boswell—The annual meeting of the Boswell-Sanca W.I. was held in the Memorial Hall on January 11th. Various reports were given, including report of Christmas tree for 23 children, parents and friends also being present. A play was given during the evening by a few of the seniors, and all had a very enjoyable time. Masquerade Dance held on Jan. 2nd was a great success, and proceeds added considerably to Institute funds. It was agreed to spend \$14.80 on carpentry and sewing classes for children. Election of officers then took place. It was later decided to continue sale of cake donated by members in turn at each monthly meeting during the year, over \$16 was realized in this way, proceeds going to Crippled Children fund.

Howe Sound—A successful annual meeting in the Institute rooms, Gibson's Landing, B.C., Monday evening, January 9th. 21 members were present with Mrs. Metcalfe, president, in the chair. A very able and encouraging report was read by the Secretary, Mrs. Corlett, outlining the splendid work accomplished during the past year, the goodly sum of \$500 was raised by holding bazaars, teas, dances, etc. The most of which was used for the benefit of the community. The election of officers followed the reports. Mrs. Metcalfe being elected President by acclamation; Vice-president, Mrs. Burns; Secretary, Mrs. Horne; Treasurer, Mrs. Corlett; Directors, Mrs. Wright, Soames, Spencer, Morton and Penson. Arrangements were made for holding the Institute's second birthday party on Friday, January 20th. After the business was completed a bread show was held, the Judges being Mrs. McColl, Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Steinbrunner. The prize winners were Mrs. Borgenstrum for the best loaf of white bread and Mrs. Wynegaert for the best brown loaf, an extra prize was awarded Miss June Wright, a youthful exhibitor of five years. Refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned.

GETTING MARRIED

IN BUYING a horse, the wise purchaser thinks carefully of points and breeding and soundness, he considers his own aptitudes and requirements and the price he is asked to pay; some veterinary knowledge may be won from books, more perhaps by experience. Instinct plays its part also, but who would choose a hunter on instinct alone? Analogies are dangerous, but we need not be afraid of arguing from the particular to the general in this matter.

Choosing a husband is a matter for expert advice, like choosing a horse; and the subsequent happiness of the choice depends on its initial wisdom.



Colorful Drapes

Bright, snappy drapes are not only stylish, but form an important part in modern home decoration. You can make your old drapes rich and colorful and conform to the color scheme of the room with fifteen cents worth of Diamond Dyes.

It is a very simple matter to tint or to dye with Diamond Dyes. In the first place they are true dyes and not synthetic tints—which fact makes a great difference in the final results.

FREE: Your druggist will give you the Diamond Dye Cyclopedic; suggestions and simple directions for beautiful tinting and dyeing; real piece-goods color samples. Or big illustrated book Color Craft—free—write DIAMOND DYES, Dept. M50, Windsor, Ont.

Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE



BLONDES!

Are you dulling the golden beauty of your hair with ordinary shampoos?

To preserve its true beauty—blonde hair must be given special care — must have a shampoo specially suited to its sensitive texture. Blondex, the new shampoo for blondes only prevents darkening. Brings back true golden color and silky sheen to even the duldest hair. No dyes. No harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.

The Safest Way to Cleanse Eyes

Eye cups gather dust and dirt; often they transmit infection. That is why millions are turning to the more hygienic Murine method of cleansing eyes. Murine requires no insanitary eye cup, but is quickly and easily applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. Try it!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for

Fletcher's
CASTORIA



Rheumatism

Don't suffer needless pain. Warm some Minard's Liniment and rub well into the affected parts. You'll experience almost instant relief. For Minard's and pain simply can't get on together.

The Great White Liniment

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The Forehanded Finches

Continued from page 18

of the stones there chanced to be a great fire sale in town one day in a block where an undertaker's stock had been damaged by smoke and water and Mr. and Mrs. Finch bid on a couple of scorched coffins.

"Scorched coffins aren't to be picked up every day" they said to each other and to their friends. Which was quite true.

THE coffins were such a novelty in the neighborhood that folks came from far and near just to have a look at them. They were a nine-days' wonder and people—that is, most of them—took them very seriously, shook their heads, shuddered a bit, and hurried away from the place. Of course a few flippant souls sought to make merry at the expense of the Finches, for there are always those who will laugh in the wrong places. They said the scorch on them there coffins wasn't a circumstance to the roasting they were yet in for; that any feller as sharp-dealing as 'Bijah' wasn't headed for no heaven, no sirree!

The coffins were exactly alike, and a good thing, too, as 'Bijah' said, for then there couldn't be any hard feelings between him and his wife, or between his folks and his wife's people. They put the long boxes in the parlor and covered them with Indian blankets and plenty of fancy cushions and they made fairly good sofas, though, to be sure, there wasn't much "give" to them. But the things were empty and Mrs. Finch just couldn't bear anything empty round the place.

"I'll store my peaches in one," she said, "an' my huckleberries in the other. Being it's nice an' dark in them coffins the fruit won't work."

She had already filled the organ with black currant jelly and canned plums and it was so crowded that when the missionary circle met at 'Bijah's' they had to omit the hymn-singing because the pedals wouldn't work.

Mrs. Finch had fruit stored everywhere about the premises in any and every conceivable nook and hole, some of it in places she'd forgotten all about. One night they were awakened suddenly out of a deep sleep by hearing a couple of shots fired at close range, in the house somewhere. At least it sounded like shots. Mr. Finch thought he was back in the Great War again till he was finally roused by his trembling better half and ordered to take the shotgun and go and look for the burglars or chicken thieves, or whatever in tarnation they were. 'Bijah' traced the disturbance to the spare bedroom off the parlor where, on opening the door a renewed fusillade greeted him.

"Hands up!" he squeaked.

Lifting the shotgun shakingly he took determined, if somewhat blind aim, into the gloom. Something immediately struck him in the eye and he fell where he stood. His wife rushed up with a lamp to find, happily, that he still breathed.

"I could-a got them if they hadn't got me first," he declared, wiping the scarlet stream from his eye. "I—I guess I've lost a power o' blood," and groaning, he closed his eyes again and flopped back on the floor. "Send fer th' Mounties, quick!" he panted.

Mrs. Finch set the lamp down, put cushions under his head and was just going to telephone Mud Centre for the doctor when 'Bijah' made the not unpleasant discovery that he could still see quite well out of the supposedly injured optic. Aside from a slightly stinging sensation it still functioned. He sat up and cursed delightfully.

It hadn't been a bullet that had hit him at all. The sanguinary fluid running down his face and over his night-shirt was only four-year-old tomato

catsup! Dern it, how was a feller to tell the difference in the middle o' the night like that? It was red and it was wet, wasn't it?

THE Old Timer paused midway in his story and took a fresh grip of the pipe he had lit. He stretched out his legs, surveyed the farthest end of the shining rails where they ran to a point and were lost in the prairie haze, and then he blew slow, thoughtful smoke-spirals aloft. His face remained grave and presently more memories came to him.

"Mebbe you think I'm exaggeratin'," he resumed, "when I tell you that 'Bijah' had filled the hopper of his grain-seeder, one fall, so's he'd have it all ready fer th' spring plantin'—it was one o' them old-style seeders—an' one fine April mornin' he druv out into the field without takin' so much as a look in that there seed-hopper back an' under where he sat. When he'd gone about half way across the field he happened t' look over his shoulder an' what he saw fair made his eyes pop out. Yes, sir! It appears like Mrs. Finch had been stuck fer room to store her extra lot of last year's raspberries an' so she'd put some of it in the hopper unbeknownst to 'Bijah' an' most o' the cans had bust. 'Bijah' was sowin' raspberry jam all over his nice plowed furrows!"

But, in due course, Mrs. Finch's canning, preserving, pickling and other operations ceased altogether. An epidemic of something came round and she was "took down." The doctor said it was her stomach and that he thought it quite likely she had been eating too much canned fruit.

"Oh, doctor," she moaned pitifully, "don't say that! I only et it to save it. Somebody had to eat it!"

But the medico only looked stern and shook his head sadly as he turned away.

Now 'Bijah' had laid in supplies of medicine of various sorts throughout the years—he had everything from dandruff remedies to spavin cure—and he dismissed the doctor when he found that worthy was charging him four dollars a visit and he himself set out to prescribe for his better half. He dosed her religiously, now with this and now that, reminding her of how much they were saving and assuring her that she'd very soon be feeling chipper again. But the poor woman just wouldn't cheer up. She had a premonition.

"No, 'Bijah, I ain't long fer this world," she said prophetically. "Take th' huckleberries out o' the coffin an' make ready. Nothin' like bein' forehanded. But don't mourn too much, partner. Keep your thoughts on how much we saved by buyin' them there caskets ahead of time like we did. Remember that Perkins & Green would-a charged twenty dollars more if they'd been reg'lar stock an' undamaged."

"That's so," agreed 'Bijah' cheerfully. "An' what's a bit o' scorchin' amount to, after all? Jest so long's our immortal souls don't scorch." Mrs. Finch closed her eyes, sighed, and a great peace stole over her countenance.

Presently she passed on to her reward.

THE funeral was well attended. In fact, nobody had ever seen such a throng before, even at an auction sale. Poor 'Bijah' fed all the folks, before and after, on huckleberry preserves and other fruit. There was such a crowd that there weren't seats enough to go round and they had to take the two chairs from under the coffin and lower it to the floor. Then someone said this was sacrilegious and wouldn't the dear friends make an effort to

Continued on page 86

First aid helps you should know about



"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is the favorite quick home treatment of thousands of women for:

Minor Cuts—Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

More Serious Wounds—Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water, and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Sores—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly at frequent intervals.

Remember, when you buy, that the trade mark "Vaseline" on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY



PRISCILLA TRIMS HATS Beautifully

Rejuvenate your hats with PRISCILLA Silk Bias Fold Tape. Bind the edges, folds, etc., with contrasting colors. Makes your old hats look like new.

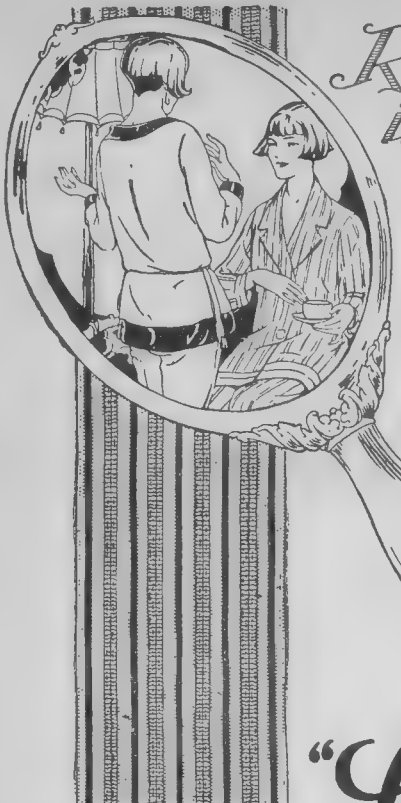
You can sew PRISCILLA on all irregular edges without a pucker, because it is folded on a true bias. Obtainable in 27 shades—guaranteed fast. Also in fine Lawn for trimming lingerie, dresses, kiddie togs, etc.

Three yards to a card in Silk.
Six yards to a card in Lawn.
Everywhere—inexpensively priced.

PRISCILLA
popular shades, each in silk
BIAS FOLD TAPE

The Kay Manufacturing Co.
373 Aqueduct Street, Montreal

Largest Makers in the British Empire



Reflects your individuality

DELIGHTFUL in appearance, with all the soft comfort of silk, "LUVISCA" is the very material for Pyjamas and Dainty Lingerie. It wears and washes wonderfully well.

Ladies' Jumpers and Dresses, too, are delightful when made in "LUVISCA."

"Luvisca"

"Through the looking glass."

for cosy Bedtime wear.

ALL LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES SELL "LUVISCA" (37-38ins. wide), in latest shades and colourings, striped designs, plain shades and self-coloured check effects. Also "Luvisca" Garments ready-to wear, in newest styles and designs.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Mr. F.B. Foster, Room 409, 275 Craig Street West, Montreal.

The Forehanded Finches

Continued from page 85

stand, those without seats? But old Mrs. Gibbs just then fainted and had to be carried out of the parlor and the undertaker, fearing somebody else might fall in a swoon, consulted with the minister and it was decided to leave the coffin be. The latter said he was quite sure that the dear sister who had passed on, having been the soul of frugality and self-abnegation all her life, would be the last to raise any objection to her friends using the chairs under her casket.

The pall-bearers, who had been out in the kitchen eating a snack were a trifle late getting back to the parlor and when they went to get the coffin they found the room practically deserted. The day was so warm that the minister had asked everybody to go out on the lawn to finish the funeral ceremony and the crowd accordingly were either collected in the front yard or milling about the waiting hearse with its draped black horses. The bearers wiped the remains of the canned huckleberries from their lips and reverently stooped and raised the coffin and bore it outside and thence into the hearse.

Bijah said, when all was over, that it was a comfort to know that every little thing had been arranged for beforehand and that there was consequently no hitch or confusion. He bragged quite a bit about his besetting virtue and solemnly abjured all his friends to practice foresight.

"Some folks think we caught it from each other, this here forehandedness, but it was her taught me," he told them, with no little pride and some humility. "She was the longsightedest woman on earth, that partner of mine. Never forgot nothin'. Why, everything's all ready fer me when my time comes—'cept the grave dug. But I don't hardly know what to do 'bout all this here fruit an' stuff—I sure don't. Guess I ought-a give it to an asylum or a hospittle or some place."

Poor Bijah was indeed a lonely and helpless figure and everyone was sorry for the man, but he was fated not to survive his wife for long. Three days later he came down with the same illness and in less than a week he was gone.

"Who says forehandedness don't pay"! all the neighbors said with one accord, willing at last to give Bijah his due.

"We've made fun of him and his wife," they admitted, those at least of the lighter spirits, "but I guess the laugh is on us, after all."

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," quoted others, solemnly. "An' knowin' this, as we all do, in our hearts, why in tunket don't we lay in our supply of coffins an' tombstones?"

"Well, I'm waitin' fer a fire sale," defended one.

"An' you can wait. Luck an' lightnin' never strike twice in the same spot," retorted another.

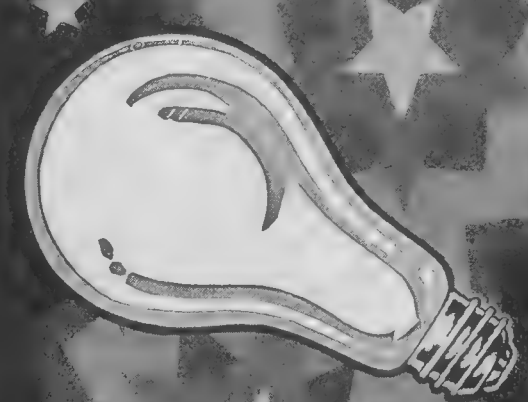
"Clear them pickled peaches out o' his coffin," Bijah's lifelong friend, the Old Timer ordered them, "an' notify the pall-bearers to be ready; call up the preacher an' see that Sam Whiffle gets the grave dug. Oh, my friends, no matter how forehanded a man may be in this life there's always a few last little chores he jest nacherly can't do fer himself!"

But a grim surprise awaited them. For when Bijah's mortal remains were prepared for his casket the casket was found to be already pre-empted (This is not our word. The term is the Old Timer's.) Pre-empted it indeed was!

What a gruesome find! They had buried the wrong coffin six days before. Mrs. Finch—rest her soul—was still in the parlor, and resting under the grave stone beneath the cypress in the churchyard were Mrs. Finch's pickled peaches!

FROM far away in the sunset distance came at last the whistle of the Winnipeg train and the story-teller stirred, sat up and knocked the ashes from his pipe by tapping the bowl on the sole of his boot.

"Yes, sir, a heap o' strange things do happen hereabouts," he mused aloud. "This ain't nothin' to what I could tell you if you weren't in such a hurry," he told the travellers, who were still rapt and spellbound, "but here's your train comin' an' I guess you've got to go. Lemme carry that there typewriter ma'am—miss—no, 'tain't a mite heavy. Gimme the grip, sir, an' keep your tip. I don't spin yarns fer money. But say, if either of you wimmen — or you, sir — should happen round here agin some time I could mebbe — his tone was cordial and his expression ingenuous in the extreme — "I could mebbe tell a better one than that!"



The use of Inside Frosted Lamps means no reduction in light, but better diffusion: no harshness—ease in cleaning—and cheaper lamps. 25 and 40 watt —30c the lowest price at which standard lamps have ever sold.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
LACO MAZDA
INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS



An "International" With Grain Tank Body

The modern method of transporting grain to market. The truck has made possible the delivery of at least two loads a day by farmers living fifteen to twenty-five miles from the elevator. We remember the day when the farmer had to drive in, spend the night at the local hotel and return home the next day; or at best drive well into the night to return the same day. With the truck he can still see to his morning and evening work.



Decorative success is achieved through a few well thought out embellishments

A Blarney Party for St. Patrick's Day

By Dorothy Wright

JOYOUSLY jogged in between winter and spring, comes this day for celebrating that grows more popular every year. St. Patrick's day is brimful of fun and charming possibilities for parties, and coming just when social life is at a low ebb, a St. Patrick's party is sure to be a success.

There are so many symbols from which to choose—shamrocks, flags, harps, pipes, potatoes, little white geese, paper colleens with wide green skirts, Paddys in tall hats, and always the refreshing green and white, and gold to lend its magic.

So let's plan a "Blarney Party" and our decorations may be as varied and as gay as we please.

The Invitations

The invitation should be the keynote to the evening's fun. Write them with green ink on note paper decorated with little shamrock or harp seals, and word them in the form of the usual "Mike" and "Pat" joke.

Pat: "Would yez like to come to a Blarney Party, Mike?"

Mike: "Shure then and phat's that?"

Pat: "Why—er—it's somethin' for a St. Patrick's avenin'."

Mike: "And even at that, phat is it?"

Pat: "Well I thought you'd know Mike, but since you're as green as m'self let's go over to—house next—night and find out."

Follow this of course with the address and the date. And now you are ready for the decorations.

The Decorations

You may achieve success with a few, simple, well thought out decorations, and they may be very inexpensive when crepe paper is employed. Green crepe paper streamers with shamrocks, or little white geese fluttering at the ends of the streamers will add an air of fun and festivity. These streamers may be purchased all ready cut, or cut strips of crepe paper from one half to one inch wide and as long as desired—usually 10 to 15 inches. Then paste shamrocks, cutouts, or little geese cut from decorated crepe paper and mounted on mat stock (light-weight cardboard), to the ends of the streamers. Tack these streamers in strips or bunches in the doorways, on draperies and lighting fixtures. An Irish lass, also cut from decorated crepe paper, may be mounted on mat stock to stand gayly on a mantel, hall table, or she may be suspended from the top of a floor lamp. And still another of these little figures may form the center piece for the table.

The Centerpiece

To make the centerpiece, mount the Irish lass on cardboard and reinforce with two pieces of wire, fastening them with tabs of gummed tape. Be sure that one wire is directly in back of each leg and that it extends about two inches below the foot. Now cut a second figure from the crepe paper and paste it to the back of the first one. As the figures are all facing the same way on the crepe paper

this one will have to be wrong side out, but it will not matter much because the colors show almost as plainly on the wrong side. If necessary a few daubs of water color paint will work wonders.

Make a circle of cardboard fourteen inches in diameter. Cover with brown crepe paper crushed to represent earth. Cut a strip of bright green crepe paper five inches wide and make slashes all along one edge two inches deep and one inch apart. Take one of these divisions between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands and twist away from you with one hand and toward you with the other. Repeat until all the divisions are twisted. Gather the opposite edge and paste two rows around the under edge of the cardboard circle. Bend the frills up and you will have a thick border of "shamrocks" around the centerpiece. Make two small holes in the center of the cardboard circle and thrust the wires that extend below the girl's feet through them. Bend the wires back against the cardboard and fasten with gummed tape.

To make the cheerful looking little Paddy favors that are shown on the table, stretch several thicknesses of white crepe paper over small apples, draw faces with ink, and make rosy cheeks with dabs of rouge. Or if you choose, pin raisins in place to form the features. Then make green crepe paper hats over tiny paper nut cups, or strips of mat stock (thin cardboard), and add a frill of paper under the chin to complete "Paddy."

Blarney Stunts

As each guest arrives, he or she is asked to draw a large green shamrock from the Blarney Box (any small box covered with green paper will answer), and on this a typical Irish name should be plainly printed. As: Mr. O'Shay, Mr. O'Day, Mr. Flarrity or Miss McGuire, Miss McCloud, Miss Finnigan, etc. These shamrocks are worn by each guest and they are then introduced to the guests already assembled as another friend who has just landed from Ireland. And the party begins when all have arrived.

Kissing the Blarney Stone

Blindfold each player in turn, and let him walk to a table, which should be five or six good steps away, pick up the first "stone" that he touches, and kiss it. As soon as this is done, the blindfold is removed, and he is allowed to read the "blarney" that is written on the bottom of the "stone." If possible, use real stones, or make them of cotton batting or crushed-up tissue paper covered with gray crepe paper, stretched over the foundation, and pasted neatly. The "blarney" may be on round or oval pieces of writing paper pasted to the "stones."

Limericks

Another very entertaining stunt is finishing up limericks. This is a particularly timely game for St. Patrick's Day.

Continued on page 91



Soft White Hands



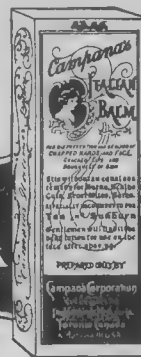
A charm every woman may have

WHEN observing eyes centre on your hands . . . are you proud or ashamed?

Use Campana's Italian Balm after you have had your hands in water or at night before you retire . . . it makes hard skin soft and comfortable . . . sinks right into the pores . . . supplies the necessary moisture that strong soaps and cleaning powders have stolen from your skin . . . leaves your hands lovely to look at and to touch. Wonderful in winter for protecting hands and face against chapping, roughness and windburn. Men like it after shaving. Your druggist has it in the new wide-mouthed bottle for easy pouring. Try it.

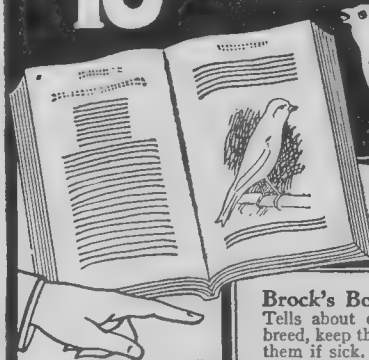
CAMPANA CORPORATION LIMITED, TORONTO
In U. S., Campana Corporation, Batavia, Ill.

Campana's Italian Balm
The Original Skin Softener



SEND FOR THIS BOOK TODAY
10¢ Mail the Coupon

ALSO FREE SAMPLE



Your Bird will Sing His Thanks

Brock's Book on Birds

Tells about cage birds, how to feed, breed, keep them well and how to treat them if sick. The standard authority. 280 pages, 42 illustrations.

Sample of Brock's Bird Seed

A generous sample of this famous seed, sufficient for a week's supply. Thirty years the favorite among bird owners and breeders.

Sample of Brock's Bird Treat

A valuable bird tonic in cake form. Aids in moulting—sharpens the beak—brightens plumage—improves song.

Don't miss this opportunity. Take advantage of this offer and procure these liberal samples and the interesting instructive book, by sending 10c. with the coupon. Do it to-day. Learn how to care for your little pet. Give him the well balanced diet contained in Brock's Bird Seed, and let him enjoy the tonic treat found in every package. His sweet song brightening your home will show his thanks and make him love you more.

Here is what the COUPON brings you

If you wish your bird to be healthy, sweet, strong in voice and vitality, be sure to feed him Brock's Bird Seed, for it is the finest diet a bird can have, prepared from specially selected seeds from all parts of the world, scientifically blended, clean, pure and invigorating. Ask your dealer for Brock's.

Nicholson & Brock, Limited
TORONTO

MAIL THIS COUPON

Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
125 George St., Toronto 2.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find 10 cents for Brock's Book on Birds, a sample of Brock's Bird Seed and Brock's Bird Treat, as advertised.

Name.....

Address.....

Want to sew downstairs to-night?



SIMPLY

pick up this

*New Singer Portable Electric,
carry it in one hand, set it wherever you wish,
connect it with the nearest socket—and sew*

NO NEED for an extra light. The Singerlight itself throws its mellow glow on the material before you. Sit at ease. The motor, always under perfect control, does all the work. Both hands, both feet are free. Press a lever gently and sew as slowly or as swiftly as you wish. Relax—enjoy the sewing you used to think a task. And when you are through, set this compact, convenient machine completely out of the way until you want it again.

There are six new Singer Electrics, including beautiful cabinet models that serve, when closed, as fine furniture. And for the non-electrified home there are treadle ma-

chines of the same superior quality, which you can equip with Singer Motor and Singerlight when your home is wired. Important above all is this—whatever model you choose, a Singer means enduring satisfaction, with courteous, expert service from a Singer Shop always nearby.

You can try any modern Singer in your own home, on your own sewing, without the slightest obligation. When the Singer man calls, let him give you an interesting demonstration. Or telephone or call at the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.



SINGER SEWING MACHINES

[Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance on your present machine.]

Canadian Factory—St. Johns, P. Q.

Planning Ahead for the Spring

6051. Velvet, satin and taffeta are excellent materials for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. To face the collar with contrasting material (cut lengthwise) will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6050. Metal cloth, or metal brocade, taffeta, tulle or lace could be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch lining, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of plain material 35 inches wide and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of figured material, or other contrast, 35 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6047. Moire with satin, or crepe satin, also velveteen with satin are excellent for the development of this style.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress as shown in the large view, for a 38-inch size will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material together with one yard of contrasting material for facing the collar and cascade portions of skirt and bolero. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 51 inches.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6073. Cambric, muslin, batiste, crepe or crepe de chine are excellent materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39 and 41 inches waist measure. To make the garment for a 31-inch waist size will require 2 yards of 32-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6072. Flannel, jersey, velveteen, as well as linen, or drill may be used for this model. The Blouse may be made of wash material, and the Trousers of cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the Blouse and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard for the Trousers.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6071. Flannel, tweed, serge, twill or corduroy could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6070. Velvet, and other pile fabrics, taffeta, faille, broadcloth or flannel may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6069. Batiste, pongee, crepe de chine or linen may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 yards. A 2-year size will require 2 yards of 32-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6068. Printed cottons, gingham, rep or pongee may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material together with $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of narrow bias binding, if made as illustrated in the large view.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6067. Flowered chiffon, taffeta, batiste, crepe de chine or voile could be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the Dress for a 6-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. To face the yoke bands with contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide. To finish with narrow bias binding, as illustrated requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6066. Cotton prints, challie or pongee as well as velveteen, and flannel are attractive for the making of this style.



Suggestions for the Juvenile Wardrobe

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on cuffs and belt and bias binding at neck and side edges.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6064. Wool crepe, and plaid woolen are here combined. This is a good model for velveteen, or jersey, also for wash materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12-year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plain material, 36 inches wide and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plaid or other contrasting material 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6074. Velveteen, satin, crepe satin, crepe de chine, chiffon or metal cloth may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material if made with the sash end. If made without the sash end $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be required. To line sash end with contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{8}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6058. Gingham, percale, pongee or tub silk seem very appropriate for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress of a 38-inch size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for pockets, and facings on belt, cuffs, collar and plastron. To finish with narrow bias binding as illustrated requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6054. Checked and plain taffeta are here combined. One could use jersey or wool georgette in two tones, or velvet and georgette.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Ensemble as portrayed in the large view will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of checked or other figured material 39 inches wide and 3 yards of plain material for an 18-year size. If made without the jacket $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

Reception to the Bees

Continued from page 11

the hand of the Queen Bee, and allowed the Drones and Worker Bees to kiss her hand just once.

The Princess, telling the guests to make themselves at home, put her right arm around the waist of the Queen and led her to one side, asking many questions about the honey industry, and the making of that delightful sweet. She noticed that the Queen was much taller than either the Drones or the Workers, and the Drones were fat and looked as if they might be very lazy, while the Workers were very much smaller, seemed alert, and appeared not the least bit interested in the Princess, the Palace, or in fact, anybody around them. Going by themselves, they seemed to be criticising the Throne Room decorations and looking for locations for their hives.

One of the Ladies-in-Waiting told the Princess that she had heard the Worker Bees say repeatedly during the reception that they "wished the Queen Bee would not talk so much because they wanted to go to the 'Valley of the Sneezing Lizard' and begin work." The Princess replied that "she had noticed strained relations between the Workers and the Drones, but observed that there was great respect shown, by the Workers, for their Queen."

The Queen Bee informed the Fairy Princess that very few Drones accompany new settlers, but remain in the hive until the swarm of new baby bees arrive. Then, wishing to make room for the infant bees, the Workers attack the Drones and tell them they must go.

The Queen seemed tired and, asking to be excused, started for the Grotto of the Sneezing Lizard, saying to herself, "What a strange world we are living in!"



All Doctors Agree on Kotex

DOCTORS recommend to all women the use of Kotex Sanitary Napkins instead of home-made pads that are unsanitary and so often dangerous to health.

For Kotex is the scientific method that permits women greatest freedom in time of hygienic distress. It removes all worry.

Kotex is most comfortable—it is scientifically shaped. Form-fitting, it is non-detectable when worn. It is soft, yet secure.

It is simple to dispose of—directions in every package.

Another important thing: It deodorizes, and that every woman appreciates.

Today start the Kotex habit to health. Learn for yourself why 8 in 10 better class women employ Kotex and will accept nothing else.

At all drug stores, dry goods and departmental stores. Worth many times its cost.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



Mail coupon now for Free Sample of Kotex and valuable book on women's hygiene

FREE Sample of **KOTEX**

Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd.,
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

Two Sizes:
Regular and Kotex-Super
12 in a Package

The
Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR AND

The
Western Home Monthly

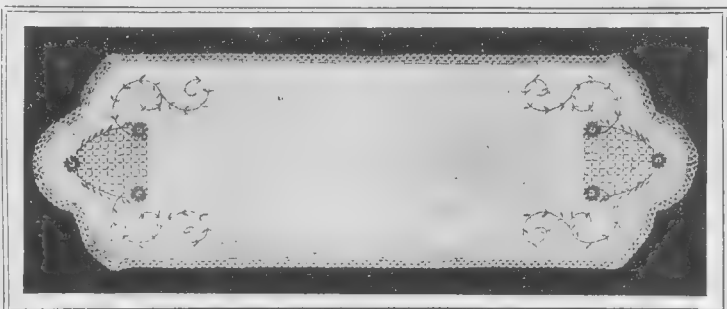
FOR ONE YEAR AND

A Stamped Table Runner

ALL FOR \$1.25

LAST YEAR more people than ever before subscribed to these two publications. And this is not to be wondered at, because we really are presenting remarkable value for the money.

Stamped on good quality ecru linene, the design is so pretty that it will be a real pleasure to work. It can be used when completed as a table



runner, a bureau or buffet scarf, and you will find it a very charming adjunct indeed to any room. You may care to add a border of inexpensive lace which, as will be observed from the photograph, makes the runner particularly striking.

We feel sure that you will want to "sign up" and the coupon below is for your convenience.

Date.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Table Runner.

Name.....

Address.....

Republic or Empire

Continued from page 78

himself that he "took the Panama" without waiting for the slow and uncertain methods of diplomacy and the constitution. Negotiations for canal rights were begun with the Colombian minister, Dr. Concha, on March 31, 1902. Confronted with the demands of the United States, he refused to discuss the matter further and went home rather than sign away his country's sovereign rights. Negotiations, however, went on with a more complaisant *Charge d'Affaires*, and under some pressure the Hay-Herran Treaty was signed on January 22, 1903. After a special election, the Colombian Congress met and on the 31st October adjourned after refusing to ratify the Treaty. Roosevelt drafted a message to Congress asking their consent to his going ahead without the consent of Colombia. He wrote to a friend that he would be delighted if a revolution broke out. His wish was gratified.

A revolution, arranged largely by three men, one of whom was Bunau-Varilla, a former chief engineer of the practically defunct French company, another the New York attorney of the Panama Railway, broke out on November 3rd. Nearly 48 hours earlier U.S. warships had been ordered to the Panama; on the outbreak of the revolution marines were landed with orders to prevent the landing of Colombian troops within fifty miles of Panama. Thus was the government of a sovereign state prevented from endeavoring to suppress a revolution within its own borders. With suspicious promptitude the infant Republic of Panama was encouraged by United States recognition on November 6th. On November 18th, Bunau-Varilla, the envoy of Panama, signed a treaty with the United States embodying the terms of the unratified Colombian treaty. A zone ten miles wide across the isthmus was leased to the United States in perpetuity, over which the United States would exercise sovereign rights, including the right of fortification.

Although only opened in 1914 the growth of business has made it clear that within ten years an extension of facilities will have to be considered. This may be accomplished either by building additional locks on the Panama, or by constructing a second canal through Nicaragua. By a treaty of 1915 (the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty) the United States has the exclusive right to build this new canal. For strategic reasons the United States experts favor this second canal. The western end of the canal in the Gulf of Fonseca would provide an admirable naval base, be more easily defended than the western end of the Panama,

and provide a more sheltered entrance in rough weather. The middle portion of the canal would be through Lake Managua, an excellent hiding-place for a fleet which could issue out at which ever side the situation might require. Above all, it will not have to be free to all nations, as the Panama is.

The present "war" in Nicaragua is but one long-drawn-out incident in the American control of that state. In 1909 Zelaya, the President of Nicaragua, was thought to be unfriendly to United States interests, and soon a rebellion against him was under way. Two Americans, implicated in an attempt to blow up a government troop ship, were executed and the United States severed relations. By 1911, Adolfo Diaz, formerly an employee in an American mine, was in power. In 1912 American marines were landed, not for the first time, and they remained in more or less complete control until withdrawn in 1925. Soon afterwards a revolution was under way, and Chomorro drove the constitutionally elected Liberal President and Vice-President out of the country. In accordance with the Wilsonian doctrine, that governments set up by violence should not be recognized, the United States refused him recognition; but when the Assembly, called together by one of his supporters, elected another supporter, Diaz, as president, he was promptly recognized by the United States. In November, 1926, Sacasa, the Vice-President expelled in 1925, led a revolution to regain his office. American marines were again rushed to the scene, and in May last, Colonel Stimson, the personal representative of President Coolidge, arrived to see if a settlement could be effected. His method was to issue an ultimatum that unless the Liberal revolutionaries laid down their arms, the marines would carry out a forcible disarmament. All but the present small force under General Sandino submitted, and his force is known as the "rebels." Col. Stimson and the marines are to supervise a "regular" presidential election this year.

THE character of this imperialistic policy might be further illustrated from the history of Costa Rica, Honduras and Salvador; but enough has been said to bear out the thesis of this article. We have seen a nation gradually expanding to its natural frontiers and beyond, growing more and more conscious of its power, keenly sensitive to the problem of defence, acquiring far-flung footholds for naval bases, and urged on to stabilize the governments

Continued on page 92



The "New President" Studebaker Sedan

A Blarney Party for St. Patrick's Day

Continued from page 87

Pass around shamrocks cut from green cardboard, with the first three lines of the following limerick written on them, and give the guests five minutes to add two more lines to it:

A jolly old fellow named Pat
Always sported a very high hat,
'Til an Irish colleen

For another hilarious game, set up a little house at one end of the room, using building blocks. Blindfold each person in turn with a green silk scarf, turn him around three times, make him tell an Irish story, then toss a soft ball, trying "To Bring Down the House."

Blarney Refreshments

The refreshments could be "Irish Toast," sandwiches made in two tiers, like club sandwiches, using three thin slices of toast for each one. Have one layer filled with chicken salad and the other potato salad. Tiny Irish flags may be stuck into each one. The salad may consist of cream pimento cheese, olives and green peppers. The olives are chopped and mixed with the cream cheese, and then stuffed into whole green peppers, and allowed to stand in the ice box for a time to stiffen. The peppers are then sliced across and the "shamrock" slices arranged on lettuce and sprigs of water cress, and covered with French dressing. For the sweet course, you could have "chestnuts" which would be vanilla ice cream, with a whole macaroon, or candied chestnut, on top of each one. Make everyone tell the oldest joke he knows before he can touch his "chestnut." The cakes should be iced in green with a harp traced on them in yellow candies.

Use This Coupon to Order Booklet on Party Suggestions

Enclosed find 10c for which send me complete instructions for planning different parties with decorations, games and menus.

Name.....
Street No.....
City.....
Province.....

Mail all orders to The Western Home Monthly, Dept. C328, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

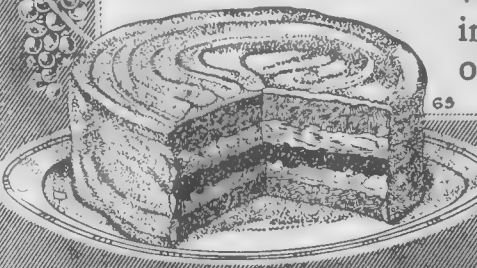


Snookums of "The Newlyweds and their Baby" screen comedies calls St. Patrick's Day his lucky day as that was the day he got his contract with Stern Bros. to play the baby role in the screen version of George McManus' cartoon comics.

BLUE RIBBON

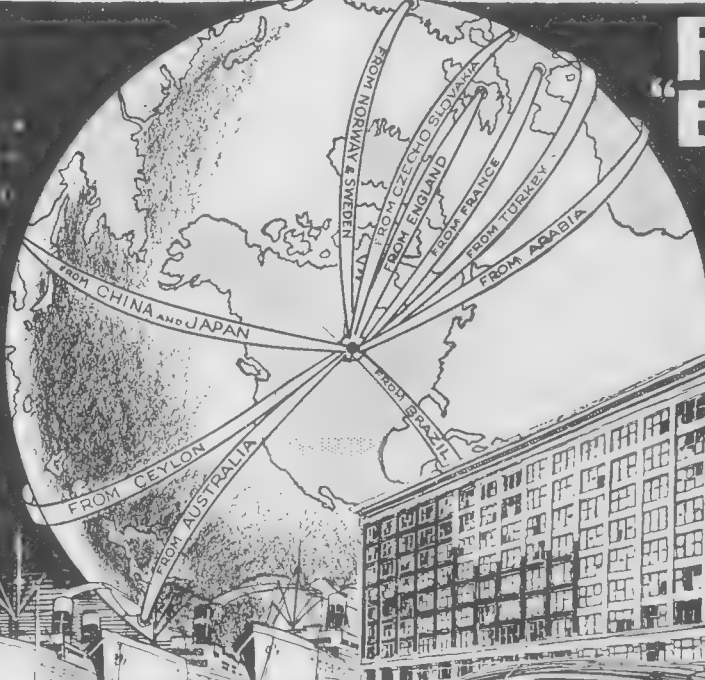


YOU know what a tragedy it is when the pastry is soggy—cakes and pies are heavy and a failure. Mainly, Madam, some fault in that "little thing"—the BAKING POWDER. So next time you order Baking Powder, say "BLUE RIBBON." Then give it the Baking Day Test. We have no fear of your verdict, and that of the hungry individuals who make short work of the baking.



BAKING-POWDER-

FROM THE "ENDS of the EARTH" to you!




through

EATON'S CATALOGUE

Less than half a century ago our great Canadian West was a vast wilderness with only occasional news and supplies from the outside world. How different it is today! World happenings are known the same day; goods from all over the earth are sold in our cities and towns; with the EATON Catalogue at hand you may sit in the comfort of your home and order from the fascinating array of merchandise which we have assembled from all quarters of the globe—

From ancient China and Japan we have bought Toys and shimmering Silks. Rocky Norway and Sweden have sent us Cod Liver Oils, Cream Separators and Anvils. To cunning Turkish fingers we owe the beauty of our brilliant Oriental Rugs. In sunny France we have found exquisite Perfumes and Toiletries, dainty Laces and other articles which appeal to feminine fancies. The busy British Isles have made for us sturdy Shoes and Leather Goods, snowy Cottons and Linens. Far-off Australia has sent us Wools and Yarns—

These are only a few of thousands of items that we have gathered together in our NEW Spring and Summer Catalogue. Some are bought at home, some are brought from abroad, but our unchanging aim is to give good value in merchandise chosen from the best that markets of the world afford.

If a copy of this New Catalogue has not yet come to your home, we will send you one FREE ON REQUEST.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



More Silk Hose

Here's good news indeed for the many hundreds of our readers who have written asking us to repeat our silk hosiery offer of last year. A fortunate arrangement with a manufacturer of national repute enables us to make an announcement which will bring joy to the hearts of all our lady readers.



From a Photograph

These hose are made of the very finest quality Art silk, high spliced heel, double sole, extra fine gauge elastic hem. Your choice of the following colors: black, white, brown, grey, fawn, peach, flesh and atmosphere.

How to Get a Pair Free

We offer a pair of silk hose in return for only one NEW annual subscription to the Western Home Monthly at \$1.00, or three years for \$2.00, and we send you the hose immediately, all charges paid.

Here is a premium well worth trying for, and you should qualify very easily, because it will surely be a simple matter to get one of your neighbors or friends to subscribe to the Western Home Monthly.

This offer, of course, will not last indefinitely, so we urge our readers not to delay too long, but let us hear from you right away.

Use this Coupon

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to be sent for one year to

Name

Address

And please forward me, postpaid, a Pair of Ladies' Silk Hose

Size Color

Name

Address

Republic or Empire

Continued from page 90

and ensure the friendliness of the intervening areas. We notice also the rise of a ruling class consisting of business interests, and officials of state, army and navy, pushing on the process in more-or-less conscious co-operation. The problems of defence, economic penetration, and political security are inextricably intertwined. We observe the conflict between the ideals of freedom and the new gospel of power and responsibility. Is it to be wondered at that such a nation should seize a favorable opportunity to declare for "incomparably the greatest navy in the world"? Such an outcome could only be prevented by a new turn in world development by which that nation would be attracted, and in which she would gladly acquiesce.

A new turn has come in world development in the principle of international co-operation in political as well as humanitarian activities, but unfortunately the United States has shown herself most unwilling to adopt the principle. She has steadily raised the barrier of the Monroe doctrine to render her sphere of American influence more exclusive. Within that sphere she has been equally reluctant to co-operate with other American republics in the political control of the disturbed areas. Roosevelt refused co-operation in Santo Domingo in 1903, but acted alone in 1905. Public opinion insistently demanded exclusive control of the Panama, when co-operation with some American countries would have been feasible within the terms of the Monroe doctrine. The Central American International Court was wrecked by the American refusal to acquiesce in its first major decision in 1916 in favor of Costa Rica and Honduras, who claimed that the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty infringed their sovereignty. The decision touched the vital question of the canal route; and the court is now defunct.

The fear and distrust of the United States felt by the Latin-American republics is therefore perfectly natural. They freely admit the financial, economic and social benefits of American efficiency and control. But invasion of their sovereignty in internal affairs, vigorous exploitation of their resources by economic penetration, control over their international dealings, all fill them with alarm, rouse their national spirit, and offend their cultural pride. Henrik Shipstead, member of the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, believes that an "unconscious boycott of American goods, based on growing enmity, is beginning to operate in Latin America." The total trade of eight states in Central America and the

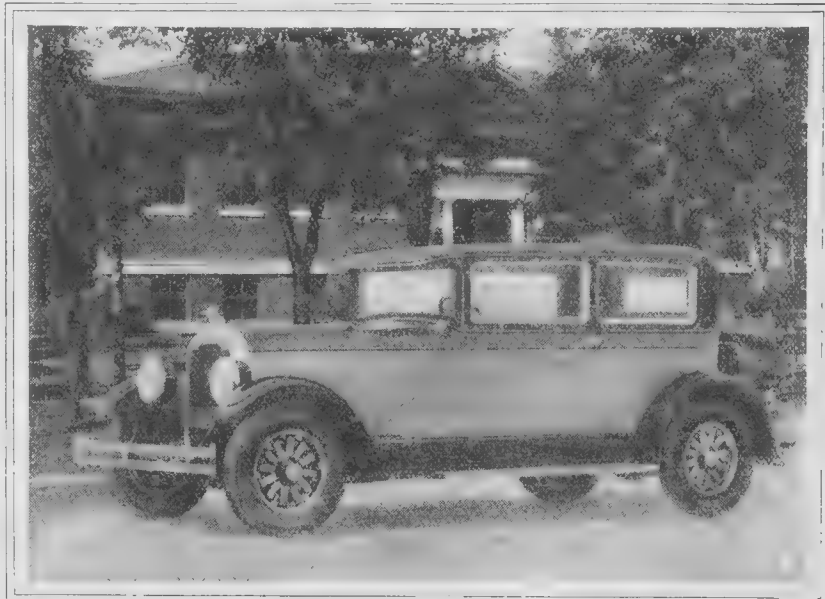
Caribbean with the United States decreased fourteen per cent. in 1926 as compared with 1925.

The effort of the unusually strong delegation from Washington to the recent Pan-American Congress does not seem to have been successful in regaining the confidence of the smaller republics. The declaration of the Conference on the vital question of intervention was purposely left with a large enough hole to admit any intervention the U.S. may think wise. Mr. Coolidge's speech was filled with the dry husks of generalities; its "tall talk" about equality and independence rang hollow in Cuba, and was punctuated by bursting bombs dropped by American planes in Nicaragua. His delegation could only have succeeded by encouraging frank discussion of vital questions, inviting the co-operation of the other republics in cases of necessary control of the more backward areas, and expressing a willingness to share in the curtailment of freedom of action which such co-operation would mean. But these things were conspicuous by their absence.

IN THE larger sphere, everyone is familiar with the American refusal to enter the League, to become a member of the Permanent Court on equal terms with other nations, or to accept mandate responsibility. Individuals have rendered splendid service, even with government approval, in the cause of co-operation, but the nation has refused to restrict its liberty of action. She has prevented the League from playing the part in America which the Latin-American states hoped. Article XXI of the League Covenant compelled the League to decline to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute, though both Chile and Peru wished to refer it to the League. The endeavor of the Panaman delegate at the last League assembly to discuss the further infringement of her sovereignty involved in the 1926 treaty (which Panama refused to ratify) was foredoomed to failure; but the petulant comment of Mr. Coolidge that the League never had, and never would, have any jurisdiction over the Panama Canal, illustrates the unwillingness of the U.S. to admit international discussion of her actions.

We gladly admit that besides the realistic empire builders, there are many genuine lovers of peace and freedom in the United States. One difficulty in understanding the Americans lies in the fact that these two aspects of opinion are sometimes united in one person. Hence the disparity that so often exists between the words of

Continued on page 93



Reo "Flying Cloud"

political leaders and the acts of the Executive. Even to many of the imperialists, the phrases of the Declaration of Independence are neither dead nor formal, but in actual decisions the new imperial spirit often secures the verdict. With a clear conscience, but with no clear consciousness of the goal of their actions, the governments of the U.S. have long been pursuing what the New York World calls "planless imperialism." Now it is becoming more conscious and purposeful.

What will happen? Will the United States find grace enough to adopt and forward the principle of international co-operation, in which lies the world's only hope of permanent peace; or will she continue in the development of a vigorous imperialism? Will she aid in the process of disarmament, or will she continue in the path of the Big Navy? Are Kellogg's proposals to France anything more than a graceful way out of an awkward situation in which Briand's enthusiasm placed him? The only way of avoiding another disastrous conflict within a generation lies in the defeat of the ambitions and policies that motivate large armament proposals such as those now before the people of our neighbor nation.

The situation presents a problem to Canada. We are the second largest country in America, and so far we are the largest recipients of U.S. foreign investments. Of the 13 billions of these investments, three and one-half billions are placed in Canada, nearly as much as the whole of Europe, and

nearly twice as much as in the whole of South America. Should we, in view of our area, wealth and population, aspire to membership in the Pan-American Congress? If Canada were a member, could she forward the principle of international co-operation to which as a member of the League she is pledged? If America should continue her way alone, and resist the growth of co-operation as a means to peace, will Canada ever face the choice between complaisance, if nothing more, and resistance based on our membership in the League? If the League should come into conflict with the United States through the application of sanctions to a recalcitrant nation, would we emulate Belgium or Luxembourg?

More practical at the moment is the fact that Canada now has a seat on the League Council. Surely the least we can do is to send to that Council the strongest representative possible. Our League policy, like the policy of Britain toward India, might well be lifted above party warfare and be made a matter of cordial co-operation. If the Premier, who is also Secretary for External Affairs cannot go, he should send the best man available, whatever his party or office. By our policies and actions, by the strength and statesmanship of our representatives during our three years membership, not only will our future influence in world affairs be determined, but by these will Canada's contribution to the cause of world peace based on co-operation be measured.

Historic Ranch on the Market

A PROPERTY of more than passing interest to Western old-timers is that which has, since the early eighties, been known as the Sir Lester Kaye ranch at Crane Lake Station, Sask.

When this large and valuable acreage came under the Kaye ownership a great amount of money was spent in improvements, so that for many years it had the reputation of being the best equipped ranch in the whole territory. In many respects it qualifies for this title still. It has many and profitable advantages, such as rich soil and favorable location. In addition it has scenic attractions—running brooks, is well treed, and the whole property is bounded on the north by the clear waters of Crane Lake. All of which guarantees a never-failing water supply.

Some years ago the property came into possession of the Gordon, Ironside & Fares Company, who operated it in connection with their packing business

and soon it became famous for successful cattle raising. Indeed, it is said that the Kaye Ranch, as it is still called, helped in no inconsiderable way to gain high favor for Western Canadian beef in the home and British markets.

An additional benefit is that a very considerable portion of the land is arable and capable of growing good crops, while the pasturage is excellent and will sustain large numbers of sheep and cattle, with unbounded facilities for the feeding and running of hogs.

Situated on the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is in easy contact with all distributing centres. The ranch, which has been a factor in the livestock industry not only of Saskatchewan but of all Canada, is again on the market, as will be seen from another section of this issue. In extent the ranch covers some twenty-eight thousand acres.

A Forgotten Island of Romance

Continued from page 67

modern discovery to the island for the first time. The equipment will be floated ashore on a huge raft as the vessel is too large to anchor very near. The visit of the ship, alone, would be an event in the lives of the inhabitants but its appearance will be doubly anticipated due to the

radios, the gift of various branches of the Daughters of the Empire, and many other useful presents.

Thus the interest of the outside world finds a centre in the far-off colony which rightly enough lays claim to the name "The Loneliest Island Colony in the World."

The Nest

By William Thompson

When the birds are just awak'ning
And the hoot owl's goin' home,
The sky-ships go a-sailin' to the west;
Then I hear Felindy crooning
Like she never did before,
"Cause she's got a little blackbird in her nest."

When the day is gettin' tired,
And the mockers 'gin to sing,
The sky-ships are at anchor in the west,
Then I hear Felindy singin'
Songs I never heard before
As she tucks her little blackbird in his nest.

I can see that blackbird smilin'
As Felindy kissed his chin
And his tiny mouth just open like a rose,
Then she makes up some fool story—

If he didn't sure look out
Another kind of blackbird peck his nose.

When the cotton bolls were busting
Felindy took him to the field,
And she put him on the pickin's, on his back,
It just would keep you smilin'
For to see him in that heap,
The cotton was so white, and he so black.

Felindy dreamed about the future
When pickin' down the row,
With a love so big it almost make her cry,
How some day he pick his acre
And drive her into town—
When he's big enough to leave the nest and fly.



Lovely Washable Colors for the home

THIS delightful satiny finish transforms Walls, Furniture and Woodwork like magic. Easy to apply, beautiful, sanitary, serviceable yet inexpensive, it is the ideal finish for all interior decorating. Satin-Glo will not readily soil and a damp cloth keeps its beautiful surface spotless. Send for a Color Card.

at HARDWARE and PAINT STORES



Some other BAPCO PRODUCTS
Bapco Floor Varnish
Bapco Pure Paint
Shingoleen
Ironite Floor Paint
Bapco Porch Paint
Bapco Farm Paints

SATIN-GLO

A BAPCO PRODUCT

for All Interior Decorating

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
North Battleford Manufacturing Company Ltd., North Battleford, Sask.
Hoyt Hardware Ltd., Lethbridge, Alta.

BRITISH AMERICA PAINT CO., LTD.
Victoria - Vancouver - Calgary - Edmonton - Regina

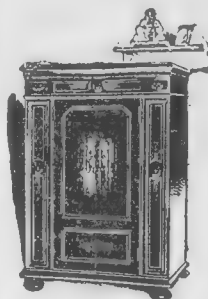
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES and Easy Terms —PIANOS—

Over ninety different styles from which to choose, cabinet up-rights, players and grand pianos, standard makes, all finishes and styles.



Small cash payments and balance arranged to suit the buyer's convenience. Upright piano from \$395. Player - Piano from \$695. Slightly used 6-octave Organs from \$60.00.

SLIGHTLY USED PIANOS FROM \$265 UP



Victrolas

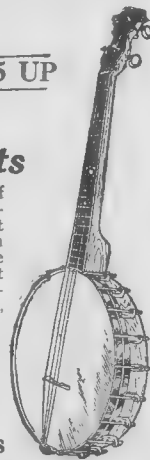
New 1928 models of these popular new style reproducing instruments are now on hand. You have but to hear the New Orthophonic to realize its supreme value.

MODELS FROM \$115 UP

Musical Instruments

Our new catalogue of small musical instruments will be of great assistance to you in selecting from a wide assortment of the best standard make instruments at lowest prices, including

SAXOPHONES, BANJOS, VIOLINS, DRUM OUTFITS, etc., etc.



Purchase Your Radio On Easy Terms

We carry in stock various styles of many of the more standard makes. Write us for illustrated folders, lowest prices and terms of easy payment on the following sets: Atwater Kent, De Forest-Crosley, Marconi, Stromberg, Carlson and Westinghouse.

RECORDS and Player-Piano Rolls

Let us send you a monthly list of latest rolls and records—carrying charges prepaid on orders from \$5.00 upwards.

Sheet Music

In our Sheet Music Department we can supply you with the most complete stock of teachers' and students' supplies—popular and standard orchestrations always available.

Write Us Today for catalogue and terms—but state what particular instrument you are interested in.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333 PORTAGE AVE.

"Biggest Best and Busiest Music House"

WHEN SHOULD A GARMENT REALLY BE DISCARDED?

**DYES
MAY
COME
AND
DYES
MAY GO
BUT
SUNSET
DYES
FOREVER!**

(FAST TO LIGHT AND MOISTURE)

**ALL COLOURS
15¢ A CAKE**

MANUFACTURERS
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION LTD.
DEPT. 102 TORONTO ONT.



Made in Canada
"STANDARD
EVERYWHERE"

SALES REPRESENTATIVES
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LTD.
TORONTO ONTARIO

Dyeint **New!** THE EASY-TO-USE TINT
for Tinting Undies, &c.
A Large Package for 10c
Made and Guaranteed by the Makers of Sunset

REMEMBER AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, GROCERY AND GENERAL STORES

The April Issue of the Western Home Monthly

SOME outstanding features of this number will be the fourth article on Algiers by Francis Dickie; Old Quebec by Catharine Beverley Robertson; Our Foreign Element by Howard Angus Kennedy; Our Divorce Laws by Constance Sweatman; the second instalment of Johann Lind—the most interesting Canadian serial published in years.

Subscription Blank
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$.....in payment for.....year's
subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

Subscription Rate:
ONE YEAR \$1.00
THREE YEARS \$2.00

Name
Address

"Littleheaven"

By Janet A. Carruthers

CHIEF EAGLEHEART scattered the dying embers of his camp-fire with a deliberation not customary to this established task. He walked into his tent with hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his head bent in an attitude of perplexity.

His daughter, a true child of the wilderness, sprang lightly to meet him. Clothed in loose gayly coloured garments, upon which her jet black braids fell lightly, there was a grace of simplicity about her lithe movements and a hint of grave solicitude in her flashing eyes.

"There is trouble with you father?"

"Yah—our people are hungry, starving, Littleheaven."

Eagleheart had been chief and guardian of his Indian band through all the vicissitudes of its nomadic existence.

Few there were in these wooded northlands held in greater reverence. His dark eyes looking from a countenance seared and furrowed by the passage of many moons conveyed a proud arrogance from their piercing depths. The self-reliant bearing with which he still carried his fine upright figure bore upon its three-score years the haunting dignity of a noble past. In his position he felt a grave responsibility. Never had he failed his people in the hour of their need, or broken faith with them in their petty quarrels or dread flashes of swift and arrogant war.

His tent was bare, but for a few skins that lay against its birch-bark siding through which still filtered the chill twilight of the brief November day. About it still lingered the fragrance of the dying cedar that profusely covered its earthen floor. Upon which he squatted, dropping his head upon his hands in an attitude of silent dejection. His daughter regarded him with an air of concern.

"It will be well father—do not fear."

She spoke in optimistic tones, but no sign of the perplexity cleared from his brow. Nor did he lift his head to reply.

True his band was not large and it would not take a great deal to tide them over. They had not been industrious or provident he knew. Last year there had been abundance, but the season of plenty had meant nothing to this southern fringe of Ojibways.

The "White Dogs" on Dead Man's Portage north of them had garnered and saved, made provision for the lean years that repeated experience had warned them was one of the hazards of the wilds. Dried meat and fish and rice they had cached amongst the creviced rocks of their wooded shores. While his band had yielded to the revelries of autumn, gambling and idly passing the hours that should have been given to safeguarding their future.

Their chief Great Bear had told him of their provision. Eagleheart pondered. If he could ascertain just what stores the White Dogs had he might ask for a division. His thought meant action, for in the wilds decision is quick. He knew the exact spot in the great forbidden buttress that fronted these northern waters, where their meats and rice were concealed. When Littleheaven slept he would set out and reconnoitre and no explanation would be required of him.

She cast anxious, furtive glances toward him, but no word passed between them, as she spread out the skins and drew them about her for the night.

When her eyes closed in slumber, he stole silently from his corner and reaching for his bow and arrow crept into the night. He knew every byway that treaded the virgin forest and pressed on, the urge of his mission lending wings to his wary feet.

His speed called him to rest on a fallen pine where a clear full moon shed a pathway of gold through the cedars, burnishing their boughs that quivered in the night breeze with an infinite glory.

Laying his bow and arrow at his feet he gazed about him where the Great Designer had laid his pattern and evidences of life had been sustained for countless moons, veterans of the forest that lifted their heads to the starry heavens, trusting and serene, defying all dynasties and people, and would live in silent grandeur when the things of sense and of time would be no more. It was alien to his understanding this great silent mystery of the universe, that encompassed and held him. Could his

people be in hunger while these things about them lived? Lifting his bow and arrow he sped forward until a whiff of woodsmoke was wafted to him on the keen clean air.

He had covered most of the wild unsettled country that separated his own from the White Dogs. Keeping along the shoreline he soon came upon the isolated cabins of Great Bear's people. Creeping slowly, guardedly along the great shoulders of the rocks, peering instinctively about him, he soon found the rugged cleft half hidden in a tangle of undergrowth, that led to the opening of the cache. Standing for a moment on a precarious ledge he cast wary eyes about him and inclined his ear to the windward before dropping down into the hidden pathway. Step by step he crept forward, turning and looking swiftly round him as the frozen earth yielded and the twigs snapped before him.

A few boulders barred his progress, but laying his bow and arrow down, he took a long look about him then bent and swiftly rolled them from his path. His gaze fell upon the storehouse. Meat! Rice! Fish! His eyes opened wide as he stood spellbound and filled himself with the sight of it. Food for his people! Taking a step forward he lifted a handful of the rich brown kernels of rice and allowed them to trickle through his hand; then gazed hungrily at the piles of dried meat covered scantily with skins. For a moment he lingered reluctant to leave. He would ask Great Bear for a division. His people would have food. Turning to move the boulders back to the opening, he lifted his eyes to the rock above him, and stood rivetted to the spot. There, clearly silhouetted in the bright moonlight, with his eyes full upon him stood the White Dogs' Chief. Caught! In that moment he saw eternity. Great Bear would suspect him of stealing. His hopes, his vision shattered in the awful reality of the moment. The dark merciless eyes of Great Bear gleamed in the moonlight, and before his sullen forbidding countenance the glint of an arrow shone as the finger of death pointed straight at him. Quick as a flash the primitive passion of the wilds swept discretion to the winds, but no man had ever been swifter than Eagleheart. He lifted his bow and with the swift accuracy of the skilled archer his arrow sped to its mark. The twigs snapped as Great Bear fell dead.

EAGLEHEART stood stunned, as the awful significance of his action dawned upon him. In an awful moment of unguarded fear and ferocity he had slain his brother Chief, had become a murderer.

The cold clammy fear of death broke upon him as panic stricken he sprang from the subterranean storehouse and fled. As fear had unmanned him a moment before, so it directed him now. Plunging forward with an occasional backward look to see that no one pursued, he sped over the ground that such a short time ago he had traversed a free man; and as the first grey dawn of the belated day was breaking over the wooded northlands, he reached his tent and rushed in distraught with fear.

Littleheaven sprang up with puzzled terror-stricken eyes.

"Father there is trouble—more trouble—you tell me the trouble—with—you—where have you been?"

"Yah—there is trouble child, great trouble. Great Bear is dead. I have killed him."

"Killed him,—killed him," she repeated in a dazed voice, "you cannot have killed him—no not Great Bear—oh, no!"

"Yah—h—I killed him, Littleheaven."

He explained briefly the events of the night, scarce himself knowing the details. Littleheaven laid her head upon his shoulder, and gave herself over to the grief that tragedy alone can bring. Well she knew the consequences of his action. With the wrath of the White Dogs upon them, before sundown the blood of her people might redden their shores.

"Will they know it was you—by you he was slain father?" she questioned between sobs.

"Ah yah-h, my arrow will tell."

Together they sat overwhelmed by the calamity that had overtaken them, watching and listening for the war-cry of the White Dogs.

Continued on page 99



The Staple Locks bristles securely in back of brush

KEYSTONE HUTAX is the finest tooth brush modern dental science can offer. It is shaped to fit the contour of the teeth. Each tuft of stiff, lively bristle is trimmed to a separate point to penetrate in between the teeth and is properly curved to brush them up and down. All bristles are everlastingly fastened with a "Staple Lock." 50c. each at all Drug Stores.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by Stevens-Hepner Co. Limited, Port Elgin, Ontario, Manufacturers of Keystone Toiletware.

Keystone HUTAX

The tooth brush officially endorsed by Organized Canadian Dentists.

Don't Throw Away Your Combing

Send them to me and I will make them up in a switch for \$3.00

I carry a full line of **HAIR GOODS**

Write for Prices and Catalogue.

Miss D. Lapointe

319 Garry St., Winnipeg, Man.

BUNIONS COME IN 15 DAYS



I end bunions forever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

PROVE IT FREE—Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No obligations—Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. P-163
60 Front St., W. Toronto, Ont.



IMMORTALITY CERTAIN

Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell and the life after death. 400 pages only 25c. postpaid.

B.E. LAW, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Music a Permanent Value In Human Life

Speaking on the general subject of musical appreciation before a group of young people in one of our Canadian cities, recently, a well-known musician of repute had this to say:

"There is evidence everywhere in Canada of a better appreciation of music than in the past.

"Only a few years ago the great violinist, pianist and vocalists appeared before small, and in many cases indifferent audiences, but today all this is changed. Today crowds throng our public auditoriums and are enthusiastic in their expressions of appreciation of the fine work done by our orchestras and bands, etc.

"We rate the peoples of the world and judge their civilization by their attainment in and their appreciation of the fine arts. When we think of ancient Greece, we think in terms of her art and sculpture and architecture, and perhaps a limited number of people think of her language, for the Greek language was one of the most beautiful ever developed by man.

"When we think of the great Roman Empire we think of beautiful sculpture and paintings, and we have high regard for Roman law, for our own jurisprudence is founded upon it.

"Music is the noblest of the fine arts. It is the universal language of humanity. It expresses joy and sorrow. It stirs or calms emotions. It inspires action. It is expressive of the finer and nobler sentiments of the soul. Music 'doeth good like a medicine.' From the earliest record of human history we find music and song employed to express reverence and respect of man for Deity."

MAKING THE PIANO SING

Very much of the immense amount of research, experiment and skilled craftsmanship, which has developed the modern pianoforte out of the primitive instrument of two centuries ago, has been devoted to the problem of producing a "singing" tone from what is essentially a percussive instrument. That problem has been solved by the highly improved mechanism of the piano of today, by means of which the pianist whose technique includes the smooth-flowing legato touch which all good pianist try to attain, can without difficulty produce a melodic line, the individual tones of which merge one into the other, with result of unbroken continuity. To make the piano "sing" is now easily possible when the pianists' art sufficiently reinforces the instrument's capacity to do what is asked of it.

Activities of the Automotive World

Continued from page 66

The public knows the manufacturer has to make a fair profit on his car, and the successful manufacturer sees that he gets that profit. Volume of business and efficiency in manufacturing have made possible the present year's reductions of automobile prices over what they were in the past.

Makers of automobiles look to the Canadian West as a good sales field. Records show that farmers buy from 40 to 50 per cent. of all the cars manufactured. This is a farming community, so automobiles should always have a good sale in this part of the Dominion.

All indications point to this year's sales equalling production. This does not mean that there will not be vigorous competition between sales staffs, and strenuous campaigns, but the dealer will not be loaded up with cars by his company in an effort to force him to sell them.

This year will also be one of the heaviest in the good roads movement in Western Canada. Manitoba will spend \$1,200,000 on roads, in conditioning and breaking into new territory with all-weather highways. Saskatchewan and Alberta will each spend even greater sums, all of which is a good thing for the automobile industry which progresses as the roads are pushed farther out towards the farming settlement and rural centres.



See Your Furniture Again...

in the rich bloom of its newness. Keep it radiant with O-Cedar Polish. It's a cleanser and polish combined. Cleans as it polishes. No hard rubbing—easy the first time—quicker the next. The dull surface film comes off. The charming fresh attractiveness of your furniture reappears, and all the radiant loveliness of the original wood-finish comes to life in a velvety, lasting lustre.

Try O-Cedar Polish for daily dusting—use a few drops on your dust-cloth.

Sold everywhere, with a money back guarantee. In 25c. to \$3.50 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO

O-Cedar Polish

New Style Creations in the Herbert Spring Catalogue

Send today for this new Herbert Catalogue that will show you the way to dress better at a lesser cost to you. You will find an extended Herbert service resulting in greater possible savings for you through the Herbert selling policy of "manufacturer to wearer."

THE M. C. HERBERT COMPANY
108 Wellington St. West
Toronto 2

CUT HERE

THE M. C. HERBERT COMPANY,
108 Wellington St. W.,
TORONTO 2, WHM 3-28

Gentlemen: Please send me **FREE** your Catalogue of new style creations for Spring and Summer.

Name
Address
Province



M 352
Prince of Wales
Style in Fine
Tricotine.
Trimmed with Satin.
Creme de Chanel lined.
In Navy, Sand,
Cocoa and Black.
Sizes 14 to 44
\$22.95

Attention of Western Home Monthly Subscribers!

Notice of Change of Address Must be Sent in by 10th of Preceding Month.



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A GARDEN?

Enjoy a profusion of beautiful blooms in your garden, a bountiful crop of succulent vegetables, vigorous-growing lawns that are a delight to the eye, by sowing

STEEL, BRIGGS' SEEDS

first choice of Canadian growers for fifty-five years. Choose your favorites from the dealer who displays this Box.

Having absorbed the Canadian Business of the D. M. Ferry Seed Co., well and favorably known in Western Canada for many years, we are in a better position than ever to serve you.

Send for new illustrated Catalogue.

STEEL, BRIGGS SEED CO. LIMITED

"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

REGINA - - WINNIPEG

A Little House Loveable

Continued from page 34

large bathroom, with closets in each room, and looking at them the thought comes to me, "what should a bed room be?" What were the special conditions and requirements for this planning? The planning was to accommodate the members of the family, with a room for a maid, and as the space was limited, the chief aim was to make the utmost of each room's dimensions so that it would produce the impression of airiness. Three rooms have cross windows for ventilation, and as a bed chamber is not only a sleeping room but unfortunately may become a room in which a sick person has to lie for weeks, there must be nothing excessive in the decorating to force itself upon the eyes with tiresome persistence. These considerations give some of the first principles to guide in the designing of these bedrooms. The need of making the room appear larger than it really is leads by its logic to several practical decisions—not to use large patterned wall papers.

The whole problem is to be simple in the decorating. In bedroom planning there are several rules which should be adhered to. As shown on the plans the doors open in such a way that they can be left slightly open without subjecting anyone in bed to the observation of those outside the room.

And this is one of my ideals of a Little House Loveable—maybe not quite so idealistic as "Anne's House of Dreams," but just a Little House Loveable.

Tales of Royalty

Continued from page 38

"It's a strange thing that Wheat Kings of this, and other provinces have not, in many cases, had the tradition of the soil in their bones. Major H. G. L. Strange, of Fenn, Alberta, who has won the world's prize, was a chemist, and then an expert machine gun officer during the war. He had no farming experience until after the armistice.

Samuel L. Larcombe, of Birtle, Manitoba, another Wheat King, had a little experience in growing flowers and vegetables before coming to Western Canada. Not much of a preparation for the vast prairies, you might think, but it's persistence that does it, and determination, and the joy of putting one's brains and strong arms to work, as well as the keen adventure of a contest characteristic of the race for supremacy in agriculture. These are the things responsible, in a large measure, for these remarkable victories.

"On the contrary, R. O. Wyler, of Luseland, Saskatchewan, another of the Royal Line, was born and bred on a farm in the State of Ohio. He came to Canada in 1911, as a young chap of about twenty, I think. He also has been a winner of the Sweepstakes at the Chicago International Show. He is the proud possessor of the Dunning Cup, and the Chicago Board of Trade Cup.

"Free Will—or Destiny"? mused the Premier. "One inch short of the required stature for the British Navy and Seager Wheeler perforce relinquished his dreams of the sea. A pioneer uncle—fifty years ago, coming to Canada—a letter to the tight little Isle of Wight—tales of Indians—blizzards—bears and wolves—an adventurous boy coming to Canada—then, a man learning to love his adopted land, fighting, sometimes almost to the last gasp, with foes more dread than savage Indians; fire, hail and frost! A dogged courage—a man who didn't know when he was beaten, and so was never beaten—the great victory at Chicago seventeen years ago—the founding of a Royal Line of Canadian Wheat Kings, a line which will never die out—a Royal Line which all the world has come to know holds a great heritage of illimitable wealth—Canada's Prairie Provinces.

"A Royal Line—yet the Wheat Kings are brothers to all Western Canada farmers; brothers by virtue of an equality of opportunity to raise the finest grain in all the world.

\$1,500 IN PRIZES

WHICH TWO HORSES WON THE KING'S PLATE?

Jockey Jones had a dream. All the past winners of the King's Plate got together and entered in a race. It was very exciting—they all finished in a bunch. When the official result went up, it was found that the race had ended in a dead heat. Which two horses won?

LOOK CAREFULLY

You will see that the markings on the horses and jockeys are different. Some are black boys, others white. Some blouses have a white hoop, others none. Some horses wear blinkers, others none. Some have the front feet bandaged, others the hind feet. Two and only two are marked exactly alike in all respects. They are the two which won the race. Can you find them? If you can the \$1,000.00 reward may be yours. It is really difficult; but \$1,000.00 is worth trying for. Mail your answer to-day.

OUR OBJECT

Frankly our object is to introduce Paragon products into your district. Immediately we receive your answer we shall send you our catalogue of high grade men's and women's wear. You will be asked to purchase or introduce Eight Dollars' worth of our products. If you are not absolutely delighted, you can return the goods. We shall promptly refund your money. You risk nothing.

Paragon Knitting & Textile Mills Limited
Dept. 47A Toronto

THE PRIZES

1st.....	\$1,000.00
2nd.....	300.00
3rd.....	75.00
4th.....	25.00
5th to 9th	\$10.00 each
10th to 19th	\$5.00 each

RULES

1. Write the names of the two horses which won the King's Plate in ink on a sheet of paper. Write your name and address and the name of this paper in the upper right hand corner. For anything else you write use separate sheet of paper.
2. Employees of Paragon are not eligible.
3. The correct or nearest correct answer will be given a score of 470 points.
4. The Final Judges will award a maximum of 30 points for neatness, handwriting and general appearance.
5. Five Hundred, (500) points or nearest thereto wins first prize.
6. Every contestant will be required to purchase or introduce into his district at least \$8.00 worth of Paragon Products. Entries not so qualified, will not be eligible for any prizes.
7. This is not a selling competition. The size of the prize does NOT depend on how much you buy.
8. The Final Judging committee is composed of three prominent Toronto Men who are in no way connected with Paragon.
9. This contest closes May the 24th, 1928, the day of the King's Plate.

\$50.00 Additional for Promptness

The best solution qualified BEFORE MARCH 1st. will be given a special award of \$50.00 in cash. This award is in addition to any of the above prizes you may win and does not in any way affect your standing for the big prizes.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THIS STORY "JOHANN LIND"

A Romance of the Saskatchewan told in a manner fresh and new as the land it portrays. Here we see, through the eyes of the

actors themselves, our country in the building. Learn without preachment it is in the dogged over-coming of petty daily troubles, and in

the readjustment of Old-World ideas to the New that Canada's future progress and prosperity depends. Commences in this issue of

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 63

and financial keenness. At the Annual Meeting held one year previously it was optimistically suggested that possibly the insurance in force might be increased to half a billion dollars before the expiration of the year. We say that this suggestion was made optimistically because it was felt that such an effort would require almost superhuman aid but thanks to the spirit of co-operation amongst all, from the president to the office-boy, this magnificent aim was not only achieved but actually exceeded by over two million dollars, leaving the total assurance in force at the end of 1927 of almost 503 million dollars. Not only was there a striking increase in business but the expense reports showed a marked decrease, being only ninety-six per cent. of those which applied to the previous year. Perhaps the most satisfactory part of the report, particularly to policy holders and share holders, was the declaration that the profit earned for the year, being nearly five million dollars, was an actual increase of eighteen per cent. over last year. This large sum allowed for a substantial increase to policy holders and for the putting aside of a considerable sum for special reserves and the unassigned surplus account. In pursuance of the set policy of the Company its assets in the shape of securities have been underwritten and appear in the books of the Company at a figure of almost two million dollars less than is shown in the valuation of the Dominion Government.

The Company is doing business, not only in Canada, but is active in the United States where it is looked upon as one of the most successful and sound assurance companies in America, justifying the contention of the Board of Management that in so far as human agency can make it so the financial position of the Great West Life seems impregnable.

AFTER twenty-two years of continued progress the Directors of the Monarch Life Assurance Company were again able to lay before their shareholders a highly creditable report of a most gratifying nature. Some idea of the progress of the Company can be obtained by an analysis of its assets in three seven-year periods.

In 1913 the assets of the Company just totalled a little over a half-million dollars; in 1920 they had increased to one million, eight hundred thousand, and in 1927 they were over seven million dollars. The assurance in force during the same period supplies similar facts, increasing from almost seven million dollars in 1913 to over twenty-five million in 1925 and to almost fifty-three million in 1927. This Company, like the Great West Life, started in Western Canada and it, too, affords a very striking tribute to Canadian financial genius and business foresight.

In the possession of these three companies Canada is undoubtedly to be congratulated, for they form a bulwark of stability which will prove of inestimable value in times of financial stress.

WESTERN HOMES, LTD., is another Western financial institution that registered a distinctive gain at its annual meeting held recently, when it completed its thirteenth year. The president, M. Willis Argue, whose capable management of the Company since its inception, is well known to investors, presided over the meeting and announced with pardonable pride that of the fifty principal Canadian mortgage companies Western Homes was now fifth in subscribed capital. He pointed out large mortgage investments in Manitoba and Saskatchewan during the year and all collections in a gratifying state.

His report showed the total assets for 1927 as \$2,917,000, an increase of \$311,600 over 1926. Substantial reduction was shown in the property account. Profits for 1927, after having provided for taxes and all expenses, with surplus carried forward from previous years total \$101,782.08, appropriated as follows: dividends paid in 1927 and reserve for income tax payable in April, 1928, \$40,496.49; transferred to reserve \$30,000; surplus carried forward \$25,285.59.

Altogether the Company's affairs can be regarded as in very excellent position and with its progressive management and strong directorate much advancement can be anticipated in the coming years.

Scientists Find Monkey's Prove Keen Movie Audience

MONKEYS are definitely and keenly interested in motion pictures. This fact was conclusively demonstrated a few weeks ago when the screen version of "The Gorilla" was shown in the monkey house of the Central Park menagerie before the Simian inmates and a group of scientists interested in their reactions to a film.

Among the guests invited by First National Pictures who attended in the interest of science were Mr. Raymond Lee Ditmars, curator of the Bronx Zoo; Dr. J. H. McGregor of the Department of Zoology of Columbia University; Mr. S. H. Chubb, associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History; Mr. A. G. Ingalls, associate editor The Scientific American; Dr. William Henry Fox, director of the Brooklyn Museum, and Mr. C. P. Engelhardt, curator of the Brooklyn Museum.

Just what Bessie, the chimpanzee, and her friends thought of the show none of the scientists present could say, but that they were very much interested was made patent beyond all doubt. Whenever the projection machine was stopped to change reels the Simian inmates made a prolonged racket, clapping their hands, jumping about their cages, chattering and banging their trapeze bars until the picture started again. The picture representatives took this to be a form of applause. As soon as the picture started again the monkeys quieted, moved close to the bars of their cages and peered steadily and interestedly

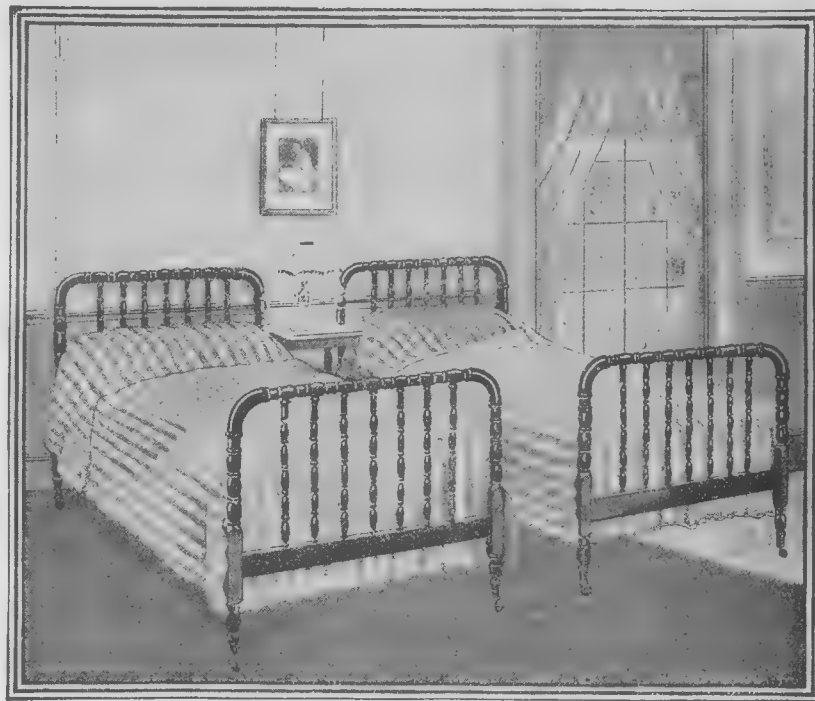
at the film and projection machine from which the light emanated, their heads wagging back and forth from screen to machine so as to miss nothing. When the gorilla who appears in the human cast of this mystery melodrama by Ralph Spence made his advent on the screen the silence was broken for a moment as one monkey made a particularly loud clatter, then stopped and quiet reigned again.

"All of the actions of the monkeys indicated a genuine curiosity about the figures on the screen as well as in everything else that was going on around them," said Mr. Ditmars.

Dr. McGregor likewise noted the monkeys' interest in the pictures, but was not prepared to say whether their attention was held by figures recognized as human or merely by the changing lights and shadows of the screen. He did say however, that if any human the monkeys knew had appeared on the screen, they undoubtedly would have recognized him.

In short talks before the screening of the picture both Dr. McGregor and Mr. Ditmars, discussing the brains of anthropoid apes, such as chimpanzees and gorillas, agreed that these types, fully matured, have the mentality of a child of about four years.

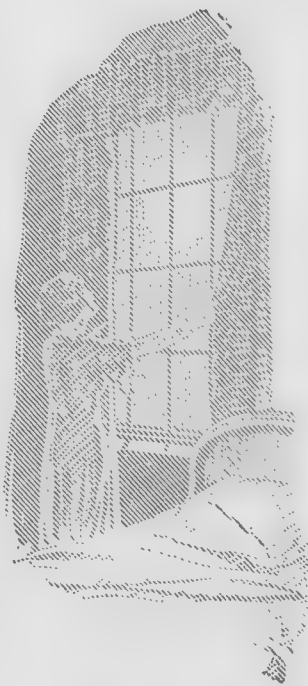
Everyone present agreed that the monkeys made an admirable motion picture audience; they read no titles aloud and were quiet generally throughout the actual screening.



The Fine Hospitality of Restful Sleep

WITH her feeling of responsibility for the welfare of her family and her guests, many a woman today is replacing all the old beds in her home with beautiful Simmons Beds—*Built for Sleep*—firm—steady—noiseless—never a squeak or rattle.

The amazing beauty of Simmons Beds will astound you.



They are available in a range of sizes, colours and prices to suit every taste and purse. In walnut or mahogany grained by a special Simmons process to match your furniture or in the voguish colours so appealing to discriminating housewives.

And another nice thing. Nearly every room shared by two persons is now being furnished with Twin Beds. One sleeper does not disturb the other or communicate colds.

SIMMONS

Graceline BEDS

BUILT FOR SLEEP

SPRINGS - MATTRESSES - PILLOWS

THE CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Devoted to the Advertiser of Limited Funds This Page Offers a Wonderful Opportunity to Place Your Message Before Some 400,000 Readers. The Cost is 10 Cents Per Word. Minimum \$1.50 Per Insertion. Special Rate of Six Insertions for the Price of Five. Cash With Order.

AGENTS WANTED

WE PAY \$48 A WEEK, furnish auto and expenses to introduce our Soap and Washing Powder. Buss-Beach Company, Dept. A85, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 4-28

AGENTS, MEN, WOMEN who sell from house to house, Send for Catalog of Needle Specialties. L. Miller, Box 3, Tremont Station, New York City. 3-28

MEN IN HIGH POSITIONS—men of social standing, men who can afford to buy the very best, are wearing Wilson-Bradshaw clothing. Tailored from the finest fabrics, fitted to measure, and sold through agents at almost half of store prices. We have openings for a few more agents, spare or full time. Free suit for you to wear and free samples. Write us today. This is a real opportunity to make big money. Wilson Bradshaw Co., Dept. W-4, 1183 Bleury St., Montreal. t.f.

FREE SAMPLE, fitting your pocket, earns you \$7. to \$21. daily. Men who want the best tailoring proposition in Canada will be thrilled at the money-making possibilities of this wonderful offer. Exclusive selling rights going fast. Write immediately. Barton Tailoring Co., Dept. B-154, 1181 Bleury St., Montreal. 4-28

CHOOSE RIGHT—You may have ambition, a dependable following of customers and the knowledge of how to make sales, but if you choose the wrong line for this Spring, your chance of success is very small. Why not choose a reliable sure business getting and guaranteed service giving organization. The Laurentian line represents the outstanding achievement of this year in men's wear. The finest selection of made to measure clothing, work clothes, shirts, and boy's clothes is included in our line. If you are or intend being a salesman you owe it to yourself and your dependents to investigate our proposition. When applying for details, give your age, experience if any, and the territory you want reserved. Address all enquiries to Department of Sales, Laurentian, Limited, 4510 Delaroché St., Montreal. 3-28

AUTO TOP TRIMMING

CONSULT US for your trimming and auto top repairs. AUTO TOP SHOP 780 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. 6-28

REAL ESTATE

SELL YOUR PROPERTY quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman, 532 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. 5-28

FUR FARMING

RAISE MUSKRATS; mink, raccoon for big profits. Write Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada. 10-28

HELP WANTED

TYPISTS, Stenographers, Housewives, Writers. We help you increase your income. Particulars dime. Preston Mail Service, 14 Simpson Ave., Toronto, Ontario. 4-28

COMMENCE NOW, earn upwards of \$25 weekly, growing mushrooms for us, in waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet sent anywhere, for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 3-28

LADIES WANTED—To do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time. Good pay. Work sent any distance, charges paid, send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal. 3-28

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York. 3-28

GIRLS — WOMEN WANTED. Learn Gown Creating at home. \$35.00—\$50.00 week possible. Learn while earning. Sample FREE. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A526, Rochester, N.Y. 3-28

EARN \$25 WEEKLY—Spare Time, writing for Newspapers and Magazines. Exp. unnecessary. Copyright Book, "How to write for Pay," Free. Press Reporting Inst., 1046, St. Louis, Mo. 12-28

TAILORING SALESMEN: — Offer your customers the season's biggest clothing bargains. Two sales a day make you \$84. a week. Cash in on this brand new idea of Barton. It will take the country by storm. Bigger profits than ever for you. Be among the lucky men to get in on the ground floor of this money making proposition. Write immediately, Barton Tailoring Co., Dept. B-55, 1181 Bleury Street, Montreal. 4-28

LITERARY

SELL YOUR IMAGINATION, learn to write Stories. Write for free particulars Vancouver School of Literature, 727 Standard Bank Bldg., Vancouver, B.C. 9-28

NURSING

PRIVATE NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 9 free. Royal College of Science, Toronto 4, Canada. t.f.

PERSONAL

KNOW YOUR FUTURE. Let me try and locate your future mate, will send name and address. Send stamped self-addressed envelope and Birthdate. Adel, Box 1600 Sta. C., Los Angeles, Calif. 3-28

FOR SALE

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Improved Extra Hardy Senator Dunlap. Quality guaranteed. Delivery prepaid. \$1.25 hundred. \$4.50, five hundred. \$8.00 thousand. Leonard Barkley, Dept. 932, Morrisburg, Ontario. 6-28

NOVELTY CATALOGUE. Listing latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Magic Tricks, Joke Novelties, Toys, etc. Sent free postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B., Winnipeg, Man. 4-28

PACKAGE BEES with young Italian queens, two pounds, \$3.50; three pounds, \$4.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Overbay Apiaries, Leonville, Louisiana. 3-28

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—Improved extra Hardy Early Senator Dunlap. Quality guaranteed. Delivery prepaid. \$1.25 hundred; \$4.50 five hundred; \$8.00 thousand. Dept. 932, Leonard Barkley, Morrisburg, Ontario. 6-28

REMNANTS

ONE POUND GINGHAM REMNANTS 90 cents; 3 lbs. \$2; 1 lb. large gingham quilt patches 70 cents; 4 lbs \$2. 2 lbs. silk or velvet pieces \$1.50. A. McCreery, Chatham, Ont. 6-28

CANCER CURE. \$2.00. RIVERS HICKS, Kentville, Nova Scotia. I have cured myself. 4-28

IF YOU REQUIRE sanitary rubber goods, write for catalogue and price list. Safe and Sanitary Rubber Works, Dept. H., 4906 Wellington Street, Montreal. 3-28

SEEDS AND PLANTS

SEED BEANS—Sample of 11 varieties assorted colors, 25 cents prepaid. William Protsko, Saxonhill, Sask. 4-28

SEED—New "COLOSSEA" Verbena, Odorless Onion, Cocardou Aster. Catalogue Free. Producers Seed Co., Ottawa, Ont. 4-28

DAHLIAS, Rose Bushes, Gladioli, Peonies, Irises, cut flower Plants. High quality, lowest delivered prices. List free. Loranger, 106 Main, Ayler East, Que. 4-28

DAHLIAS, Gladioli, Roses, Shrubs, Perennials, Strawberries, Fruit Bushes. Free list. Ferncliff Gardens, Hatzic, British Columbia. 4-28

FLOWER LOVERS

Send for Gladiolus Catalogue. Most complete collection of varieties in Canada. Also Tuberous-Rooted Begonia Bulbs for Hanging Baskets, Verandah and Garden. Wonderful Bloomer. J. E. Carter, Guelph, Canada. 3-28

MUSIC

SONGWRITERS WANTED—You write the words, we'll compose the music. Frank Peters, Box 3733, Winnipeg, Man. 5-28

SONG POEM WRITERS—Have bona fide proposition. Ray Hibbler, D45, 2104 N. Keystone Ave., Chicago. 3-28

CLOTH REMNANTS

We offer a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths, men's shirt lengths, boys' suit lengths, odd lengths and pieces of all kinds, latest styles, colorings and materials. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00, postpaid. The Remnant Store, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

RUBBER GOODS, PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUG SUNDRIES, HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES unobtainable elsewhere — also Women's Correspondence department under direction experienced nurse. Ruttan's Pharmacy, Winnipeg. 9-28

REMEDIES

STAMMERING

Permanently cured, guaranteed, references. H. W. Hogue, 220 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 6-28

EASY SELF HOME TREATMENT for the healing of Varicose Ulcers, Running sores, Eczema, etc., while working. Many testimonials. Write to Nurse Dencker, 610½ Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Mrs. Lydia Martin, Enchant, Alberta, writes: "Am well pleased with your Self Home Treatment, it healed the ulcers in three weeks after I suffered with them for three years. The ulcers were as big as silver dollar," etc. 4-28

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Mrs. Brisket Attends the Convention

By M. R. Hagerman

YOU should 'ave bin at the meetin' Lizzie," said Mrs. Brisket to her friend Mrs. Tilley as the two supped a cup of tea in the former's kitchen. "Ave a bit o' the scone to dip in your tea."

"Wot meetin', church?" said Mrs. Tilley helping herself to two of the scones.

"Lor' love me, no. At the Conservative Convention. Pickin' out a leader. H'i was the delegate from 'Olmes Corners, and if I do say it myself as shouldn't I made 'em pick the right man." Mrs. Brisket proudly displayed her badge.

"Well I never," ejaculated Mrs. Tilley, eyeing the plate of scones. "Do tell me abaht it. Any sody in these Brisket?"

"Baking powder—I never use sody in anythink—don't set well on Alf's stomach—can't abide it 'e cant. 'Ave some o' the marmalade on the scone Lizzie. Taint 'alf bad."

"Oo did you pick?" asked Mrs. Tilley.

"Harbee Bennet," said Mrs. Brisket proudly, pouring her tea into her saucer and inhaling it with gusto. Warming up to her subject she continued.

"You see Tilley they 'ad to 'ave a leader and out of a 'ole flock the trick was to pick one as 'ould 'ave a chanct against the leader of the Liberals. That is Mackenzie King."

"Any religion to George King wot lives at Windsor?" asked Mrs. Tilley putting more marmalade on her scone than it could conveniently hold.

"Now I can't say. Never 'eard of 'im." said Mrs. Brisket.

"You know Brisket, The Prince o' Wiles old man's fambly," said Mrs. Tilley.

"No. 'es none o' that fambly. Any way this King fellow leads the Liberals." W're does 'e lead 'em. Are they a bunch of sheep?" asked Tilley.

"Nowhere, and they are. 'Ave some more tea Lizzie and dont ask so many foolish questions. "An the conservatives ad to get one. A leader I mean as could lead 'em. Well they listened to a lot of old dried bones and long whiskers tellin' a lot of good sence abaht wot the country needed an' ow good they was at leadin' the children of Israel out of Egypt. They did this for two days an' at night I went 'ome an' I ses to Brisket, I ses;

"This King of the Liberals ain't married. E's a free nigger an' unless the Conservatives get a man like that they'll 'ave no chance." 'Ave a bit o' the cake Mrs. Tilley."

"Wot did Alf say?" asked Mrs. Tilley. "E ses, 'Wot the 'ell do hi care an' 'e became real vilent and threw the fryin' pan at me. 'E was cookin' the supper at the time and two good eggs was completely destroyed."

"The nex' day I gets all the women delegates together in a cockess, I think they calls it an' I tells 'em what I bin thinkin' I ses:

"We got to get a man wot isn't married and looks prosperous. An' that man is Harbee Bennett. Well they 'ummed and 'awed and some thought 'e was too far west. But I ses:

"Harbee is the man. 'E looks alright, nice clothes cut like a swallers wings and looks like 'ed just et a real bang up dinner an wot married man can look like that. If 'e wants to stigh out late at night to get a few extra votes from some young lady, well 'oos to say 'e cant. Besides getting all the unmarried women's votes 'ell get a lot of the married women's votes 'oo wish they wasn't. Then wen 'e flaps 'is 'ands around like a methodist preacher the way 'e does and quotes all abaht Gidjun and Ananias, the church vote 'll flock 'is way."

"Well in they end they see wot I mean and every last woman in the place votes for Harbee cause 'e aint married."

"But wot good will it do you Mrs. Brisket, Alf's still alive." Mrs. Tilley interpreted pretty literally.

"I know women," says Mrs. Brisket with a sly look in her eye. "They'l' vote for a bachelor every time. Some 'as daughters an' some 'as nieces an' some is married to old guys as 'l drop off before long. 'E 'as a grand chanct now."

"Wot does Alf say," innocently asked Mrs. Tilley, innocently.

"E says 'Ell, womens place is in the 'ome 'an I agrees with 'im, in a 'ome for incurables, I ses." More tea Mrs. Tilley? It was a grand party wot with 'ootin an' yellin' and the Frenchmen singin' "All-a-wet" every now and then. An' the lights like stars, an the speakers 'ands like a pair o' white doves. I et three bags of peanuts and a pound of balonie wile they was countin' the vote."

"An' is that all they did in three days," said Mrs. Tilley.

"No, they decided to keep the chinamen out of Canada an' keep it for the French an the Irish an' the Scandinavians an' the Scheck Slovacs an' the Ruthenians an' the Niggers and the Russians an' Scotchmen. George Foster—"Of loster?" asked Mrs. Tilley.

"No 'e was a sir, 'E didn't agree," said Mrs. Brisket. "But the women was pretty sure 'e was in the Cuff an' Collar business an' 'e knew that if they took away the chinymen 'is business would 'ave an awful slump, cause the cuffs an' collars would last so long. An' I saw Meighen. They really wanted 'im for leader but 'e wouldn't."

"Too busy with the movies I suppose," said Mrs. Tilley. "Ow Norma Talmadges 'usband stands for 'er goins on with Meighen is more than I can tell."

"Seemed to me 'e was a bit thinner than 'e was in 'Love's Masterpiece' at the Capitol. There was a guy with a 'ammer kept yellin' 'Horder, Horder at the Frenchmen wen they sang the 'All-a-wet' song and the mob from Ontario singing, 'Ow dry hi am,' though between you an' me Tilley they didn't look it."

"Ow did Will Rogers do. I 'eard 'e was 'ere. Did 'e throw the rope good?" asked Mrs. Tilley.

"No they left out that number, throwed a lot o' bull tho' I 'eard some one say. 'E never 'ad a chance even if 'is 'air does look like MacDonald's."

"The chewin' tobacco man?" said Mrs. Tilley.

"I 'ardley think so," said Mrs. Brisket. "An mind you Lizzie wen I went to come 'ome I took a taxes just for fun an' the driver says "Ennery Street?" I ses "NO" just like that an' 'e says "Excuse me mum I thought you was a delegate." I enjoyed myself wonderful except for one thing. They decided to do something for the returned men and me abeggin Alf to go to war in '14 an' '15 just in case they was sumpin like this. More cake Lizzie."

"Nothin' more thanks but wait till hi get 'old of 'Enry 'e was another," said Mrs. Tilley venomously.

"Just our luck Lizzie, but anyway Harbee is the leader of the Conservatives an' praps they'll be another war. But I forgot to tell you I shook 'ands with Harbee an' I ses my name is Brisket an' 'e ses, 'Oh yes the name is very familiar to me, Know the name well.' Fancy that now."

"Sure in a pot o' soup no doubt," and Mrs. Tilley went home to Hennery.

Bilious Bills

By Iva Evans Garrett

Thos yearly duns! those yearly duns! Those costly gifts so "sweet" and "gay"
Acquired by daughters and by sons, Are in some cupboard laid away
They're charged to me, Oh vexing ills While I pay up—my dim eye fills,
And echoed back in annual bills. I curse the clerk who sends me bills.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
They'll need their Dad to lean upon;
My bank account gives me the chills
Oh, bilious—bilious—bilious bills!

"Littleheaven"

Continued from page 94

Never before had they been marked by a foe's hand. Littleheaven's thoughts were for her people. She must save them. Warn them.

"Father I will go and tell them what has happened and together we can have council."

Eagleheart hung his head but did not speak.

"Yah, father, I will go bring them. Our braves they must be told before the White Dogs come!"

She ran lightly from the tent as she spoke calling her last words across her shoulder to her father who had come to the door in time to see her vanish. Later, a few minutes her clear sweet voice trailed back to him the long weird war-cry of her band, as in and out amongst their silent encampments, like a spirit she sped, making sure no one was being missed.

They gathered quickly to her call. "They are coming! The White Dogs are on the war-path. My father has killed Great Bear. Come, oh! come quickly to my father's tent till we have council."

Consternation prevailed, as they scattered again for their weapons of war, before they hastened to their chief.

Briefly he related what had happened. "It was for you, for you I sought food—and—and Great Bear drew for blood. But no man is swifter than Eagleheart. They will come—we will die—wiped out before sundown," he added in a voice of despair; as they squatted about him in silence, scarce comprehending his action and its sequel.

Littleheaven sprang up. "Father—I will go and seek peace with the White Dogs, I will tell them our need and they will listen."

"No child, they will kill you—and us, everyone. You must not go. It would be death."

"Oh! no father, I will go—must go. I will explain."

She spoke with determination, sweeping the dark sullen faces around her with an appealing eye as she continued.

"Our band—our tribe—their lives they will take."

Every eye was upon her, for Littleheaven was beloved of her father's people.

Eagleheart was not a coward, and would gladly give his life for his band. Littleheaven he had fear of.

"Child—You must stay. We will go alone."

A murmur of assent swept over the braves as they crowded closer round.

"No, I am going—now. A hostage for the band."

She was gone. Out into the fastness of the winter woods, she fled, before any of them could stay her. Hurrying on, never halting until she sighted the cabin in the clearing that the dead chief had wrested from the bush. As she came closer, she could see them, the White Dogs in numbers beyond her counting, moving swiftly about with tomahawk and bow. She crept stealthily over the rocks until she could hear their voices as they seemed to gather in solemn conclave round a fire that burned dimly.

"Eagleheart!" she heard her father's name. She crouched to listen.

"Eagleheart—we will get him and his band. We will kill, at daybreak we will go!"

She could see the fire flicker and play on the great broad features of the spokesman, and the countless feathers in his headband shake and wave, as he moved back and forth amongst them. Then as if in benediction to their fearful plotting they rose and followed his huge stalwart figure into the measured, shuffled movements of their medicine dance. It was accompanied by their weird, wailing voices mourning for their chief, who with all their pagan ritual they had committed to the Great Spirit.

Littleheaven rose as she realized their dread purpose and swiftly crossing the rock that lay between them, walked into their midst. Taken unawares they halted, then caught sight of Eagleheart who, fearing for his daughter's safety had followed closely, and was almost by her side. With the spirit of revenge upon them, their wild war-cry rent the air. As a man they raised their bows and Eagleheart fell dead. Littleheaven stood pale and silent. In confusion they dropped their weapons and stared open-eyed at the frail figure with the innocence of childhood still upon her, who faced them without fear. To them revenge was law irrevocable and sure. "An eye for an eye and a life for a life," but from this slight figure so fearless and calm they shrank.

Then Littleheaven spoke, movements in the dark recesses of the bush behind making her fear for her people's safety.

"I am the daughter of Eagleheart, who slew your chief this morning. We were starving. Our people had no food, and my father came to see your stores. Great Bear caught him and fearing he would suspect him of theft, my father took his life in haste—His life he has given you—and if my people you will let go free, my life you can take. I will take their guilt upon me."

She spoke quickly, as she looked fearlessly upon the sinister faces uplifted menacingly to her.

Then spoke the foremost, laying his bow and arrow at his feet; lifting his hand toward his followers, "I am Fleetfoot, son of Great Bear, and these who were his people will my father's life avenge. For them I will take your life, and from them I will give it back to you, along with my own and all that I have; your life will be a token of fearlessness and courage to the White Dogs. Go tell your people that they are free and that there is peace between us."

Murmurings of approval rose from the band as they fell back from their leader, as he continued.

"The food that lies in the rocks beneath us is yours. You, nor the Ojibways, or any of your band will not starve, while Fleetfoot and his braves live. You are free."

Littleheaven's voice rose into the long sweet tribe call for her father's band. Into the heart of the White Dogs they came and peace dwelt amongst the tribes that lived in lone grandeur by the Lake of the Woods.

Easy Life of a Movie Star Not so Soft for Bebe Daniels

Action and Bebe Daniels always have been on closely intimate terms, but in her newest Paramount picture, "She's a Sheik," the two are practically synonymous.

In this story of the love affairs of the grand-daughter of a sheik, she demonstrates her ability as a swordswoman, horsewoman and all round gymnast.

For good measure the other day, the vivacious star walked home from work, unintentionally. The company is on location in the California desert. Miss Daniels started back to camp, riding horseback across the sands several miles after completing work, when the horse shied at a group of camels staked out for the night. The plunge was enough to unseat the actress, and the horse didn't wait. The result was a long trudge.

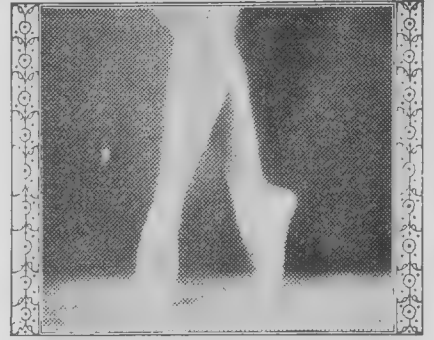
"In 'The Campus Flirt' I was forced to swim home for purpose of the story, but I didn't think I ever would have to walk home in real life," commented the star.

The Daniels schedule—living her easy life as a darling of the films—is as follows:

6 a. m., the camp siren blows—try and sleep through it. 6.30 o'clock, breakfast and get make-up on. 7.30 o'clock get aboard a horse and trek over the sands to location. Work until 1 o'clock, then take an hour for luncheon. 2 o'clock, back to work until sundown, which means plenty of light for photography until after 6 o'clock. Then nothing to do but return to camp, have dinner and look at motion pictures until 10 o'clock. At that hour, lights out and there's no resistance.

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns



DOROTHY DILLEY's Famous Feet

"Dancing with a corn is like attempting a trans-Atlantic flight with a grand piano. Let Blue-jay check your excess toe-baggage."

So writes the charming Dorothy Dilley, who is leading ingenue in the new Broadway hit, "Take the Air."

Blue-jay has been starred for 28 years as the safest and gentlest way to remove a corn. The "longest run" of any corn-remover . . . and going stronger than ever. To its millions of friends, the new Blue-jay offers

some pleasant surprises. A creamy-white pad instead of the old-style blue one. A more flexible disc and an improved package. Now at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE New Blue-jay

© B. & B., 1928

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

After-Stocktaking CLEARANCE OF FURS

Reductions up to 50%

FOLLOWING along spell of unusually mild weather, the completion of our annual inventory shows us far too heavily stocked for this time of the year in almost all lines of furs. These overstocks must be reduced, and we are, therefore, offering values that will be impossible to duplicate later.

If you are in the market for a fur coat, even for next season, it will pay you well to BUY NOW, for practically all raw furs have advanced from 20% to 35% during the recent auction sales, which means correspondingly higher prices for manufactured furs when our present stock is exhausted. With stocks so heavy, assortments for your choosing are more complete than usual at this time, and the styles being of the very latest, are such as will be in favour for several seasons.

Clearance Offerings in Staple Lines include:

HUDSON SEAL COATS	
Plain and Alaska Sable Trimmed	
Regular \$375 for	\$295
Regular \$435 for	\$345
Regular \$475 for	\$385
PERSIAN LAMB COATS	
Alaska Sable Trimmed	
Regular \$310 for	\$245
Regular \$375 for	\$295
Regular \$475 for	\$385
ELECTRIC SEAL COATS	
Self Trimmed	
Regular \$110 for	\$79.50
Regular \$125 for	\$97.50
Regular \$145 for	\$110.00
Alaska Sable Trimmed	
Regular \$165 for	\$125
Regular \$185 for	\$145
Regular \$210 for	\$165
MUSKRAT COATS	
Self Trimmed	
Regular \$225 for	\$179.50
Regular \$265 for	\$210.00
Regular \$285 for	\$225.00

Also special price reductions on Coats of Mole, Squirrel, Caracul, Genuine Alaska Seal and on a good range of Novelty Fur Coats. Full particulars on request.

OUR BUDGET BUYING PLAN
is at your service if not convenient to make an all cash purchase. Deferred payments can be arranged. No interest charged. Write for particulars stating kind of fur coat you are interested in, price you wish to pay, size required, giving bust and hip measurement, height and weight.

HOLT, RENFREW & CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG

Makers of Dependable Furs for over 90 Years.

MANITOBA



A BOY'S VIEWPOINT

"Whenever I want to play with the horse,
She's always wanting it, of course.
The same if I'm playing with train or drum,
She's almost always sure to come.

And Mother says I must be polite,
And that I must never, never fight
Nor hit a girl, but dear, oh dear!
Well, say! Ain't women queer?"

Lillian H. Jamieson

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Greek Children's Song

The swallow has come again
Across the wide white sea;
She sits and sings through the falling rain,
"O March, my beloved March!
And thou, sad February,
Though still you may cover with snow
the plain,
You yet smell sweet of the Spring!"

In Spring when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

Life is not so short, but that there is
always time for courtesy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A Chat With Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls,—

Last month the British Empire lost one of its great men, one of the men who through nearly five years of war held a high position with the British Armies in France, the one man who remained from the beginning to the end of the war in a great position. During the war he bore many titles, but when victory came in November, 1918, he was Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the British Empire. Surely no greater title could be bestowed on any man. Beloved by his soldiers, revered by his officers, Earl Haig has devoted all the years since the war to assisting the returned men, and helping the Empire to struggle back after the dreadfulness of war. He died suddenly, with no pain, no lingering illness. Just as quickly as if some one had turned out the light of his life, he passed over the great line between the living and the dead. This brave man who had seen sorrowing thousands die on the field of battle, died in his own room quietly and alone.

Those of us who were grown up will never forget to the longest days we live the message that came to us over the cables and wireless just ten years ago on April 12th.

The English and Canadian troops were occupying a narrow strip of line along the French coast, and the enemy were striving to break through and capture the channel ports so that they might control the seas. Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig issued a message to the armies of Britain, and part of it ran like this—"Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our home, the freedom of mankind depends alike upon

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

These were the brave words with which a brave man inspired a brave army, but perhaps you can imagine how terrible they seemed to us at home when we knew this was the last stand. But it was a glorious stand and led to victory for the Allied Armies.

Men like this are Britain's best—Earl Haig will leave a vacant place among brave men that no one else will be able to fill. He is a splendid example not only for the boys, but an inspiration to girls. Put him in your book of Heroes.

For April

What is Wrong with this Picture? Find out all the things that are wrong and write them out neatly and send them to Bobby Burke, and the person who finds the most mistakes will receive a gold button, and the one who finds the second greatest number will also win a gold button, so put on your eye glasses and sharpen your wits and take a good look!

Do you notice that little note about neatness? I can't tell you what a difference it makes when a busy editor is opening ever so many letters. When a tidy neat one turns up it almost wins the prize without being clever, just because it is so nice to look at. Remember that won't you? A word to the wise you know!

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A very jolly picture of a jolly family, from back to front, of the group, Frances, Roy, Harold, Elvin and Little Eileen Dayman of Carmangay, Alta. Frances is an old friend of ours who has written a very nice letter. I am glad she is so fond of the Cosy Corner. She would like to know B.M.'s name and address so she could write to her. Frances says she can see a mirage today, I wonder if many of you have ever seen one.

Dorothy Willis of Loon Lake, Sask. sends us in some verses, but I think Dorothy would do much better if she read a great deal of poetry before writing any more. I should be very glad to have some of her verses again when she has learned a little more about writing.

Grace Smith of 488 Clifton St., Winnipeg is one of our older members but none the less welcome Grace for that. As long as you love the Cosy Corner we love to have you as a member, and you are quite welcome to try any of the competitions that appeal to you. Grace apparently

loves boys stories better than girls, but that's all right, we all have our different tastes. She has sent us in some verses on her well loved dog Laddie, and I am sure he must be a fine old fellow who will be remembered with affection as long as members of his family are alive. I think, perhaps, Grace that you would be better pleased later if we didn't publish your verses. Read a lot of poetry, there are stirring thrilling things by Newbolt, Noyes, Kipling, Tennyson, Longfellow and many others, and then write your verses again and let me have them.

Is it the spring do you suppose? I believe it is, for here we have another little poet Kathleen McArthur of Dauphin. Kathleen has written some lines to her little calf, and it must be rather a sweet calf I think.

Marjoie Gibbens of Cadillac, Elsie Knaut of Forestburg write nice letters of 'thank you' to Bobby Burke for prizes.

Alix Gillis of Victoria sends in some Blottems. I am sorry Alix that we cannot print them, the editor has said "No more Blottems" so we must obey. Alix acknowledges that there has been bad snow storms even in lovely Victoria this winter. But by this time you lucky girl, it will be spring out there with pussy willows and snow drops.

Kathleen Broadbent of 50 South Oval, Hamilton, Ont., writes a nice little letter about the Corner and says, like everyone else, that she loves the Pinkity Winkity Stories.

Violet Edwards of Shining Bank, Alta (such a pretty name that, Shining Bank) writes a long newsy letter telling about her home, her height (which is 4 feet and a half inch) her pets, of which she has many. She leads a very busy happy life I am sure on her Shining Bank. Write again Violet.

Alma Butt of Arcola sends in a little story, very nicely written, but I think Alma it has hardly enough thrill in it for the C.C.C. the readers would be looking for something to happen and nothing much did, did it? Write us again, we are always glad to hear from you and are sorry to know you have been ill. If we had known you had appendicitis I am sure the C.C.C. people would have written you many letters to cheer you up.

Mary Reid of 601 McMillan Ave., Winnipeg, sends in such a pretty February calendar that although it is very late for the competition we will give it a gold button and Honorable Mention.



A happy group picture of the Dayman family of Carmangay, Alberta

Pinkity Winkity Gets Lost

By Marion Wathen Fox

PINKITY WINKITY, how would you like to take a lunch to your brothers?" one morning asked Pinkity Winkity's mother. "They won't be home before tomorrow night and I expect their food is getting scarce and likely dry. I'll bake them a little huckleberry pie and one of those plum cakes they like so well, if you think it wouldn't be too far for you to carry it to them—you can start right after dinner."

"Oh, I'd love it, mother! I wasn't a bit tired when I went before, I'll sit down under the trees a while and rest on the way," answered Pinkity Winkity.

So, her mother hurried to bake the cake and the pie, and right after dinner away went Pinkity Winkity, carrying the lunch basket so very, very carefully.

Her brothers, Henry and Joseph, to whom she was carrying the things, were taking care of the sheep about a mile away where there was much lovely, deep grass for them to eat. The sheep had pastured so much on the grass about Pinkity Winkity's home that now it had become quite short and needed time to grow again. The brothers stayed with the sheep all the week to see that nothing harmed them—for it was by selling the wool from the sheep and the lambs that Pinkity Winkity's family got money to live by; then on Saturday afternoon they led the sheep back home and kept them in the pasture near the house until Monday afternoon, when they led them off again to another part of the low green valley where there was more lovely grass.

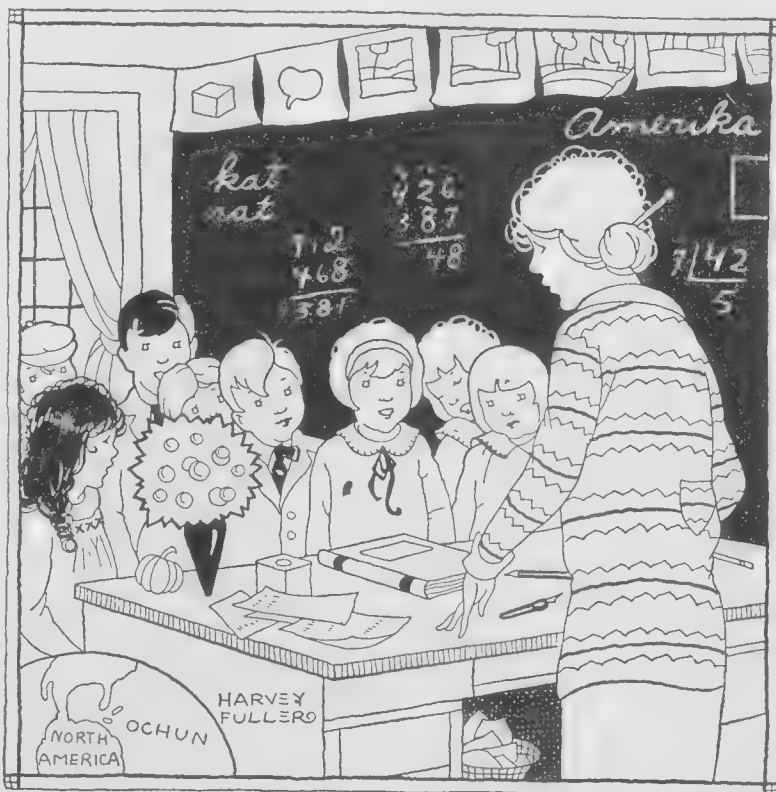
Pinkity Winkity had gone about half way, and was just thinking about sitting down to rest, when she spied someone a little distance away on the road ahead of her.

"Oh, dear—dear! I expect it's Jock, the bee-keeper's boy!" sighed Pinkity Winkity. "His house is along here somewhere. If it wasn't for him this would be a perfectly beautiful road but—he's such a disagreeable boy! he'll be sure to say or do something disagreeable to me—he always does. It's a wonder he don't learn to be sweet from the honey—the bees ought to teach him," and Pinkity Winkity laughed at her little joke.

Sure enough it was Jock.

"Hello, Pinkity Winkity!" he yelled to her. "Got something good in your basket?" for she knew he would soon eat the pie and cake, so she just held to her basket and darted off the road into the woods at the side. The woods were very thick, but she found a little path and ran farther in amongst the big trees—farther and farther! Then she stopped to listen. But she couldn't hear any sound of Jock following her. So, she sat down on the nice soft moss to rest, and looked about at the lovely woodsy things.

It was certainly lovely there. But, oh—dear, dear! However was she to find her way out of the woods again and on to the road to take her to her brothers! She knew that one time a little girl got lost for two whole days in those very woods—whatever would she do? If she started to try and find her way out she might get



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of errors

farther lost. Then, just as two big tears started to roll down her cheeks, if a little red-winged blackbird didn't fly right down from a branch to the moss in front of her, look up into her face, and sing a beautiful song.



Our little friend Emily Merkel of Langbank, Sask.

So, of course, after that Pinkity Winkity couldn't be sad, but just dried her tears and smiled at the dear little red-winged blackbird and listened to the lovely song.

It was still there singing when something yellow and black darted in front of Pinkity Winkity, and if there wasn't a lovely goldfinch! It flew right on to her shoulder and sang.

Then a bright bluebird, the very color of the sky on the nicest days, flew to her lap and, right there, sang a sweet little song.

"Dear—dear! what a lovely time I am having! If only I wasn't lost!" thought Pinkity Winkity.

"Oh—you dear birds, if only you could talk," she said, "so that you could show me the way out of the woods."

Just then the three birds darted up and flew off together, in front of her, calling out—as plain as plain could be,

"Fol—low me! Fol—low me!"

So, up she got and followed them. And the birds flew on until they came to a nest hidden on a branch, a nest full of baby bluebirds.

As the birds seemed to want her to look into the nest she did so and—it was lined with lovely soft lamb's wool.

Then the birds flew on until they took her to the blackbird's nest. It, too, was lined with lamb's wool.

Farther on was the dainty, tiny nest of the goldfinch, made soft and cosy with a lining of lamb's wool.

At first Pinkity Winkity was very much surprised when she noticed that their nests were all lined with lamb's wool, but soon she knew the birds were saying,

"Thank you! Thank you! Pinkity Winkity, for the lamb's wool!"

So then her eyes became smiling and beautiful for she knew where they had got the wool.

"Fol—low us! Fol—low us!" again chirped the birds. So, laughing and happy, she followed the red-winged blackbird, the bluebird, the goldfinch, and in a little while was out of the woods and there, a little way off, were her brothers with their sheep.

The birds flew back into the woods and Pinkity Winkity ran to her brothers still with her basket safe and sound, and calling out as she got nearer,

"Oh, boys, I got lost in the woods and the birds showed me the way out—because, mind you, they found the lamb's wool all right I left sticking to the trees for them to find and line their nests with, the last time I went home from seeing you! And, oh!—I've had such a lovely time coming!"

So, her brothers kissed her, looked at the lovely huckleberry pie and the plum cake, and said:

"You're a dear, Pinkity Winkity, you make everybody and everything love you—now, you've even the birds for your friends!"

Alphabetical Alliteration

By Puzzle Paul and Merry Mirth

Animated Annie announced ambitious Arthur Archibald's arrival.

Blonde Blanche Blair bearded Bertha's birthday bodice beautifully.

Cautiously Claude clutched Claudine's cloak clandestinely.

Douglas dashed down desperately Dunlop's dangerous dagger.

Enthusiastic Ethel's enchanting evening entertainment ended early.

Fair Florence found flushed Fleta's fresh flowers flourishing.

Gracious Grace gracefully grouped graceful gathering gaily.

Hilda Hilton's hammock hung high holding her happy hearted hero Harcourt.

Puzzle Paul's Fish Poem

(Fill in blank with fish to make rhyme.)

At nine we gladly started out,
To clear the brooks of speckled —

But Lewis, Arthur, Hugh and Rod,
Thought they preferred to fish fresh —

Maud's sails are best—lets hoist hers,
To sail and find the beds of —

No bones were broken said the surgeon,
As he sat down to dive in —

We neared the shore to disembark,
We all then spied a vicious —

All were brave, not one turned pale,
The — was followed by a —

We thought the — the — would grab,
When Hugh dropped down a tiny —

By Merry Mirth

Puzzle Paul's poem with a rhyme at the bottom,

Puzzle's fun will ne'er be forgotten.

Small Cool Hugh He'll

bright pale has now

stars moon brought shoot

light makes his for

many lovely metal sporty

nights, sights; gun, fun.

(Start reading first column to the left and read down.)



ALL DRESSED UP

It looks as though the fir trees

Have donned their party dress.

They seem to stand as though afraid

Of getting in a mess.

Their fluffy frocks are all spread out

Like sister's frock would be

When she's dressed up to go somewhere

With mother, out to tea.

Mrs. Nellie Regan

Puzzle Paul's Camp Tramp

Emerson, Blanchard, Nelson and Bill,
Went out to meet Richard, Edward and Phil,

Em, Blanche and Will, William and James,
Dick, Ed and Hugh, with arms full of games.

Ned, Philip and Will, rushed up with a will,

Nine went for a tramp to the camp by the rill.

Puzzle Paul's and Merry Mirth's tongue twisting stanza

Stella's stanza suited Stella,

Simeon's stanza suited Sim,

Sybil's sashes suited Sybil,

Sidney's shooting suited him.

Jessie's jinglings jingled jinglets,

Philip's fluting floated clear.

Frederick's fishing fish for fun, boys,

David Dudley drew Drew's deer.



With a
Ciné-Kodak
outfit you
can keep
this

PRICELESS RECORD of their Childhood Days

{... in a wonderful movie }
{that you make yourself.}

How fast they grow! Never the same from one day to another. Always changing . . . from babyhood to childhood, to adolescence . . . and then they're gone forever. It's the one problem every mother has to face.

Don't let another day slip by without making this priceless record of your children. Keep them forever just as they are today in a wonderful movie that you make yourself.

You photograph them in action! Running . . . romping . . . laughing . . . living in their happy, carefree way. Today you can capture it all on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your home.

Just think of what this priceless film will mean to you . . . in three, in five, in ten years' time.

Movie-Making Simplified

The hard work is done, the months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the efforts of Kodak Scientists, home movies are as easy to make as ordinary snapshots.

The camera is simplicity itself. No need to focus. No grinding crank. Just sight it either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside and the film slides quickly behind the lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you is registered for all time.

Now comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken your work is

done. We develop them for you at no extra cost and return them ready to run on your own silver screen.

You simply place them in a Kodascope Projector . . . a remarkably ingenious device for showing the moving pictures you have made on a portable screen that comes with your Ciné-Kodak outfit.

Just thread this projector and turn the switch. Then instantly . . . almost magically . . . your screen leaps into action. Home movies have been simplified at last.

Purchase or Rent Films

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, covering a variety of subjects . . . comedy, drama, cartoons, travel . . . are available at your dealer's. These films cost \$7.50 per 100 feet, and become a permanent part of your film library. In addition, feature films with famous stars may be rented from a Kodascope Library.

Today, because of the tremendous production facilities of the Kodak Company, a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as \$162. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 mm.) Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow box.

See the Ciné-Kodak display at your nearest Kodak dealer's, or write Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, for an interesting booklet.





About Good Resolutions

DID you make any good resolutions two months ago? If you did, how do they look now after the passing of the weeks since New Year's Day? The making of a good resolution means that one believes one can do something towards self-improvement and a better life. And if one has not lived up to a good resolve perfectly, surely it is something to have made a real effort to do one's best. The achieving of perfection is beyond human effort. The Philosopher has a cheerful and wise friend whose view of the matter is that a good resolution somewhat damaged is better than no good resolution at all. Where there's life there's hope of doing better. To lose a belief in good resolutions is to have lost something which keeps the spirit of youth living in us.

On Falling in Love

IN ONE of the daily columns of heart-to-heart talk and advice in one of the Winnipeg newspapers recently The Philosopher was amazed to read that "falling in love should be done intelligently." It might as well be said that when a person, walking along a street, steps on a slippery spot covered by a light snowfall and sits down with great suddenness, it should be done intelligently. Falling in love is a thing that happens. It is not a thing that can be planned. It is a startling (and often illogical) adventure which changes the look of the world and transforms the love of life itself into an intense wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow-creature as the loved person. It is an adventure as beneficent as it is astonishing. Many other things might be said about it. But anybody who imagines it can be planned and "done intelligently" knows nothing about it.

All in the Point of View

ACABLE despatch a few days ago told newspaper readers that a Commission appointed by the Italian Government has discovered that the ancient and world-famous leaning tower of Pisa is all the time leaning a little more, at the rate of one twenty-fifth of an inch a year. When The Philosopher read that despatch, his mind went back to the time when as a small boy he used to gaze at the pictures in his school geography — the Pyramids of Egypt, the Tower of Pisa and other wonders of the world. And then, still gazing at that cable despatch, his mind took another turn, and he wrote this reflection:

QUESTION

*Whether the tower of Pisa, he,
If other towers should meet his sight,
Would deem his leaning self to be
The only tower that stood upright?*

No Need for Alarm

NEARLY a decade ago the world had entered upon an era which illustrated more forcibly, perhaps, than any era that had gone before the truth of that wise Dutch proverb: "Young folk, silly folk; old folk, cold folk." It has always been so, no doubt, in times of transition, when an old world order has passed away and a new one has

not yet been established in its place. In such times the shocking behavior of the younger generation becomes the dominating topic of conversation among all who are no longer of the younger generation themselves. Well, the younger generation of a decade ago have now passed out of their Flaming Youth. The world goes on. We are back again to the normal attitude of regarding the young people of today as the hope of the future. That is exactly what they are. And so we can all carry on, facing the future cheerfully.

Socialism and Reality

THE PHILOSOPHER has a young friend who likes to proclaim himself a complete and ardent believer in Socialism. When he succeeds in making you argue with him, he announces that you cannot produce one valid argument against Socialism and tells you that you are arguing without having faced the problem and grappled with it. "How is it," you may ask him, "that when a socialist is young, eager and not wealthy, you find him proclaiming his idealistic beliefs and doctrines, but when he is older and married and has children and is a man of property, he is no longer a Socialist?" "Oh, that is a cheap and unworthy argument," he will reply. "It is really beneath contempt." But is it not a valid argument, based not on theory but on reality?

An Insecure Refuge

AMONG what class of people does intolerance most abound? Suppose a searching investigation were made, in order to get the correct answer to this question, who would be found to be the more intolerant: religious people, or the intellectual persons who have only scorn for what they term the unquestioning acceptance of traditional, blind belief? It is just possible that wisdom will not die with these, or any other superior persons. Scorn and ridicule in such matters are always in bad taste, and are often the insecure refuge of minds that have not faced the problem of existence sincerely. Thousands of years ago a man named Micah wrote: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Such "walking humbly" means tolerance and charity.

Our Extraordinary Selves

WE ARE, most of us, too individualistic. We do not realize sufficiently the common heart and the common fate that is in us all. Whatever may be thought now of the old-fashioned schooling—it trained people to think of life in general terms. Young people nowadays are altogether too apt to get exaggerated ideas of the uniqueness of their own personalities. That has always been the way with youth, of course. But surely it can hardly ever before have been so much so as at present. If only this cocksure self-complacency, whether in the young or in their elders, could realize how much it might learn from the proverbs and fables in the old-fashioned school readers!

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	102

Fiction and Articles

JOHANN LIND—Laura G. Salverson (First Installment)...	5
DAWN ISLAND—Mortimer Batten.....	8
TIMGAD—Francis Dickie.....	10
A ROOF TOP ROMANCE—Walter Prichard Eaton.....	12
ACTIVITIES OF THE AUTOMOTIVE WORLD.....	14
AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE—Ralph Connor.....	16
A PRIME MINISTER TELLS TALES OF ROYALTY—C. B. Robertson.....	17
THE FOREHANDED FINCHES—E. G. Bayne.....	18
PETER PAN GROWS UP—Constance Travers Sweatman...	20
REPUBLIC OR EMPIRE—Louis W. Moffit.....	22
THIRTY-FIVE—Berton Braley.....	30
THE HOME LOVEABLE—V. W. Horwood.....	32
THE RECEPTION OF THE BEES—Wm. Thompson.....	37
WINTER BIRDS ON THE PRAIRIE—H. H. Pittman.....	40
A FORGOTTEN ISLAND OF ROMANCE—D. L. English.....	67
A BLARNEY PARTY FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY—Dorothy Wright.....	87
"LITTLEHEAVEN"—Janet A. Carruthers.....	94
MRS. BRISKET ATTENDS THE CONVENTION.....	98

Regular Departments

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell.....	24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—Sheila Rand.....	28
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	48
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	49
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER.....	100

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell.....	27
BRIDGE ACCESSORIES AND FAVORS FOR THE PARTY.....	68
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	71
FASHIONS.....	80
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.....	84

The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR
WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO OFFICE
415 TORONTO HARBOUR COM. BLDG.
TORONTO 2.

LONDON, ENG., OFFICE
18-20 CRAVEN ST.
LONDON, W.C.

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

**\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR
\$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS**

Elsewhere the Rate is \$1.50 a Year



A HOME insulated with TEN/TEST Sheathing from cellar to roof cuts down fuel bills by more than 35%. In fact, even a further saving can be made in planning a TEN/TEST fuel-saving home, by first allowing for a smaller heating unit.

TEN/TEST is a perfect sound-deadener, and cuts off all outside noise. Placed between dividing walls and ceilings it makes of the individual room a sanctuary. Consider the value of TEN/TEST, so used, in the nursery, library or den of your home.

TEN/TEST Building Board is a wide, white, manufactured insulating lumber, 7/16" thick. It is made by submitting wood pulp to 2,000 lbs. pressure, clinching every fibre, and creating millions of sealed air cells which give this sheathing supreme insulating value. As a base for stucco, plaster and other attractive finishes, it has the greatest bonding strength.

TEN/TEST Sheathing, not laminated but solid throughout, is proof against every atmospheric change from summer heat to intense winter cold. TEN/TEST will outlast the building itself.

One learns much in the building of a home. Many points must be conceded to the superior knowledge of the architect, contractor, builder or dealer. TEN/TEST is one of those important building factors that these experts recommend to protect the home owner.

See your lumber dealer, or, write to us.

TEN  **TEST**

MIDLAND, ONT.

GATINEAU, QUE.

INTERNATIONAL FIBRE BOARD LIMITED

TT1M

How The Sun Life Made

Thirty-Eight Millions Profit in the Year 1927

Participating Policyholders Receive Ninety-five Per Cent. of Profits—Dividends to Policyholders Again Increased—Company Seeks Legislation to Maintain Canadian Control.

Montreal, March 1.—The phenomenal record of the Sun Life Assurance Company is an inspiration to all Canadians. Its income of \$102,000,000 is already equal to the total revenue of the Government of Canada in the year 1910, and \$38,000,000 is certainly an amazing sum to have earned as profit in one year. Not many corporations anywhere can report such figures. The President's intimate, practical comments at the annual meeting explaining how these huge profits were made were illuminating.

Of even greater moment, however, were his statements regarding the danger that this great Canadian institution may pass from Canadian control. Some months ago, Mr. Macaulay referred to the activity of Wall Street in the buying of Sun Life stock, and cautioned policyholders and shareholders of the menace it involved to an institution which was founded and developed by Canadians and which has obtained its phenomenal growth under Canadian management. Subsequent events have justified these misgivings, and at the meeting to-day the first public intimation was given that the Sun Life directors are seeking legislation at the present session of Parliament which is intended to effectively forestall this danger.

Precautions to Maintain the Company Canadian in Character

In concluding his address to the shareholders and policyholders the President made the following reference to the matter:—

"There is but one cloud on our horizon. Our very prosperity has created a remarkable demand for our capital stock. We desire to ensure that this great company shall always remain strictly Canadian in its control and in particular that its investments shall never come under Wall Street domination. A bill which we have introduced into Parliament will be submitted for your approval. If it be passed, it will give us the protection we so much need, and I know we can rely on the whole-hearted sympathy and support, not only of our stockholders and policyholders here present, but of our army of policyholders throughout the country."

The meeting unanimously approved of the measure in question. How important and how vital to Canadians are the interests at stake is disclosed in the report submitted to the annual meeting of the Company.

In moving the adoption of the report, President Macaulay said:—

"You gentlemen have become so accustomed to our presenting every year a statement surpassing all previous records that you come prepared to hear another report of that description. I am quite sure, however, that not one of you, in his most optimistic mood, expected a report so favourable as that which you now have. Our record for 1927 is indeed a remarkable one. Let me touch on the main features:—

Remarkable Growth, Strength and Profits

"The new assurances completed amounted to \$328,000,000, an increase of over \$62,500,000.

"The amount in force at the close of the year had risen to \$1,487,000,000, and at the present moment is well over \$1,500,000,000.

"The income exceeded \$102,000,000, an increase over the previous year of \$23,800,000. To me, this is very impressive. Not only has this item passed the one hundred million mark, but the increase alone is equal to what was our total income but eight years ago, which had been accumulated by forty-nine years of strenuous effort. A life company with a total income no greater than our increase would be an important corporation.

"The assets have increased by \$56,000,000, and now exceed \$400,000,000.

"But the most wonderful of all these wonderful figures is the amount earned as profit—\$38,000,000. How great this figure is may

be judged from the fact that the earnings of the previous year, in which we so rejoiced, were \$20,500,000. It would be hardly reasonable to assume that our earnings of future years will continue on such a tremendous scale, and we have therefore set aside a large part of this sum to provide for future contingencies.

A Great Surplus and Contingency Fund

"Our securities have been valued on a very conservative basis, but from even those moderate values we have set aside another \$5,000,000 to provide for market fluctuations, making the total deduction under this heading \$10,000,000.

"We have also set aside the following amounts:—

"A further \$1,500,000 for unforeseen contingencies, raising that fund to \$12,500,000; \$500,000 to provide for possible greater longevity of annuitants, raising that item to \$2,000,000; and \$1,300,000 to increase our reserves on tropical business; besides writing off another \$1,000,000 on our Head Office and other buildings.

"We have distributed \$11,100,000 in profits to our policyholders, and have also set aside \$6,200,000 to cover profits accrued on policies.

"After providing for all these amounts, we have added \$11,000,000 to our undivided surplus, raising that sum from \$34,000,000 to \$45,000,000.

Scale of Profits Increased for Eighth Successive Year

"The announcement, however, that will be received with the greatest enthusiasm is that for the eighth consecutive year we have increased the scale of profit payments to our policyholders. The basis of distribution for 1928 will call for nearly \$900,000 more than would the basis of last year.

Profits to Policyholders Unexcelled in the World

"We can already say that in profitability to our policyholders, we are not excelled by any life company in the world; but we are not satisfied and will not be satisfied until we can make an even stronger statement than that. Years ago, I told our field force that we hoped to be able to announce an increase in our profit scale for ten consecutive years. We have maintained that record for eight years, but the ninth and tenth years have yet to come, and their story has yet to be told. Our huge undivided surplus and our great contingency funds are the best guarantee our policyholders can have as to their future dividends.

Large Dividends the Result of a Wise Investment Policy

"You ask how we are able to make these huge profits. The \$38,000,000

earned may be divided as coming approximately \$14,000,000 from the regular life assurance operations of the Company, \$5,000,000 from profits actually realized by the redemption or sale of securities and \$19,000,000 from increase in market values. And, of all the profits made in the participating branch, the policyholders get ninety-five per cent.

"I would not have you suppose that we ever speculate. We do not. We, of course, do not hesitate to sell bonds or other fixed-interest securities when they rise to such premiums that the yield is no longer satisfactory, but when we buy a stock we buy for permanent investment, we buy to keep, and we never sell merely because the market value may have risen to a high figure. We have, however, had an epidemic of security redemptions, and as a result we have the \$5,000,000 of realized profit.

High Interest Rate Earned, With No Arrears

"Even the normal earnings of a life company depend very largely on the rate of interest it can obtain on its investments. The current rate of interest has been steadily dropping for years, and there is every indication that it will continue to drop—for how long we cannot tell. The outlook for investors in bonds and mortgages is not encouraging. That fact causes us no anxiety. We have enlisted many large groups of the brainiest, most experienced, most energetic and most successful men on the continent to work for us to maintain our interest earnings. We get their co-operation by becoming stockholders in the outstanding basic corporations of the country, so that we share in all the profits that they make. The dividends which we receive on our stock holdings are already two millions more than were payable on the same stocks when we bought them. Our interest account, of course, includes also our dividend receipts, and our record is illuminating. In 1921 the average rate earned by us was 6.07 per cent; in 1923 it was 6.20 per cent; in 1924, 6.38 per cent; in 1925, 6.41 per cent; in 1926, 6.69 per cent; and in 1927, if we were to use the same basis of calculation as in previous years, the rate would be 6.81 per cent. We, however, do not wish to show such a high rate, and as we always make a charge of 5 per cent against our interest earnings for investment expenses, you will note that we are quoting only the net rate, 6.47 per cent, after deducting that investment expense. The falling rate of interest has no terrors for us.

"The quality of our securities may be judged by the fact that not one dollar of interest or dividend on any bond, preferred or common stock listed in our assets is in arrear for even one day.

Business Doubled in Four Years

"The position we have attained justifies enthusiasm, but we must always look on the present as a mere vantage ground from which to plan for the future. What is that future to be? Year after year we have been confidently predicting the glorious future yet to come, and that promised future is now unrolling itself before our eyes in all its greatness and strength. But what of today's future? I have just been reading my own remarks of two years ago, and already the figures of which we were then so proud look small and outgrown. We have doubled in size now every five and a half years since the Company began, but our last doubling has taken only four years, and we are today growing more rapidly than ever before in our history. I predict that the figures of two years hence will make even the figures of today look small and outgrown in their turn.

Sun Life Sets Its Own Pace

"People sometimes say when speaking of our progress:—'Yes, life assurance is growing wonderfully.' So it is; but the Sun Life is not content to grow only at the rate of life assurance generally. Statistics now available indicate that in 1927 the aggregate new business of all the companies operating in the United States exceeded the total for 1926 by only one per cent and in Canada by seven per cent. But the new business of the Sun Life of Canada shows an increase of twenty-three per cent. We set our own pace. Our prosperity and popularity, and the enthusiastic support of our six hundred thousand policyholders, makes our growth both rapid and certain. The future still before us will, I am convinced, be more wonderful than anything we can now imagine. And it is indeed a happy thought that all that growth in size and all that growth in prosperity mean increased service to humanity, and service at steadily lowering cost to our policyholders."

The President closed his remarks by his reference to the need of safeguarding the future of the Company, as above quoted.

The Board of Directors of the Sun Life is composed of the following:—T. B. Macaulay, F.I.A., F.A.S., President and Managing Director; Arthur B. Wood, F.I.A., F.A.S., Vice-President and Actuary; Robert Adair, W. M. Birks, Hon. Raoul Dandurand, J. Redpath Dougall, Sir Herbert S. Holt, Abner Kingman, J. W. McConnell, C. E. Neill, Carl Riordon, John W. Ross, His Honour James C. Tory, Hon. Lorne C. Webster. Three new directors were added at the meeting—Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Ross H. McMaster and C. B. McNaught.



OLIVE TREE

SOAP FROM TREES

Nature's Gift to Beauty

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurements. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin seems at all inclined to be dry, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly each day, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above.

Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

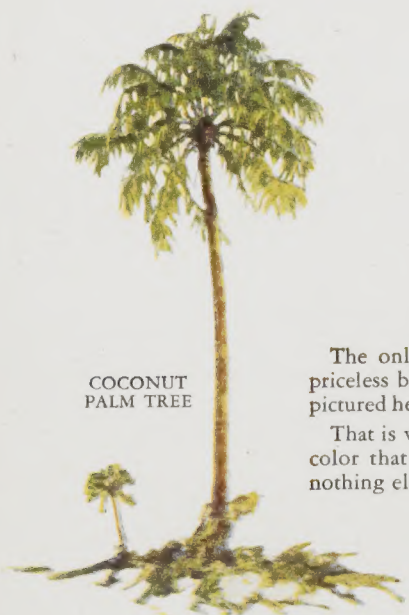


Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured here—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

COCONUT
PALM TREE



AFRICAN
PALM TREE



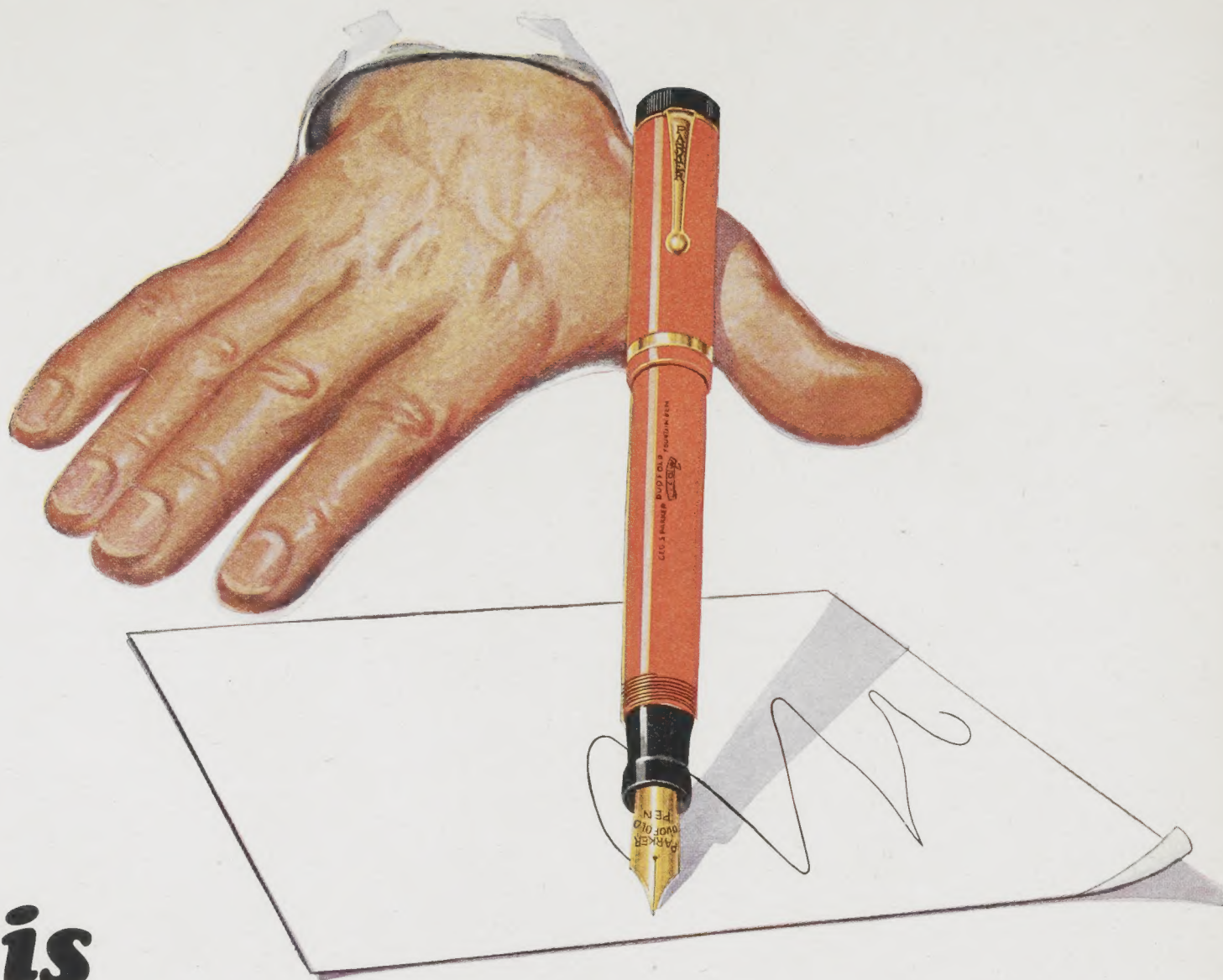
MADE IN CANADA

3785 Can.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price

10c



This is Parker Pressureless Touch

This illustrates Parker's new *Pressureless Touch*—capillary attraction combined with gravity feed makes the ink flow at the slightest contact with paper—Barrel now Non-Breakable.

This pen's feather-light weight alone is sufficient to start it writing instantly and keep it writing. Scarcely any pressure from your fingers, no effort, no fatigue. You simply guide this pen. Until you've written with it, you don't know what a fountain pen can do.

Doubly remarkable is this improvement, because the new Duofold is 28% lighter in weight than when made with rubber. Now we are using Parker Permanite, a new material. This pen, therefore, is one of the lightest writing instruments we know.

We've distributed this light weight evenly, thus finely balancing the Duofold—a feature known as "Parker Poise," resulting in an entirely new "feeling" in a fountain pen.

And last, but by no means least, Parker Permanite Material, while making the pen lighter, has made it *Non-Breakable* also. We have thrown these new Duofolds from an aeroplane 3,000 feet aloft, and from the rim of the Grand Canyon, and not one has broken!

But *Pressureless Touch* is most important because of its effect of taking all the effort out of writing. It clears the track for THINKING as no other feature in a fountain pen has ever done before. In this way it is almost like a new

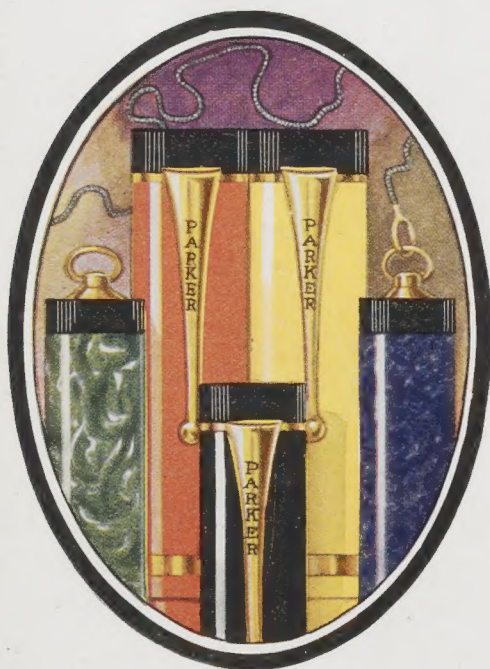
writing invention. Try it at your nearest dealer's before you buy a pen of any other kind.

Five smart colors—Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, Imperial Mandarin Yellow [new] and flashing Black and Gold—all black-tipped. Duofold Pencils to match.

Three sizes of pen barrels—the Over-size, the Junior and slender Lady Duofold, each offering six styles of pen points tempered to yield to any hand but proof against distortion from the shape you like.

Get all these Parker features by being sure to look for "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD" imprinted on each pen or pencil. Don't let color only be your guide.

THE PARKER
FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO 3, ONTARIO



\$7 and \$5

No reason today to pay more for a fountain pen. You can't buy more than DUOFOLD EFFICIENCY, which will last for life. The cost of highest quality is always lower when there is great demand. More than 17,000,000 Parkers are now in operation.

Thus Parker Popularity pays Parker Users an Extra Dividend in Lower Price.

Pencils to match Pens \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.

Made in Canada
—Same Price
as in the States

Parker

For Lifelong Use—

Duofold

OVER-SIZE
\$7